THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 [illegible] Franklin

MAY 20, 1922

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Vol. 194, No. 47. Published weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as second-class matter November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

John Taintor Foote—Josephine Daskam Bacon—George Kibbe Turner
C. E. Scoggins—Perceval Gibbon—George Pattullo—Chester S. Lord

Kuppenheimer

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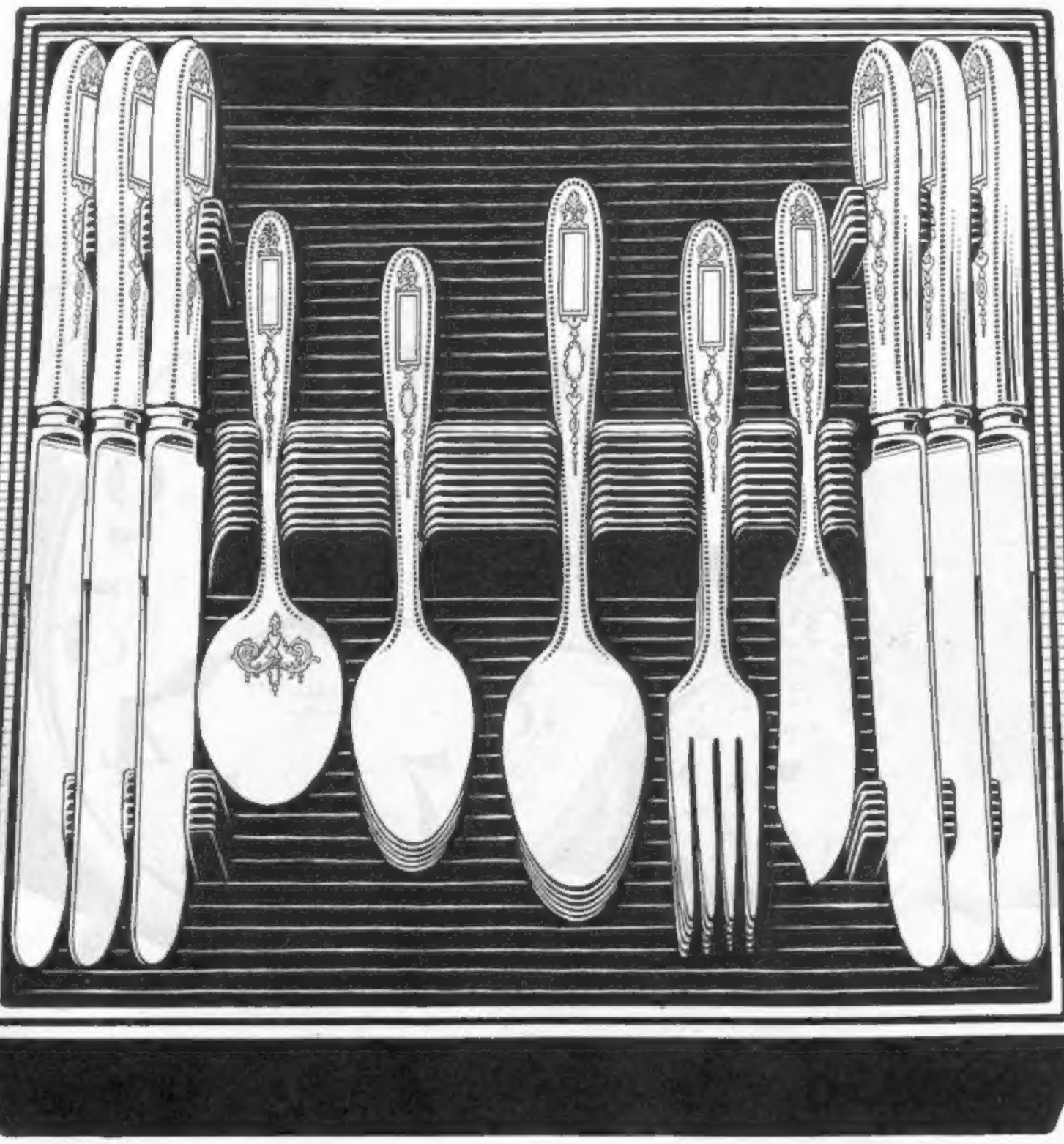

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And you pay only for the actual silverware—the Buffet comes without added charge.

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Saves steps

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 0, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio, at Decatur, Illinois, at Chicago, Illinois, and at Indianapolis, Ind.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 194 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., MAY 20, 1922 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 47

THE NUMBER ONE BOY

By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"It Will be Hard to Make You Believe. It Begins With a Dream"

CHANG FOO LOW is dead; at what age no man knows. Millions of Chinese will not credit this assertion, it being a fixed belief in the Celestial Republic—I all but wrote it Empire—that The Master of Souls is and ever more will be untouched by the shadow of the wings of death.

Against the abiding faith of millions I place fourteen lines with a modest two-deck head which appeared in a recent issue of the New York Times. Fourteen lines! How fast the world moves on! The squib, in the form of an Associated Press dispatch, dated Hankow, China, is as follows:

It is authentically reported that the Chinese prophet, Chang Foo Low, died here to-day. It was impossible to verify the report because the body, presumably spirited away by some of his followers, has disappeared.

In 1908 Chang Foo Low, the then leader of Chinese Buddhism, voluntarily gave up his high position as lama of the Peking temple to become a wandering mendicant. Since then he has traveled barefooted throughout China, relying on the charity of the humble for food and lodging. His death occurred in the home of Kai Pee, a dealer in fish, where the aged prophet had stopped for the night.

This, then, is the obituary, so far as New York is concerned, of the curious figure which loomed across the Pacific twenty-five years ago. All America, all Europe, saw that figure. It was sketched vaguely at first and later with more or less faithfulness in the daily press. Later still, various scientific journals devoted pages to a discussion of the mysterious forces which had turned a withered Chinaman into a deity—so far as Asiatic races were concerned—and a celebrity, at least in the eyes of what we choose to call civilization.

Having a tale to tell in which the above-mentioned forces were placed at the disposal of two—shall I say three?—members of this boasted civilization, I have been dipping into articles published in New York, London, Paris, Vienna and Berlin, over a period of ten years beginning with 1890, which touch upon Chang Foo Low.

These articles can be divided roughly into two classes, reportorial and scientific. The former I find are quite similar in character. With a proper eye for news value the gentlemen of the press consistently describe the lama as a prophet. He is always referred to as The Great Prophet of China, and cases of his triumphant functioning in that rôle are cited in proving his right to the title. The American press is more particularly concerned with his prognostication of the Spanish-American War, the Battle of Manila Bay and the assassination of William McKinley. There is a story to the effect that Chang warned the Chinese Foreign Office of this last deplorable event some time before it occurred, with a request that the information be conveyed to Washington. This was never done, perhaps through fear of civilization's mockery; perhaps, as the story insinuates, because of a further prophecy by the lama concerning the allied invasion of China, in which he named the United States as one of the powers which would engage in the march to Peking.

So much for the press. Now for the scientists. Not one of them more than mentions the prophetic vision of Chang Foo Low. Obviously it is not considered worthy of discussion by scientific minds. The English and American societies for psychical research seem to have concluded that he was an authentic spirit medium possessed of tremendous psychic powers. Hypnosis is not referred to in the reports of either society, perhaps because only the mediumship of Chang Foo Low came exactly within the range of the societies' investigations.

On the other hand, nine out of ten scientists at large pronounce him the greatest master of hypnosis of which there is any record. I say nine out of ten because here and there is a doubting Thomas. Pachman, for example, is positively virulent as he hurls the Chinaman into the limbo of charlatanism and damns with long scientific German curses the "so great imbeciles who would dignify the tricks of a mountebank with serious consideration."

Drenioczkii, of Vienna, Harden and McTavish, of London and Glasgow respectively, attribute to Chang telepathic powers developed to a degree heretofore unknown. A similar opinion is held by several American investigators.

All this is quite confusing. I have no intention, however, of attempting to make it clear. It is certain that a mere teller of tales would fail in discovering the true source from which the extraordinary powers of Chang were derived when the best scientific minds of the world were unable to agree on the subject. This much, which is common knowledge, I know: Prophet, medium, hypnotist, fakir, or whatever we may choose to call him, Chang Foo Low for half a century was the direct and unquestioned voice of the Supreme Being to three hundred million souls.

And now it seems best to let my story proceed, its facts leading to whatever conclusion they may seem to warrant.

In the year 1884, on a dismal afternoon of early spring, a carriage drew under the high white-pillared porte-cochère of a substantial home in the outskirts of Atlanta, Georgia. From the carriage there descended a lady dressed in black, and a boy, a little boy, whom she took by the hand as she prepared to go up the steps to the front door.

The boy was more than ill at ease. He was on the verge of panic. He cast a look of wild appeal at the negro coachman, who had turned to regard him with a not unsympathetic eye.

"Luke, Uncle Luke," cried the child, "I don't want to. I don't want to."

The appeal was in vain. Uncle Luke wiped the sympathy from his countenance, and waving his whip in the direction of the front door he issued the stern command, "March on in!"

With the sustaining aid of the lady's hand the boy attempted to obey. He mounted the steps and proceeded with a fair show of resolution to the frowning mahogany door with its silver name plate, bell handle and door knob. Suddenly he halted, his eyes filled with dread. They were observing a wreath of leaves and ferns with streamers of purple ribbon, attached to the frame of the door.

"Oh, mummy," he gasped, "take me home, please, please!"

His mother knelt on one knee, put her arms about him and looked into his face.

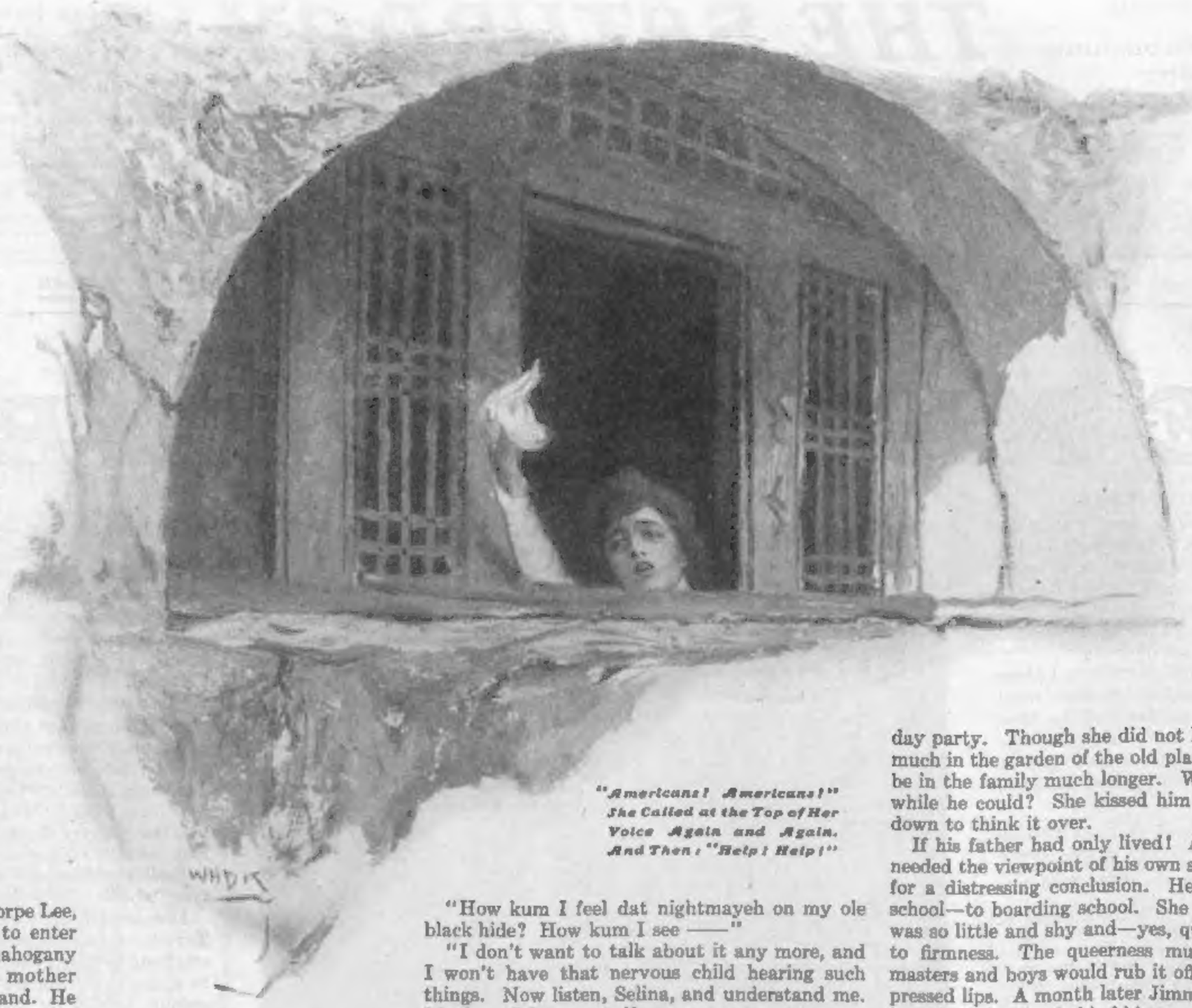
"Now, son," she said, "you don't have to go in if you don't want to, but you're going to be a soldier some day, aren't you?"

The boy nodded.

"Not for a long, long time, though, mummy; not till I'm growed up."

"Darling, darling, there's nothing to be afraid of. See, I'm not afraid. It's your own dear grandpa lying in there asleep. Just the earth part of him. Al the rest and the best part—his kind eyes, and smile and voice—are in heaven. He sees you this minute. He sees his grandson afraid to go in and look at the earth part of him for the last time. He doesn't care, of course—he's too kind—but you'll care some day. Now if I were you I'd walk in with mother and look at him for a moment and say good-by, and then Luke will take you home."

So spoke this young mother, constrained by the conventions of her day and race. These decreed that a final look at the dead by members of the family was obligatory.



"Americans! Americans!" She Called at the Top of Her Voice Again and Again. And Then: "Help! Help!"

At last James Calthorpe Lee, aged seven, managed to enter the ominous-looking mahogany door, clutching his mother spasmodically by the hand. He came of fighting stock, this youngster; but the redoubtable Light Horse Harry, or that austere yet flaming son of Virginia who all but won a hopeless cause, would have taken little pride in the bearing of their small descendant during the next few moments. Shuddering, terror-stricken, the boy was turned over to Luke when his ordeal was past, and so was driven home to the safe black arms of Aunt Selina, who, neglecting his infant sister for a time, crooned over him as in days gone by.

Also when night came Aunt Selina understood. Without a suggestion from him she saw him into bed and turned the lamp almost out, but not quite. How grateful he was for that! And then—a reassuring creak of a rocking-chair, a heavenly voice grumbling from the shadows.

"Ain' nothin' gwine make me move fum right hyar."

An hour or more went by. Aunt Selina, who had been dozing at her post, became suddenly wide awake. She was conscious of a peculiar feeling in the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet. It was a sort of prickling sensation, which presently affected her limbs and the skin of her neck and body.

"Got all crampy settin' hyar," she reflected. "Folks home mighty soon now. Reckon I'll get down to the do'."

The rocking-chair creaked again as she made a preliminary movement toward relieving it of some two hundred-odd pounds. It creaked no more, for Aunt Selina was sitting bolt upright, utterly moveless, the whites of her eyes shining in the faint light from the all but extinguished lamp. She was staring into the shadows beyond the foot of the bed. As she sat rigid a small white-gowned figure suddenly rose to a sitting position and also stared over the footboard into the shadows.

"Why, grandpa," said a relieved young voice, "I thought you were dead." For a moment the boy seemed to listen. At last he nodded. "Yes, grandpa," he said. He dropped his eyes to a lower level, stared, smiled shyly, and again nodded. For a moment longer he sat erect, then closed his eyes and fell back to his pillow.

"Lawd Gawd, Lawd Gawd!" moaned Aunt Selina, and though her teeth were chattering and her face ashy gray, she lumbered to the bed. Bending down she listened. The untroubled breathing of a sleeping child rewarded her. "Praise' be His name." Picking up the lamp she crept from the room, trembling, awe-stricken, dazed.

She was still shaking when her mistress with some out-of-town members of the family returned for the night.

"Chile, chile," she said when the boy's mother had been drawn out of earshot of the visitors, "his gran'pap done drap in on him while you is gone."

But the mother, having listened impatiently to Aunt Selina's account of what had occurred, said, "Nonsense! He had a nightmare."

"How kum I feel dat nightmayeh on my ole black hide? How kum I see ——"

"I don't want to talk about it any more, and I won't have that nervous child hearing such things. Now listen, Selina, and understand me. Much as I love you, if you ever repeat to anyone what you've just told me I'll discharge you that very day."

So Aunt Selina's lips were sealed. As for the little boy, if he had any recollection of a strange visitor he did not mention it next day. Always a quiet little boy, his added thoughtfulness for some time thereafter was not particularly noticeable. On the day following his grandfather's funeral he asked to be taken to his grandfather's home. Once there he went into the garden, looked eagerly about for a time, and then began to search the arbors, shrubbery and rose bushes. Next he pattered up to the great, still attic. He returned downstairs after a time, grimy with dust and strangely wistful.

From then on he was given to long silences and to playing by himself. Games with other children did not seem to amuse him. He seemed to prefer his own world of make-believe or thoughts, or whatever it was that kept him alone for hours at a time. And always until the place was sold he liked to play in his grandfather's garden.

His favorite diversion was to give a party in a small arbor in the garden which he called his house. For this purpose he had accumulated the proper utensils for dining in state with a single guest. Broken and cracked dishes and teacups, battered and rusted kitchen forks, knives and spoons—he had a complete service for two, which he kept under the steps of the back porch. Offered more treasures of the sort, he declined.

"But you could give a bigger party with more things," suggested his mother.

"I don't want a bigger party," he told her firmly. "Just us."

"Who is us?" asked his mother. "Whom do you have beside yourself?"

"Nobody," he admitted. "But, mummy," he added, brightening, "any day I might."

"You can to-day," said his mother quickly. "I'll ask Mrs. Harcourt to let Mabel go with you this morning, and you can have real things to eat."

He shook his head. "I don't want Mabel."

His mother looked at him thoughtfully. Mabel, a year younger than he, was the blond beauty of the neighborhood, as spoiled as she was lovely. Accustomed to instant adoration from all with whom she came in contact, his strange aloofness had proved surprisingly effective in winning her regard. Desiring passionately all things that she could not have, Mabel had begun by demanding his attentions. She had next made somewhat haughty advances. From these she descended to humble requests followed by violent and tearful pleadings.

"But Mabel is so sweet," urged his mother, who had become worried of late over what seemed like a touch of morbidity in her son. She had hoped he might be jolted out of it by other children. Who better for the purpose than the imperious Mabel? No time for mooning when she was about. Her court was kept busy ministering to her wants and obeying her commands. "All the other boys adore her," she reminded him, "and she seems to like you best."

"I don't want her," he repeated firmly. "Please don't ask her, mummy."

His mother did not insist. She had tried the forcing method, to have it fail. She had seen him miserable and distinctly out of it at his own birthday party. Though she did not like his playing alone so much in the garden of the old place, the garden would not be in the family much longer. Why not let him enjoy it while he could? She kissed him and let him go, and sat down to think it over.

If his father had only lived! A boy needed a man; he needed the viewpoint of his own sex. This paved the way for a distressing conclusion. Her son must go away to school—to boarding school. She clutched her heart. He was so little and shy and—yes, queer. The admission led to firmness. The queerness must not become settled; masters and boys would rub it off. She nodded with compressed lips. A month later Jimmy was sent off to boarding school, leaving behind him a moaning Aunt Selina with her apron over her head and a Spartan mother smiling through unshed tears.

In the ten years which followed; that mother's sacrifice was rewarded. Her son came home one spring, a lumbering St. Bernard with huge paws, calloused from baseball, which some day—incredible thought—might fit him. His voice, which he made no effort to constrain, caused a nervous tinkle in the glass chandeliers of the parlor. Little doubt that this clumsy, bellowing creature ran true to form—a normal, zestful young male.

During the next month Mabel came into her own. Once he had scorned her charms! They had been children, of course, but even so ——

"Poor kid," thought his mother as she saw her young St. Bernard anxiously learning to fetch and carry. "I'd like to shake her."

He was supposed to be cramming that summer toward examinations for the Point, but a vassal to Mabel Harcourt had little time and less thought for mere books. His mother, observing the lady in blue dimity with a hair ribbon to match, quite understood that.

And then something totally unexpected occurred—something that fretted Mabel's soul during many years thereafter. For the one and only time in a long career this resistless female of the species, who was destined to become the toast of Georgia, knew defeat.

It came about in the most unaccountable way, after what appeared to be her certain triumph. At an evening affair which included Mabel, lesser damsels, and the timid-bold, old-young specimens of male adolescence who squired them, dancing was found to be impossible because of the modest size of the home at which they had gathered. Forfeits, twenty guesses, and amusements of a similar character had aroused little or no enthusiasm, when the company was electrified. Post office! No one knew who had first suggested it, but post office! post office! With giggles and guffaws it became an accepted fact that the innocent game of childhood, now a daring venture, would be attempted.

Mail was awkwardly delivered and received in the dimness of a small reception room, the postmistress, a timid soul who positively refused to indulge in correspondence, announcing the addresses from the door. At last a particularly forward youth dared greatly and summoned the haughty and beauteous Mabel from her retreat in a porch hammock, to receive a post card.

It was a great moment. Would she come? She did, with a bored expression, and languidly entered the post office. The bold and envied swain presently emerged therefrom, and then, "A letter for Jimmy Lee," shrilled the postmistress.

Once before in this narrative we have blushed at the descendant of Light Horse Harry; and now again ——

All present turned to stare at Jimmy in his great good fortune. Deplorable to relate, he stood immovable, with glazed eyes and crimson ears.

Meanwhile the incomparable one waited alone, the dim seclusion of the post office hiding the chagrin she must have felt at the thought that her priceless favor seemed about to be scorned. At last by means of jeers and some shoving a reluctant cavalier appeared in the post-office doorway. A final push between his shoulder blades, and he had entered. The door closed behind him.

It is possible that the uncertainty of a moment before had roused the lady's ardor. It was characteristic of her that this should be so. At any rate as he stood there in a sort of agony soft arms stole about him and clasped him in something of an ecstasy; then warm lips found his own, not once but many times.

For a moment he trembled under her kisses, struck to helplessness by their shock. Next there rushed over him a blinding force totally unlooked for. Her kisses were returned—were overwhelmed. She bent beneath a frightening storm.

"Let me g-go!"

"No, no; one more—please!"

She surrendered again for an instant, then freed herself and opening the door walked out into an eager circle of inquiring eyes, airy and quite calm.

No other sign of life came from the post office. Investigation proved it to be empty. An open window leading to the lawn explained this phenomenon. Knowing the utter impossibility of facing anyone at the moment, Jimmy had dived through the window into the starlit night.

A great and deathless love had come to him. In the delirium caused by the knowledge of this fact he wandered, hatless and wild-eyed, for an hour or more before bending his steps towards home.

He undressed by instinct and flung himself on his bed. For a time he lay moveless in a bliss of recollection. This changed to a stupor in which he still was conscious of the chorus of summer insects, the barking of a dog and the ticking of the clock on his mantel, even while he floated through soundless space with his arms about his Mabel. At last real slumber came, deep as the caverns of the sea, and now he began to toss and moan, struggling in a dream more poignant than any waking moment he had ever known.

"I must, I must!" he cried in a choking voice, and sat up in bed with his arms outstretched. Whatever his arms were seeking was no longer there.

It had been there, it had been there, right in his room not a moment ago. Wide awake now, he still knew that. But was he awake, or was he dead, or what? He got out of bed and went to the window. Roosters were beginning to crow at a gray mist not yet as tangible as light. Of course things looked unearthly in that mist; the two pines on the lawn were black velvet plumes and the box hedge seemed like a yawning crevice. But it was the same lawn on Peach Tree Street, Atlanta, Georgia. He stood at the window thinking, thinking—or, rather, trying to understand.

By ten o'clock that morning he had taken to his books. He told his mother that for the rest of the summer he meant to study until three o'clock each day and then play tennis.

His faithfulness to this régime was a delightful surprise to his mother. It was more than a surprise to another lady.

At their next meeting, which she was forced to contrive by happening along his route as he returned from the tennis club, Mabel made it clear that she was not offended by the enthusiasm with which he had entered into the spirit of the game of post office.

But Jimmy, avoiding all reference to that tender episode, confined himself to uneasy mumblings while looking up and down Peach Tree Street. He actually seemed to be on the qui vive for something more diverting than a luscious budding figure in white organdie below luminous purple eyes and spun-gold hair.

"Who are you looking for?" demanded the puzzled and angry Mabel.

Jimmy started.

"Why—why—nobody," he stammered.

This was the first reference ever made to his habit of anxious peering which dated from this time. The habit had grown to such an extent by the time he entered West Point that his plebe room-mate—one Robert Prescott—straightway nicknamed him "Old Look 'em Over." His class took it up, and later the entire corps. "Look 'em Over" he became, and "Look 'em Over" he remained during his four years at the Point. They called him this affectionately, for Jimmy was a good man on the gridiron and elsewhere, and popular with his tribe. Not so popular, however, with their womenfolk. Prescott's sister put it into words after Jimmy had been her escort at one of the dances during their final year.

"Of course he must be splendid, Bobby, or you wouldn't adore him so, but I must say he's the queerest thing I ever saw."

"Queer? You're crazy. What do you mean?" shouted the loyal Robert.

"He looked at me once," she explained, "when you introduced him, but never again after that. He'd talk to me and keep watching other girls. I could feel him doing it even when we were dancing."

"Oh, that," said her relieved brother. "That's just his way. We call him—well, it's just his way," he finished lamely.

"It's a way I can get along without," decided his sister promptly.

Many so decided, for Jimmy's activities with the sex were fully described by his nickname. Having looked them over he ventured no further.

Mabel belonged to a dim and distant past. She had made a final attempt to wipe out the one stain on a flawless record when he had returned home at the end of his first year. She was the breath-taking belle of Atlanta by then, and she stooped amazingly to a mere West Pointer. But Jimmy, after squeezing her hand in the moonlight one evening, became weird again, as she put it after meeting him the following day, and proceeded to peer himself out of danger.

Close after graduation came amazing good fortune, for which, as Prescott wrote him, they must thank God and Congress. Here they were, just commissioned, and war with Spain declared. Later they found that young officers,

(Continued on Page 65)

Jimmy's Service Revolver Came Out of Its Holster. "Put 'em Back Quick," He Said

Protecting the Small Investor

THE POSSIBLE AND THE IMPOSSIBLE

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THERE is, of course, only one perfect way to protect the investor from making fraudulent, bogus, worthless, get-rich-quick and unsuccessful investments, and it is utterly impractical. It would be in the form of a law, enforced universally, prohibiting any person in this country from investing in anything except government bonds, municipal bonds, savings-banks deposits, life-insurance policies and similar classes of property.

Such a law could not be enforced, and the results would be terrifying if it were. But until the investor is wrapped up in cotton batting and locked away in a steel vault, the losses in ill-advised investments will continue to be of prodigious extent. Protection is an impossibility, and no amount of organized or enacted protective measures will more than slightly affect the final result.

The reason is simple. The fundamental cause for the great losses in unwise investments is contained in the very phrase itself, "get-rich-quick." The basic trouble is the desire of people to make a quick fortune or killing, to take a business risk, to speculate, to gamble, rather than to invest. What must be fought is cupidity, greed and avarice, and that fight will last as long as the human race itself, for these qualities are latent to a greater or less extent in the hearts of the vast majority of men and women.

The Irrepressible Gambling Instinct

IN A PREVIOUS article, President Cromwell, of the New York Stock Exchange, explained the attitude of that organization toward various proposals for the protection of investors. It will be remembered that toward the end of his statement he said that a certain proportion of the public always seemed bound to go to the worst type of so-called brokerage houses in spite of every warning and every law. In gathering material for the present article the writer sought the opinion of officials of a number of the leading savings banks, investment-bond dealers, commercial banks, life-insurance companies, the United States Treasury, and other agencies through which legitimate investments reach the public.

Without an exception the view was expressed that there is a very large gambling element or instinct in people which cannot be suppressed and which finds an outlet not only through bucket shops and margined accounts in legitimate stocks but to a far greater degree, among a wider range of people and in more different sections of the country, through the outright purchase of what are so commonly known as get-rich-quick stocks.

The explanation seems to be that with people of small means it is only after the hardest kind of work that even a few hundred dollars are saved. Upon these few hundred dollars the rate of interest that goes with conservative investment amounts to little. The principal grows with painful slowness. The universal craving and almost universal struggle for independence do not appear to be furthered much. If only the few hundred would suddenly grow into a few hundred thousand! If only there were more action!

All authorities in the closest touch with savings and investment institutions warned the writer against expecting 100 per cent elimination of the gambling instinct, no matter what reforms may be effected. It can never be eliminated as long as promoters, reputable and otherwise, are able to point to the few great and striking successes in business. In almost every industry there are a few examples of enormous profits made on the basis of a small original investment. As long as there are any such cases to point to, the public will continue to take its chances in the stocks of new, unproved and undeveloped enterprises.

What the promoter of get-rich-quick investments always refers to is concerns like the Bell Telephone, Ford Motor and Standard Oil. Calling attention to the profits of some other company and by implication holding out the promise or hope of similar riches has been the characteristic mark or trait of tens of thousands of stock swindles or failures. Nearly thirty years ago a member of the Chicago Board of Trade, who was chairman of its clean-up committee at the time, wrote a book in which he called attention to this sign of the worthless promotions.

Like the sands of the sea have been thesubsequent warnings in books, magazine and newspaper articles and in "education" on the part of government departments, blue-sky commissions, state security commissions, banks, insurance companies, chambers of commerce, better business bureaus, and the like. The public still goes on investing scores, probably hundreds of millions of dollars annually, largely on the theory that one lucky strike is worth a lifetime of savings.

The Telephone Romance

THE unquestioned fact that the overwhelming majority of attempted lucky strikes turn out badly seems to make no difference at all. Even the fact that a large proportion of professional operators put not only all their money but their skill, education, training, physical strength, time and experience into the game they are playing, and yet fail, makes but slight impression. Professional oil producers who have spent their entire lives right on the ground in drilling, and who put everything they have into the work, are perfectly hardened to the fact that they are more likely to lose than to win.

Yet the investor who contributes nothing but a few hundred dollars, and whose pioneering and adventuring are solely of the indoor variety, goes on hoping against hope that he will strike it rich. He still intrusts his hard-earned savings to total strangers in the expectation of winning a fortune. When the slick salesman says, "If you get in on the ground floor you may make a fortune, for this proposition is absolutely sound, with the finest of prospects," the investor itching for a gamble almost always falls.

Nor is the investor deterred by the fact that the great fortunes have usually been made by those who gave everything they had of time and labor, and only in the rarest of cases by those who invested merely a little money. Almost every stock swindler in the country has urged the sale of his wares on the ground that early owners of Bell Telephone did exceptionally well. But the largest fortune made by any one man was less than $1,500,000, and these pioneers of the telephone took stock not so much because they wanted it as because it was the only payment they could get for their time, labor and other services.

If the holders of the $400,000 stock paid for the inventions and development to 1878 and the $317,000 stock sold by the treasury at par or less in the early days had sold at the top of the market the $717,000 stock would have realized less than $12,000,000.

"These are the facts of the great telephone romance," says an authoritative account put out in behalf of the company. "They have been multiplied, distorted and made the basis of misleading statements by promoters, reputable and otherwise, who were after the credulous investor. One of Professor Bell's original associates called the attention of the maker to one of these misleading prospectuses put out by a brokerage firm and the only satisfaction he got was the statement: 'We are brokers, not historians.'"

In the case of the Ford Motor and Standard Oil it would be conservative to say that the large fortunes have come to those who took stock in return for their services. In many cases where large profits are pointed to, they could have been obtained only by selling the stocks at the top of the market, which even the insiders rarely are able to do. And whether the promoter has in mind income or the accretion of principal or both, his argument is misleading in nine cases out of ten, because many of the most successful companies have become so only after two or three false starts in which the original investors lost all they had put in.

But in spite of all the exaggeration and distortion of historical facts, there is no doubt that a very few men, hardly more than one in the million, have made fortunes on the basis of small cash investments, and this is where the great appeal comes in. How to combat the effect of this argument, how to protect people from their own desire to gamble and prevent them from losing their savings, this is the heart of the problem. Among others to whom the question was put was the officer of an institution which handles several billions of dollars of investments in trust for several million people. This was his answer:

"If you put this argument on the ground of winning the one successful lottery ticket, then I have nothing to say, there is no answer. No doubt there are a few people walking the streets of Paris who live in luxury because they won the big lottery prize of their year. But would any sane man argue for that reason that money should be invested on any such plan?"

Inherent Merit Not Enough

"THE great fallacy in the minds of the inexperienced is that there is some magic in the investment of money. Of course there is no magic about it, but the idea is constantly fostered by the one-in-a-million venture that makes a phenomenal success. A man once told me that he could have bought vaseline in the early days for $500. But he didn't see what he could do with it; he thought over all the possible uses, and none of them appeared to be practical.

"But Chesebrough came along and made a fortune out of it. The point is that it is not enough to have a potential good thing. The capacity to merchandise and put across the product often plays just as large a part in success as the product itself."

What the public nearly always forgets is that even the existence of a valuable product or of a mineral deposit means nothing unless the owners can put it across or get it out economically, as the case may be. Such words as "fraudulent," "swindling" and "bogus" are used a good many times in this article, but they are substantially inaccurate. The literal, accurate facts are well put by a successful financier whose business brings him into contact with great numbers of investors:

"The absolutely fraudulent investments are but a part of the total. Where there is one person who knows his

proposition to be a fraud, there are a number of others who are wildly hopeful and whose idea of realizing on the investment is merely visionary. If a man thinks he can find oil or gas or gold by digging in his back yard, you cannot accuse him of swindling, because he naturally believes that there is some there, and there might be a remote possibility that there may be.

"For example, a few years ago about $5,000,000 worth of stocks in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, gas fields was marketed around Pittsburgh. It is not fair to say that all of these were frauds—there was about $4,000,000 worth of gas in McKeesport in small pockets, but boring holes by the hundreds to reach the same pockets did not get anybody anywhere."

The securities commissioner of a state in the Northwest said that although the Geological Survey had reported again and again that oil could not be drilled in that state in commercial quantities, some men who saw oil oozing out of the ground formed a half-million-dollar company and rushed out to sell the stock. Yet who could say that this was actually fraudulent? It was simply a case of people being fools. As the Minnesota Securities Commission said in a report:

"Just as much money is lost through the failure of bona-fide but misguided business ventures as through out-and-out frauds."

In discussing the subject of this article with a number of dealers in sound investment securities the question was raised by one of them as to why the word "small" should appear in the title. "It is not only the small or ignorant investor who gets stung," said this banker. "It is not a question of being a rube or a hick. Even bankers bite on impossible oil-stock schemes, and successful professional men are always doing it. Often the estates of even the very rich are filled with cats and dogs, and people bite on gold bricks in the most highly developed metropolitan centers of finance and investment. Indeed, the poor, ignorant Polack farmer in a remote rural district often has sense enough to put his money in the postal-savings bank and is thus saved from loss."

The Opinions of Experts

IT IS well recognized among investment dealers that campaigns to get small buyers, and aimed at their supposed inexperience, usually turn up a surprising number of medium and large investors, people who seem to be totally ignorant of the subject, although having from $1000 up to even $50,000 a year to invest. Further evidence of this fact is found in the sale not long ago to a man in a Western state of a total of $85,000 of Treasury Savings Certificates, although these are issued by the Government primarily to meet the needs of the small investor.

All of which raises interesting questions, but not essential to this article. The small investor is written about here because he cannot afford to lose. He is the one who needs protection, not the supposedly hard-headed banker or merchant or surgeon whose income is large enough to warrant him making a fool of himself if he so desires.

In seeking how best to combat the get-rich-quick idea the writer interviewed among others John J. Pulleyn, president of the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, of New York City, one of the two or three largest savings banks in the country, with close to 200,000 depositors, and Frederick H. Ecker, vice president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in charge of the investments of a company which has more than 25,000,000

policies and $7,000,000,000 of insurance in force, the largest in the world. These two authorities made substantially the same statement, that in the last analysis the only effective argument to use with people against making a get-rich-quick investment is that it takes a long time to make up the loss of principal by a high rate of interest. To quote Mr. Pulleyn:

"The minds of many individuals seem to absorb only the higher dividend rates in the advertising and literature which they see. Many of them come to us with from $1000 to $10,000 to invest and ask for our help and advice, which we are very glad to give, because we have tried to make investors out of Liberty Loan buyers as well as savings-bank depositors. They thank us for our willingness to help them and then almost the next remark is a statement that they would like about 10 per cent return on their money.

"We can only say that safety of principal is the first consideration, coming before any question of the rate of return or profit, and unless they are willing to accept our dictum in that respect they are wasting their time in talking to us. Do we persuade any of them to our way of thinking? Indeed we do, and this is the way we go about it."

Bargains in Liberty Bonds

"WE APPROACH the subject through the general law of averages, which is the savings-bank approach. We have been in business seventy-two years, and we discuss the value of money over that period of time. We try to show how from our experience 4 per cent has not been such a bad average. When the Liberty Bonds were put out we told our people that they were worth par, and when they went down almost to 80 we started a campaign among our people, who sought advice on investments, to buy Liberties.

"It was an uphill fight at first, and we sold only $3000 or $4000 a day over the counter. But we managed to focus the attention of our people on government bonds, and after a while we were selling $50,000 a day. That, too, was during the period when get-rich-quick stocks were having such a vogue. One of the best arguments we were able to use was to tell investors that with all our opportunities to invest, with the $200,000,000 invested by us, the safest and best we could find were Liberty Bonds."

Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank of New York, which has perhaps the largest bond-selling organization in the country, expressed much the same idea by saying that "Over a period of decades the man who invests gets ahead of the speculator, with isolated exceptions." Frederick R. Fenton, secretary of the Investment Bankers Association of America, put the idea this way:

"Urge people to build an estate. Pound away on that story. What does a man really count upon to support his family in case he dies? Does he count upon the oil stock which may pay 20 per cent for one year, but more likely nothing; or does he expect his family to live upon the steady, conservative investments?"

Years ago when Ida M. Tarbell was preparing her articles on Standard Oil she inquired as to the value of certain get-rich-quick oil stocks of Henry H. Rogers, one of the greatest capitalists that Wall Street ever knew, and a power in Standard Oil. He told her the stock was worthless, and added:

"There is no man in the world that can honestly say that he can invest money and be certain of permanent large returns. The big dividends come from speculative ventures, and nobody should make them unless they are willing and able to lose all they put in. I had a thousand dollars sent me to-day from a woman who wants 20 per cent. I cannot place it so that I can be sure she will permanently get 6 per cent. I have no right to lose it, and I shall not do it; I shall return the money.

"Nobody believes me; they all think that if I would I could make a fortune for them. When I send this thousand dollars back the last thing this woman will do will be to thank me."

A famous speculator once said, "There is no such thing as an investment; either you get stuck or you don't." It was a witty, a smart thing to say, but it does not happen to be true. The savings banks and insurance companies alone prove that it is not true. There is no mystery about the safe, conservative investment of money. He who runs may read. Anyone may do it. But it takes extraordinary luck or genius to make a killing; there is mystery in that, and mighty few are those who do it.

It is a peculiar fact that a man who buys a risky and speculative stock which pays no dividends for five or ten years and then distributes 2 or 3 per cent, and never any more, somehow feels as if he had made more than if he had been getting 4 or 5 per cent interest on a bond every year.

It is a strange commentary on human nature that at the very time that men were attracting thousands of suckers in Boston, New York and Chicago, by offering impossibly large returns on their money, Liberty Bonds could be bought at bargain prices, and Treasury Savings Certificates were being put on sale with a guaranty from the United States Government to return the investor his principal and 25 per cent additional at the end of five years.

It is not that all people should be kept from taking chances. If they were the country could not grow, and its supply of oil, copper, lead, gold and silver would soon give out. It all boils down to whether investors really understand the chances they are taking and, more important still, can afford to take them. The final question is whether the investor can afford to lose the money if the project fails. If not, then he has no business departing from government securities, savings banks, and the like.

Investment in Life Insurance

A FAVORITE method of combating the get-rich-quick and visionary-investment evil has been to call attention to the great sums lost in that manner. Estimates of the amount lost or wasted each year have ranged from $100,000,000 to $750,000,000, and have been credited to many different authorities. But though figures on a subject like this are amusing, or perhaps tragic, they are obviously unreliable. No one in the country knows or has even the basis for a sound estimate concerning the extent of these losses. The line cannot be drawn between strictly legitimate losses in the regular course of business and those sustained by the stockholders of ventures tainted with fraud and get-rich-quick methods.

Then, too, though the stock swindles conducted on a large interstate scale might be estimated, there is no way of bringing together the losses in small local enterprises. Nor can anyone say whether such estimates should include the money thrown away in speculation and gambling on perfectly legitimate stocks in legitimate brokerage offices and bucket shops, or how much that amounts to. Nor can the line be drawn strictly between investors who lose in

(Continued on Page 95)

EFFICIENCY AND BILL

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"'I Know a Woman Who Does That Sort of Thing Beautifully,' Says Peaches. 'Shall I Give You Her Address?'"

SOMETIMES I think, looking back, that maybe we never did take Bill seriously enough. Rissa always laughs very bitterly when I say this, and reminds me of the times she has tried to do so, and what happened. Of course I see what she means, but we are both his sisters, you see, and much older than he is. This rather leads us to pick out the things he is to take seriously, and try to take *him* seriously, and I admit that it doesn't always work out well. It isn't that Bill isn't willing. He will try anything once, he always says; not that everybody is willing to have him.

I remember when Rissa thought that he might be Sarles' secretary, one summer. Bill always spent his summers with us, and of course, when your brother-in-law is a busy throat specialist, and has extra hospital practice in town in the summer, you would be glad to help him out, as Bill agreed immediately. But that was the only time that I can remember Sarles not even being willing to argue with Rissa.

He just said, "My dear girl, really!" and that was all he would say.

Of course Bill might have kept all the accounts, and he began it once. Bill is always very obliging, and he likes new things. He got those large check books, with three checks at a time, you know, and he planned out what I still think was a very interesting way of keeping the house accounts on pink checks and Rissa's expenses on green checks and the children's on white checks. But though it sounded simple, I think you would really need more business experience than Bill had, to do it, because after he had thrown away all our old books, it all got mixed, somehow, and there were so many things, like Jenny Andrews, for instance, that came in two places, that Bill himself couldn't get them straight in the end. Jenny, you see, was the children's nurse, and Bill counted her in under "servants" and then again under "children," and we couldn't find out whether she had been added in twice, or not at all!

Bill asked Rissa if she wouldn't be interested to know just what the children cost, and she said she would, very much. Of course their clothes were easy, but Bill was very angry when I used some of their castor oil for Pêche Melba, the poodle, and the bottle broke. He charged it to "stable," and Joseph heard of it and said it was utterly unfair, as he had his own castor oil for Commodore and the pony. Bill offered to say "stable, etc.," but Joseph said that was no better. And you couldn't make a page for "kennel," exactly, with only Pêche Melba, who lives in the house, anyway.

But this was nothing—though Joseph does cherish grievances terribly—compared to the horrid time about the doctor. Little Clarry had a temperature and looked rather yellow, and we sent for a very nice young doctor, who came two or three times—really, to talk to Rissa, I always thought, because the child was only bilious. Bill was anxious to get this all down in his book, and he wrote on Sarles' typewriter, using his office paper, to ask the doctor why he didn't send his bill, as he needed it for his accounts. It seems that doctors never charge each other anything, and this one was quite vexed, and simply told Bill there was no charge and he needn't complicate his accounts unnecessarily. Bill didn't understand, and thought the doctor was making fun of his system, and wrote him what he admitted was rather a firm note. It made quite a little trouble for Sarles, and he told us he'd rather pay whatever it cost to run the family, hereafter, and let it go at that.

Bill got rather exasperating, and kept pointing out to Sarles that he would never know what his overhead expenses were. That was almost the only row they ever had. But when Sarles finally said that he'd rather have them overhead than underfoot all the time, Bill laughed and they were friends again.

This proved to Rissa that Bill had no business sense whatever, and she has always persisted in this belief, though Bill did well enough in insurance for more than a year. But she said that his heart was never in it, which was true enough—as Bill said, the insurance business isn't exactly the thing you would put your heart into—and also that going out and getting policies was one thing, but simply copying figures was another. But there, again, Bill didn't pick out that business; Rissa put him into it.

I must say that I felt worried when Bill left it suddenly and took a little apartment with George Hawkesworth, and then sublet it after a few weeks for nearly twice what they paid for it. It seemed like gambling, somehow. But when they went poking about in queer shops and picked up enough to furnish another, and then did the same thing with that, I couldn't help feeling that this wasn't just luck; it looked as if those boys really had a great deal of cleverness and taste. And George admitted to me that Bill did most of the picking out. George kept the accounts.

It was just then, unfortunately, that Bill did the absurd thing that Rissa couldn't seem to get over, quite. Although she has such a wonderful sense of humor—all her books are full of it—that I always wondered why she couldn't see the terribly funny side of it.

He had made a schedule of our butler, Houghton's, time, and decided that he was the best-paid man for the least work of anyone he knew. So he watched Houghton carefully, and borrowed his best English reference and actually engaged as a butler with a rich Western family who had just come to New York! And right at the telephone in our own library, with Rissa sitting calmly there, writing a novel, he answered his new employer and verified his own reference.

We might never have known of it, but Rissa and I called there one afternoon to tell Mrs. Plympton about the Help a Home Society, which is Rissa's great charity, and Bill nearly brought us in the tea! Her daughter, Marjory Blair, a lovely dark girl with big eyes, who wasn't a bit like her mother, and must have taken after her own father, Mr. Blair, was dreadfully upset when Bill refused to come in—he had seen us, you see—and it all came out, of course, and then we found out that Bill and Marjory had fallen in love with each other, and they were engaged as soon as Mrs. Plympton realized that Bill wasn't a butler, but a clever college boy playing a joke.

After the first shock had worn off we were all really very much pleased. Marjory was thoroughly nice; Bill seemed likely to be settled; Mr. Plympton was very rich and really good-hearted, though rather a common sort of man, and immensely proud of being connected with Mrs. Clarissa Etheridge Elton, the well known novelist. He had a great deal to do with insurance in his business—he manufactured electric elevators—and offered Bill a very good job in one of his offices.

He had a very big head and face, and I shall never forget how wide his mouth stretched when he laughed and said that if the Plympton Electric Elevator Company, Inc., ever failed, Bill could easily support Marjory by buttling.

He had no vacancy in New York at that time, but he sent Bill out to Chicago; and those six months, with Bill working hard and Marjory writing her old friends in the West and going to concerts with him in the evening, were really about the most peaceful six months of Bill we ever had.

Then he came back. I remember the night so well. I was all alone in the house, and I was a little startled when I heard someone knocking on the door and not ringing. But when I noticed that whoever it was was playing a tune on the door—it was the March from Aïda—I stopped feeling frightened, because that isn't what burglars are likely to do.

"Why, Bill!" I said. "How do you happen to be back? Where's Marjory?"

"I haven't any idea, Flops," he answered; "but I suppose she's in Chicago—she was when I saw her last."

"Oh!" I said. "Is—is anything the matter?"

"That depends on how you look at it," he said. "Do you suppose I could scare up a cheese sandwich or something? I haven't been hungry all day."

While he was eating I got it out of him, as far as I could, though it didn't seem very reasonable or very much like Bill, even, which is quite a different thing. Marjory and he weren't engaged any more, to begin with.

"Why, Bill," I said, "what have you done? Why won't she marry you?"

He gave me one of his queer looks.

"It's me that won't marry her, Flops," he said.

"Why, Bill Etheridge, what do you mean?" I cried. "How can you say such a thing?"

"I can say it very easily," he answered, and he had that old, obstinate, laughing look in his eyes that I knew so well.

"I won't marry any woman that I can't support."

"But—but you can support her!" I said, surprised and angry. "Aren't the Plymptons going to give you an apartment—buy it for you? Mrs. Plympton is getting the linen now; I saw her yesterday in Baltman's. And Rissa ordered the silver last week. And George Hawkesworth and Joe Madden and—well, there's no use telling you what they were going to get. But it was wonderful. And Aunt Ella and I the china!"

"You're all very kind," he said in a tired sort of voice and looked at me queerly.

"Why, Bill, what can you mean?" I begged despairingly. "Didn't you know—I suppose you didn't—that Mrs. Plympton is going to give Marjory a baby grand piano and Mr. Plympton is going to give you, for yourself, one of those new Buell runabouts you wanted? That's entirely aside from ordinary house furnishing—what more could they do? Why, rich people—with both of them rich—don't get any more!"

He smiled the strangest smile.

"You're perfectly right there, Flops," he said. "That's true—they don't. But I'm not rich, you see."

"You certainly aren't poor, Bill," I answered sharply, for I couldn't understand him at all. "Anybody that makes four thousand dollars a year now and will have five thousand when he's married, and the future that you have to look forward to, isn't—can't be poor!"

"I'm glad to see you come down to what I'm earning, Flops, and not my wedding presents," he said, with a rough little laugh that didn't sound like him.

I couldn't help but smile, bad as I felt.

"Of course I took that for granted, Bill," I assured him. "We all know about that. Won't five thousand support Marjory? Her mother had much less to live on when Madge was born—she's often told me."

"I don't know whether it would or not. Never shall know, probably," he answered calmly. "You see, Flops, I'm not making five thousand, or even four, as it happens."

"You're not? Why, Bill, has Mr. Plympton—he hasn't fired you?"

"He certainly has not," he said. "I've fired him!"

I stared at him.

"You mean you've left?"

"I mean I've left. And there's no use asking me about it, Flops, for I shan't tell you."

"Does Marjory know why?"

"No."

"You won't tell her?"

"Why should I? If she won't trust my judgment she'd better not marry me."

"Won't she marry you, then?"

"Not under present conditions, and I suppose she'd be a fool if she did. You see, I haven't any job. And Mrs. Plympton won't hear of it."

"Of course she won't," I said, pretty coldly, I'm afraid. "What sensible mother would?"

"Oh, I dare say," he answered in a kind of absent-minded way.

"I think I'll go up to bed, now, Flops. Is my room all right? You might tell Rissa about it."

"You can tell her yourself," I said shortly. "I'll see about your room."

But when I'd got the bed made—the maids were at the moving pictures—he stopped me as I was going out and put his arms around me and dropped his head on my shoulder.

"Don't you go back on me, Flops, altogether," he said. "I couldn't bear that. I—I just have to do it this way, my dear!"

I couldn't help but pat his arm.

"I'll never go back on you—really, Bill dear," I told him.

Of course Rissa was furious.

"We might have known it wouldn't last," she said bitterly. "After the life Bill's led, the idea of his taking up this idiotic, idealistic attitude! He acts like a schoolboy. Testing Marjory, I suppose, is what he thinks he's doing. Like somebody in Dickens! He's never bothered much about accepting things from rich people before!"

This sounds dreadfully, but, of course, Rissa wouldn't say it to anyone but me, and, of course, I saw what she meant. Bill's always been very easy-going. He was always so handsome and clever and amusing, and he always did have rather expensive tastes. So that many of his college friends were richer than he was. But Bill never chose them because they were rich; it was because he liked to do the same sort of things that they did, and did them very well—games of all kinds and what he calls stunts and jokes. And Rissa, though she has always grumbled at him, has never really refused him anything.

I might as well admit, I suppose, that Bill was what some people call spoiled. But, you see, mother died when he was ten; and maybe Aunt Ella and I didn't always manage right; she was too old and I was too young. Strangely enough, it was Sarles who wasn't so hard on him.

"Maybe he had his reasons, Rissie," he said. "Better now than afterward, you know."

Mrs. Plympton asked me to come and see her—she was always afraid of Rissa—and the poor thing was terribly upset.

"But what does Bill mean, Miss Flossie—what does he mean?" she kept asking me, her kind, nearsighted eyes full of tears. "What could Madgie do but give him back his ring? To leave Mr. Plympton like that, and not only quarrel with his bread and butter but Madgie's too? It's all very well to say he'll get another job, but why not our job? You know, Miss Flossie, Madgie has a great deal of spirit, and she feels hurt, and I feel hurt, and of course Mr. Plympton is very, very angry."

I couldn't blame him. Could you? And all the silver had to be countermanded.

He went back to the apartment with George Hawkesworth, and though Sarles got a very good job for him through a patient of his, in another insurance company, Bill wouldn't take it. He said that this time he was going to get a job for himself. Of course we were all worried, because, as you know, jobs haven't been so easy to get since the war. Even when they actually managed to sublet that apartment, and move on to another, it didn't seem like anything real or sensible. Bill asked me to go with him to pick out some things for a nursery one day, and when he told me that he was going to furnish this one for a young married couple with a baby, I simply gasped.

"But, Bill dear, what a waste of money!" I said. "Suppose you don't find one, then what will be the use of that darling little crib?"

"I read a poem once, Flops," he answered very solemnly, "that said, 'Every moment dies a man, and one and a sixteenth is born.' This is what keeps up the birth rate. If one and a sixteenth babies are born every minute, they must live somewhere, you know—and why not in my apartment?"

And as a matter of fact, they rented it at a hundred and seventy dollars a month more than they paid for it within five weeks. *(Continued on Page 126)*

"To See Her in Front of Poor Old Miss Leffingwell's Tea Tray, Feeding Those Sickening Pekingese Pups, Was Simply Ghastly"

The Inside Story of the A. E. F.

By GEORGE PATTULLO

A PRIVATE in the Sixteenth Infantry saw a heavy shell hit a chow line one day in the Montdidier sector and kill and rend seventeen of his comrades. It had been hot work up there for a month—an inferno of light and heavy stuff and gas. Open fighting had just given place to stabilized warfare, and the trenches were a joke. He saw more of his comrades go west right beside him during the afternoon and, whilst moving, bent double, along a shallow runnel they called a trench on his way to the front lines that night, a German machine gunner dusted him for a painful hundred yards. In the blackest hours of early morning he and others of a patrol encountered a patrol of the enemy, who flung some potato-masher grenades, and everybody began to shoot.

This sort of thing went on day and night, taking heavy toll in dead and wounded. So when they were relieved and the chance came the doughboy sat him down to write home about the hell he had been through. Afterwards he came across an official communiqué of happenings about that date and his bulging eyes read this: "All quiet on our front."

Somehow or other he lost faith in official communications. He said, "They don't tell nothin'."

I am inclined to agree with him. A study of General Pershing's Final Report reveals some carefully worded references to negotiations with our Allies, but nobody could get an inkling, from these brief, guarded statements of conferences, of the hidden struggle constantly waged to gain the use of the American forces for the French and British armies.

Companies K and M, 336th Infantry, 83d Division, Advancing on an Enemy Position. Engineers of the 307th Regiment are Clearing the Way by Blowing Up Wire Entanglements

The St.-Mihiel Offensive

FOR instance, the only comment the American commander in chief has to make on the various moves and conferences I described in the third article of this series is: "The plan suggested for the American participation in these operations was not acceptable to me because it would require the immediate separation of the recently formed First American Army into several groups, mainly to assist French armies. This was directly contrary to the principle of forming a distinct American Army, for which my contention had been insistent. . . . My position was stated quite clearly that the strategical employment of the First Army as a unit would be undertaken where desired, but its disruption to carry out these proposals would not be entertained.

"A further conference at Marshal Foch's headquarters was held on September 2, at which Gen. Petain was present. After discussion the question of employing the American Army as a unit was conceded."

So Pershing won out again. And preparations went rapidly forward for the assault on St.-Mihiel.

The St.-Mihiel salient was of immense value to the Germans. Its possession interrupted French communications in an east or west direction on the main Paris-Nancy railroad, and at the same time threatened the entire region between Nancy and Bar-le-Duc, and Bar-le-Duc and Verdun. From the defensive standpoint it covered Metz and the Briey iron basin, both of them vital to the enemy. Moreover, extensive operations between the Meuse and the Argonne were rendered very hazardous so long as St.-Mihiel remained in German hands.

The Germans captured the salient from the French in September, 1914, and held it successfully until the American assault four years later. Two attempts were made by the French to regain the position, but both met with failure. These took place in February and April of 1915—one against the west face and one against the south face of the salient—and their net results were limited to some slight local successes. The Germans held on to St.-Mihiel.

The position was very strong in natural defenses, its rugged heights making attack difficult and at the same time affording excellent observation stations. Often, when the First Division was in the Toul sector, I used to gaze up at the heights of Montsec and wonder whether the Germans would still be there in 1950. However, despite its natural defenses, St.-Mihiel would seem to possess some weaknesses in the eyes of strategists, "in that it might be attacked on both flanks and pinched out. Consequently the Germans had, throughout four years, strengthened it by a great mass and variety of artificial works, the main feature of which was an elaborate system of wiring. This wiring was found not only in the front lines, but was encountered to a depth of ten to twelve kilometers."

American Artillerymen Proceeding to Their Battery Position Through a Devastated French City

Pinching Out the Big Salient

PERSHING'S plan was to pinch out the salient. In his orders for attack occurs this sentence: "The general conception of the operation is thus the converging of enveloping forces in such a way as to cause the fall of the entire salient." And that is precisely what happened.

The depth of the St.-Mihiel operation having been limited by Marshal Foch to the line Vigneulles-Thiaucourt-Regnieville, the number of divisions to be used was reduced from the original estimates. General Pershing commanded the First American Army in this battle. Its strength totaled 500,000 men, of whom 70,000 were French.

The usual artillery preparation began at one o'clock on the morning of September twelfth, with more than 2900 guns. This great assembly of artillery completely dominated the German batteries and there was hardly any hostile fire when the infantry waves jumped off toward the south face of the salient at five A.M. Owing to lack of tanks and other weapons of destruction the barbed-wire entanglements remained intact over large areas. There was only one way of getting there—the doughboys walked on top of the densely woven masses.

On the western face of the salient the artillery "fire of destruction" continued until eight A.M., at which hour the infantry assault was launched.

The whole operation moved with clocklike precision. Just after daylight next day September thirteenth—elements of

the First and Twenty-sixth divisions made a junction near Hattonchatel and Vigneulles, and that point is eighteen kilometers northeast of St.-Mihiel. The salient had been pinched out, and by afternoon all objectives had been gained and the positions were being consolidated. The First American Army captured 16,000 prisoners and 443 guns, with comparatively light losses. The casualties during the actual period of advance were only 7000.

Though the French were complimentary, what chiefly impressed them was the fashion in which the American doughboys crossed the barbed wire. They marveled that soldiers could get over dense masses of wire that had not been cut by artillery or tanks. The French High Command sent an order to the commanding generals of three of their armies, in which the following appears: "It is desirable for a certain number of French officers, noncommissioned officers and soldiers to visit the terrain so that they can fully understand the manner in which the American infantry has been able . . . to overcome the obstacles encountered during the advance and not destroyed by artillery or tanks. The American units have themselves cut a passage with wire-cutters through the thick bands of wire, or they have walked over these wire entanglements with much address, rapidity and decision. It is interesting that our infantry soldiers should see for themselves the nature of the difficulties thus overcome, and that they should persuade themselves that they are also capable of doing as much on occasion." Then instructions were issued for organizing visits of selected officers and men to study the obstacles encountered and how they were overcome.

"Our divisions concluded the attack with such small losses and in such high spirits," says Pershing in his report, "that, without the usual rest they were immediately available for employment in heavy fighting in a new theater of operations."

Had any United States representatives in Paris presented to the French Premier or the French President a criticism of the way in which the French commanders were handling the French troops it is very likely that the French would have taken the action as an affront. But on October seventh, a report on the operations of the American troops in France from May to August was submitted to the War Department in Washington by the French Military Advisory Mission.

French Criticism

SOME of the comments in that report are of interest:

"Morale of the troops—The morale of the troops is excellent. Its spirit of sacrifice and its offensive ardor are indisputable. The enemy reports testify to this fact.

"Officers—Their carriage is perfect. They seek danger, and are desirous of inspiring their men with enthusiasm. Unfortunately the losses among officers have been very high, and it often happens that at the end of a battle a battalion is left in command of a young officer, who perhaps faces fire for the first time.

"The zeal of the Americans is such that they often throw themselves into a high-spirited attack without sufficient planning. They hurl themselves on the places of resistance, instead of maneuvering. The result is that they suffer severe losses, and the objective is not always reached."

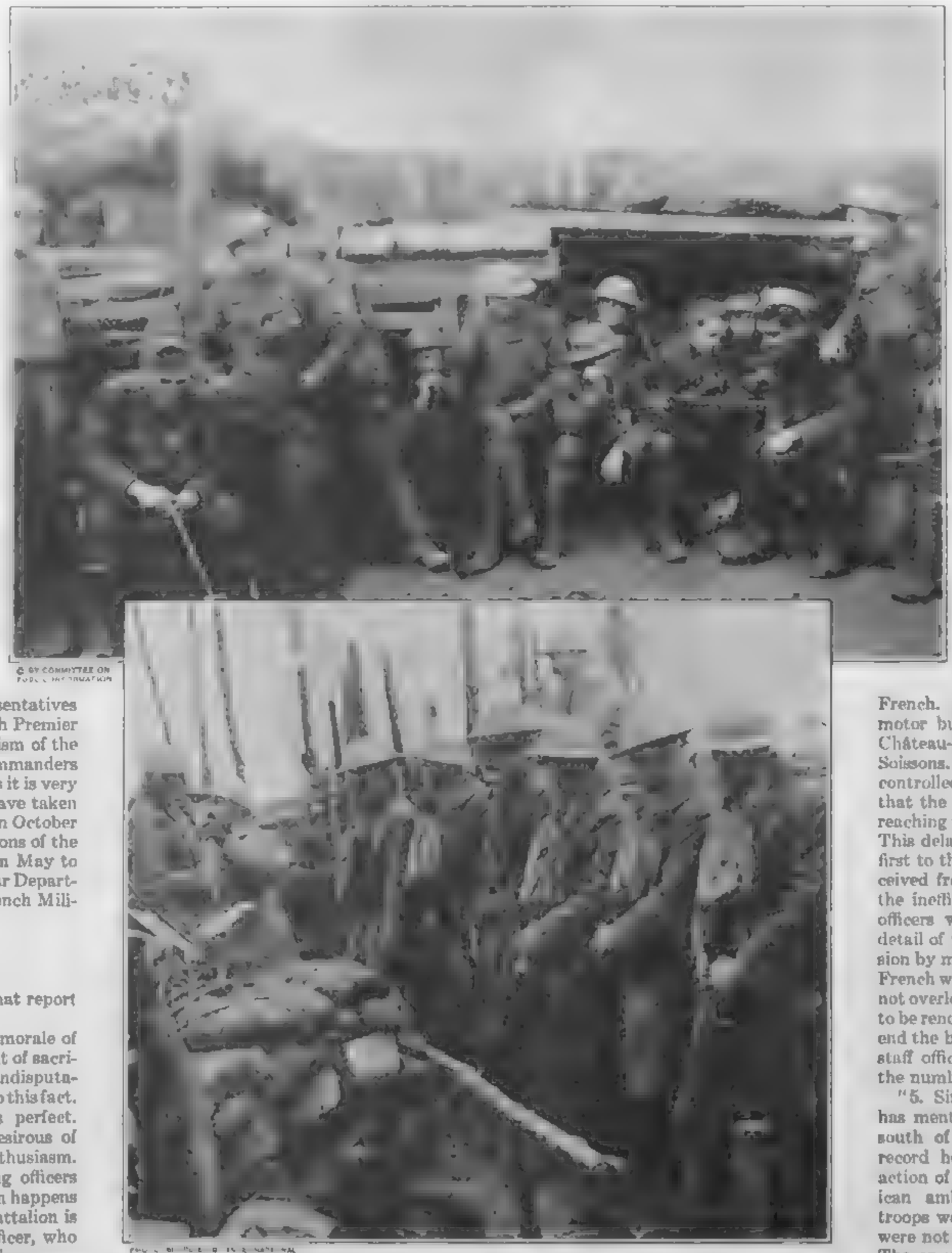
The report then went on to criticize the fashion in which the Americans massed on the front lines and the insufficient use they made of automatic arms. These criticisms were based on the Battle of Soissons.

"As soon as there is a halt in the advance, how few units there are who think of entrenching themselves, even if only for a few moments, thereby curtailing useless losses! The infantryman must not count on the engineer." In this connection several instances were cited of American losses due to failure to entrench properly.

Next, the report criticized liaison and went on to point out weaknesses in the American system of supplies, not only as to munitions but as to food and water.

"Several times it has happened that the men have remained without supplies for a number of days. In spite of the endurance which the American troops always show on these occasions, the wear and tear on them in this case was such that they had to be relieved after two or three days.

"Cantonments—In spite of the manner in which American soldiers are willing to sacrifice their comforts, it would be well to see that there is sufficient room in the cantonments to avoid losses through sickness, once the bad season starts. It seems to have been forgotten that the strength of a U. S. infantry division is superior to that of a French infantry division.



Doughboys Under the Instruction of the French. Above—A Sergeant and His Gun Crew of the 26th Division Taking a Few Minutes' Rest

"Conclusion—The operations in which the American units have taken part in France show in every stage of the game admirable daring and spirit of sacrifice, and an earnest desire to do the right thing. There only remains for the American forces to more deeply absorb the principles which they have been taught, and to carry on the fight according to those principles, which are the result of four years of experience in war."

The criticisms of the French Military Advisory Mission dealt partly with the handling of the First and Second divisions in the Battle of Soissons, in which they constituted, with the dashing Moroccan division, the spearhead of the general attack. These two divisions covered themselves with glory that day, but certain delays and failures of liaison were pointed out by the military mission in Washington. In this connection the comments of the French general on the spot, who commanded all the troops in the attack, are worthy of note.

Addressing a colonel of an American regiment after the First and Second divisions had been relieved from his command, General Mangin said: "Good-by, colonel. You are now returning to the American General Headquarters and will probably see General Pershing. I want you to tell him for me that I and all of my staff officers have watched the First and Second American divisions very closely while they have been with me, and if there were anything in their conduct or the way they have been handled which needed correction I should tell General Pershing as a professional service. But there was nothing which I or my staff could find to criticize."

There was too much fighting on his hands for Pershing to bother with criticism during the fall of 1918, but after the armistice the American commander in chief dealt with this report.

"Without discussing what appears to me to be the impropriety on the part of the French High Commission in submitting such a paper to the War Department," Pershing wrote on December twenty-fourth, "I desire to invite attention to the inaccuracies and to the character of the comment contained in the paper in question."

Riposte

THEN he quoted some criticisms. They were of a minor character—a civilian would regard them as mere pinpricking.

"The manifest intention in the above quotations," he wrote, "is the discrediting of the work of the American staff.

"For the operations south of Soissons, the 1st. and 2nd. Divisions were at the disposition of the French. The 2nd. Division was moved by motor busses from the region west of Château-Thierry to the region south of Soissons. This movement was exclusively controlled by the French staff. It is true that the delay which occurred in orders reaching the lower units was inexcusable. This delay must, however, be attributed first to the orders and counter orders received from the French, and second, to the inefficient work of the French staff officers who were charged with every detail of the movement of the 2nd. Division by motor bus. In this movement the French were overanxious that they should not overlook any American in the account to be rendered for transportation. To this end the busses were held up while French staff officers made an accurate check of the number of American troops.

"5. Since the French High Commission has mentioned the action of our troops south of Soissons, it may be well to record here the fact that through the action of the French staff, certain American ambulances ordered to join our troops were stopped by the French and were not allowed to execute their orders. The excuse offered by the French staff was that all necessary ambulances were available from French sources and would be at the disposition of our troops. As a consequence of this action on the part of the French staff we were inexcusably hampered in caring for our wounded.

"6. Many of the individual officers of the various French missions attached to our forces have been of the greatest possible value, and their criticism and assistance have, in fact, been indispensable. On the other hand, instances have occurred in which criticisms have been based upon such a distortion of facts as to cause the belief that some French authorities have been willing to go to any extreme in support of their ulterior motive of bringing

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A SONG IN THE NIGHT

By C. E. Scoggins

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

I WAS a caliph once. Yes, once in the very manner of the good Harun himself I befriended a homeless vagabond, fed him and clothed him and dazzled him with my wealth and kindness; but there must be some difference between ancient Bagdad and Milo, Indiana. It didn't work out just right.

It was June, I remember, because I was at the station to meet Martha, who was coming home from Vassar. It was June; out along Madison Avenue the elms were green, and people were beginning to sit on their porches in the evenings, and honeysuckle was in bloom. June, 1912, it must have been, because that year I was president of the Live Wire Club and we put up that big electric sign at the station—Milo Offers More.

No doubt you've seen it, passing through? It was new then, and that evening the station agent forgot to turn it on.

I remember Martha kissed me, before the whole crowd, as calmly as if we were already married. It made me feel a little blank; I don't know why. Maybe I'd thought she'd be excited about it, or shy, or something; but she kissed her mother, and then me, and then Andy her demon brother, and three or four of the girls, and got into her mother's car and drove off talking a mile a minute; and I stood there wishing something were different; I don't know what. Business was good, and Martha was lovely, and I was one of Milo's rising young men; but it didn't seem so very much to cheer about, after all. I suppose caliphs often feel that way.

So I noticed that the sign wasn't lighted, and you may believe I spoke about it.

In those days people moved when Howard Pressley spoke. Far down the train the conductor was already wailing "Bo-o-o-oard!" when it blazed out, every bulb doing full duty. Having seen to this I was turning away, when I became aware of an entirely illegal passenger who sat on the blind platform of the baggage car, blinking and shrinking in the sudden glare of that splendid slogan.

"Well, greetings, Weary!" I said with my unfailing wit.

The train moved. He relaxed and grinned.

"Does it?" he murmured.

"Does what what?" I inquired intelligently.

"Offer more," he said, waving a bland farewell.

Yet not, alas, farewell. Jerry the station cop knew the unlawful uses of the blind-baggage platform; Jerry the lynx-eyed knew I was not given to conversing with empty space. Violently the hand of the law fell on the ankle of the transgressor. Violently they rolled across the concrete into the parking space, and for a minute you couldn't see the taxicabs for the dust.

The vagabond came out of it. Unfortunately I was in his way. "Oof!" said I, and "Whoa!" said Jerry; and the train departed.

"Ho, hum," sighed the vagabond. "Welcome to Milo, Gus!"

I felt a little to blame. No, I will tell the truth: I had never seen a hobo in high laced boots and wide gray hat; he looked like a character out of a Wild West movie; he was grimy, but he was lean and broad-shouldered, and he had a jaw.

Have I said that life seemed orderly and dull? I was diverted.

"Gus," I said, "you take the words out of my mouth! If we'd known you were coming we'd have furnished a softer cop for you to fall on."

Jerry was not amused; a hobo by the railroad's brim a simple vagrant was to him. Said he vengefully, "Come along. Git goin', Gus!"

Selling real estate teaches you to think fast. I walked with them round the corner into the shadow; I spoke confidentially to Jerry and offered a certain soothing argument, and Jerry kept on walking.

Yes, ten dollars was all I thought I was going to pay for one Arabian Night's entertainment, Indiana edition!

"Here's my car," I said. "Hop in."

Now that I had my vagabond I didn't know just what to do with him. Feed him, I supposed, and learn the sad story of his life.

"Hungry?" I asked him.

Her Clear Eyes Widened and Her Dainty Brows Went Up. She Had Thought, of Course, That I Came Alone

His voice, a leisurely barytone with a sort of Western nasal quality, fitted his picturesque appearance, but his words were somewhat hackneyed.

"Old-timer," he said, "I take this mighty kind of you, but don't get me wrong. I ain't exactly a hobo."

"Of course not," I sighed. "I take it, though, you wouldn't refuse a meal?"

"I could eat a wolf," he admitted, "raw. But if it's all the same to you, let's go somewhere and shell out a few cinders first. Mumma! That engine burns lots of coal."

He seemed to find a certain humor in his grimy discomfort; maybe he was some special kind of hobo, after all. I drove round to the side entrance of the Park Hotel, prudently avoiding the lobby, and smuggled him up to my rooms.

"Gosh!" he murmured, gazing.

Right there, I can see it now, was where I got the caliph feeling—princely, you know, all generous and noble. Through his eyes I saw the true magnificence of my own bachelor quarters; by pleasing contrast I felt my own importance in the world. "There's the bathroom," I told him. "Go as far as you like."

What is there about bathrooms that makes people sing? He hummed, this vagabond, disjointedly at first, sputtering and splashing; then you could follow an odd, foreign-sounding melody. It took hold of you; it made you somehow wistful; but I got to thinking about Martha, I don't know why, and forgot to listen. Martha, and long summer evenings at the country club, where she and I would slip away alone. Down the fifth fairway where it drifts into the woods, our feet falling silent and our voices hushed, through a vale drowned in shadow to a velvet knoll under the moon. Martha, and the lights and laughter sweetly remote across the stillness. A new hot longing thrilled me. I had not meant to go to her this evening; she would prefer to rest after her trip. And yet ——

I looked at my watch. The bathroom door opened.

"Say," cried my vagabond, refreshed, "can I use a slug of this alcohol rub here on the shelf? This is the first time I been clean for a week, and I feel reckless."

He was naked, and, by Jove, he was a powerful specimen! No wonder the burly Jerry had found him hard to hold. His shoulders were thick and round, with little bulging veins that showed not an ounce of fat; his flanks were spare and hard, and his skin as white as a baby's. I had thought he was dark, but that was only soot and sunburn. He was indeed a special kind of hobo. From a sooty bundle he fished clean if rumpled underclothes, and he had a razor too.

"Old-timer," he cried zestfully, "now this is some way for a white man to live! What do these diggings set you back—or do you own this dump?"

That was his manner of speaking—crude; forceful, but crude. I was moved to maintain my status as a caliph. I mentioned, not too conservatively, the sum I surrendered monthly to the management, and he whistled so respectfully that I was almost consoled for not owning the Park Hotel.

I had a sudden pleasing fancy. I almost laughed. "Wait a minute!" I said, getting up. "You're about my size. Wonder if you could wear my shoes?"

"Huh?" said he.

"Hobnailed boots," I explained tactfully, "while admirable for—er—general touring purposes, aren't exactly appropriate for dining."

He grinned. Even in his rumpled underclothes, I tell you, the fellow was picturesque, his white teeth showing boyishly in his lean brown face.

"For a fact," he observed, "I been missin' meals right regular lately. Maybe it's my boots."

Even as I opened my wardrobe door the idea grew on me. But I didn't laugh. Casually, in the true manner of a caliph, I tossed him my dinner jacket and its accessories; reserving for myself, as was fitting, the superior formality of tailed coat and white tie. Now that was all in order, wasn't it? Purple and fine linen, as I understand it, are part of a caliph's stock in trade. Very properly, too, the studs baffled him and the cut of the vest dazzled him.

"Oh, mamma!" he murmured. "Jerry, Jerry, pinch me quick!"

But I didn't laugh. I was kindly, tactful. I skillfully adjusted his tie and turned to put the finishing touches on my own.

Then quite suddenly it came to me that there was nothing much to laugh about. My face seemed more than usual—well, not fat, but roundish; and my brisk dignified carriage did make my—you know—my front stick out a little. I looked like what I was in those days, a prosperous young business man. But he! In my very own clothes, which fitted him badly enough, this fellow Hardy was distinguished. Yes, Hardy he said his name was; Gus Hardy. He had gone moody, pacing restlessly about the room; he carried his hands in his pockets and his wide shoulders loose; and his brown face, lighter across the forehead, gave him the look of one of those big-game hunters or explorers you see at banquets. I made mental note to wear a hat that summer, playing golf, so my forehead would stay white that way.

Yes, I perceived a difference between Bagdad and Milo, Indiana. In Bagdad everybody knows which is the caliph.

"Where did you get that sunburn?" I asked him.

He answered absently, gazing out the window, "Guatemala, I reckon."

I give you my word I didn't know where Guatemala was, only had a vague notion that it was one of those hot countries. And he laid no emphasis on it; rather he seemed lost in some somber train of thought; yet when he spoke that word he wrapped it in glamour. He didn't, if you know what I mean, speak it in English at all. The syllables came clipped and liquid off his tongue, like the murmur of deep quiet water, and for a moment you saw a land far off and strange.

That, of course, was my cue to command him, "Now tell me the sad story of your life. Begin!"

I led him to the dining room and planted him at a secluded table, and even then I couldn't think of a graceful way to get at it—looking across rose-lighted linen at that brown face and gentlemanly shirt front. The New York-like elegance of the Park Hotel did not lend an atmosphere; all the modern caliphs I could recall seemed to have operated in quaint greasy chop houses and saloons.

"Sorry I can't offer you a drink," I said. "Local option, you know."

He nodded absently, gazing about the room. It was a little late for diners; there were only the Andersons, and the Naylors with an out-of-town guest, and a few traveling men.

I tried again. "Pretty hot in Guatemala, eh?"

"Hot enough on the coast. In the mountains, no."

"You were in the mountains?"

"Quezaltenango. Railroading."

There it was again, the crisp liquid murmŭr of syllables that conjured up visions. "It doesn't sound like a place where there'd be a railroad," I said.

"There ain't, yet. Never will be, maybe. We're trying to find a way through."

And he seemed to think he had said it all.

"Jungle?" I prompted.

"Mountains. One of those places God forgot to finish—ten thousand feet up and no way to get down. The Indians say He had a lot of land left over and just dumped it there."

"Oh!" I said. "Indians. Hostile?"

He grinned absently, making a negative gesture with one forefinger—he was always doing something with his hands. "Mayas," he said, curling the word so quaintly that I had to ask him how it was spelled.

"Oh," I said, "Mayas!"

"Yeah. Ever see any of the Maya ruins? Quiriguá, for instance?"

He asked it simply, as if you might walk down the street any day and see Maya ruins.

I repeated after him, "Keereegwáh?" as if searching my memory; but the flatness of my own syllables humbled me.

"Old," said Gus Hardy. "Old when the Spaniards came; old when Christ was born; nobody knows how old. Ball courts, two hundred feet between walls, where they played a game like basket ball. Platforms for sacrifice, where they cut men's hearts out so their crops would grow. Palaces and temples—empty these two thousand years and more."

His eyes came back to mine, and I remember that they were intensely blue.

"Makes you feel queer," he said. "Makes you feel like a man lived about a minute—like a fly. Here's Quiriguá, a station on the white man's railroad. A United Fruit farm, with switch engines shunting around, loading bananas for the States; and over here this place that was a city when Pilate washed his hands. Big sandstone pillars sticking up, carved all over some kind of writing, they claim—and a Maya king at the top. With whiskers," he said, and stopped, looking at me.

"Flat faces and slant eyes. And whiskers; but no Maya, no Indian has a hair on his face to-day. Where did they come from, those fellows? Where did they go?"

I could see the Naylors and the Andersons watching us, wondering, no doubt, why we wore evening clothes—while Gus Hardy wondered what had happened when the world was young.

"Stone, temples around a court—standing there, still solid after twenty centuries of jungle rot. They didn't know how to build an arch; they had to make the rooms little and the walls thicker at the top so a slab of stone would reach; but they had mortar that's better than any we know.

"And some of those slabs are granite—granite, half a ton to a slab, and no granite formation in a hundred miles! No trucks, no wheel roads; nothing but man power. How did they do it—and why?"

He Looked Like a Character Out of a Wild West Movie

I doubt if I knew, even then, what we ate. With short crude strokes he wiped out for me the Central America of O. Henry and Richard Harding Davis, its funny little republics and palms and revolutions; building instead a grim old empire, fixing me with the flame of imagination on his brown face.

"Makes you feel queer," he said. "You go out through these banana groves, the light seeping sort of wet through those big flimsy leaves. Quiet, only a switch engine clanking somewhere, and the lazy whack of some nigger's machete. Quieter and quieter, the jungle choking you, and no sound but your horse's hoofs squashing along the trail. And you come out on this place—this place where kings walked alive. Hot, you know, and still; so still you can hear the jungle growing to swallow it again, creeping up under your feet, crowding in, smothering you. Like something alive and wicked, waiting, eternally waiting to swallow the things men do. And you run into a big idol squatting in the brush, half frog, half tiger—grinning; and you hear a switch engine whistle and you jump. I promise you, you jump."

His talk drifted. Chucho, Huehuetenango, Retalhuleu, I can remember yet the flavor of those names! Black beaches and the endless thunder of giant combers on the sand; steaming lowland, and plateaus in the sky where cloud seas flowed below you and the sun burned you through icy air. Distance and space and color, through which rode white men, laughing, conquering. The Mayas, survivors of an ancient race—you saw them trotting in from the hills on market day; the women with slant-eyed,

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The Stars Come Very Close About That Hacienda in the Hills; in the Courtyard are Flowers and a Fountain That Lulls You, and the Girl Sings

WHEN AMERICA GOES EAST

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

THE morning sun was slanting into the courtyard of the house where the hanum, the one wife of Ferid Bey, sat yet at breakfast, when the bey himself came striding forth from his quarters with a musical tinkle of spurs.

The hanum, lolling in her chair beside the little table that bore her coffee and rolls under an awning of vines, lifted large heavy-lidded eyes and smiled at him languorously.

"Good morning, my dear," she said in French.

The bey smiled back and came across the courtyard towards her to take her long limp hand and bend above it. From doorways here and there faces peeped forth, swarthy, fez-crowned, viewing as with awe this strange and incomprehensible ritual of morning greeting.

"You are well, I hope," said the bey, and took a seat close to her. "I will ask you for a cup of coffee before I go on my business—on our business. Ah, there is no cup!"

He, too, spoke in French, but when he summoned a servant he neither rang nor called. He clapped his hands sharply. There came shuffling forth from the *ev*, the body of the house, an individual in a long dull-blue gown who bowed stiffly, averting his eyes from the hanum's unveiled face. To him the bey, without turning, threw an order as curt as a curse, in Turkish.

"There will be no difficulty, you think, about that business?" queried the hanum in her slow and creamy—there is no other word for that throaty contralto of the speaking voice—tones. "It would be terrible if this year we could not get to Bukharest. I am withering away in this place. Sometimes I wish we could emigrate altogether, like the peasants."

The bey smiled, for truly she had no look of one who withers away. The daughter of the pasha of Adrianople and a purchased Georgian beauty, she showed in face and figure the best of both strains—the intemperate-blooded Turk and the specially bred sex-specialized Caucasian. She was tall and large in the frame, with a face of a perfect oval and the hue of marble that has ripened in the centuries; her every expression and attitude were mere different phases of graceful and languorous repose. She was dressed now in a white muslin frock with blue ribbons; her arms, long and smooth, and her neck, were bare. Her night-black hair was coiled low on her brow; and no veil hid her beauty.

"You cannot be allowed to wither, my dear," answered the bey. "And it is not only that; we need money for other things, besides our visit to Bukharest. We need it in every direction. But I do not think there will be a great difficulty. I shall go to the Jew."

"Ah! Not to—the bank?"

The blue-gowned servitor, still careful not to rest his eyes upon the countenance of the hanum, returned with the cup and presented it. He arrived at the precise instant necessary to save the bey from an outward and visible wince at his wife's mention of the bank. He filled his cup and sat back to sip it.

"My dear," he said, "the bank! If it were not for your honored father, the pasha, and, perhaps, for my own official standing, the bank would have swallowed us whole long ago. These Germans—you know what they are!"

The Bey Came Across the Courtyard to Take Her Long Limp Hand and Bend Above It

He made a little grimace of disgust and contempt, such as a millionaire might use towards a man of letters. His wife watched him with great, lustrous, unwinking eyes. He was not more than thirty, a tall, beautifully built young man, with a hard gay face of faultless regularity. A smear of black mustache was brilliantined to perfection under the slight hook of his nose; his wide mouth, with its full underlip, was sensuous, sophisticated and cruel. He was recognizable at a glance as an item in that social scum which breaks in poison bubbles to the surface of that cesspool swirl of races which is Constantinople; gratifying Orient appetites with vices of the Occident; wearing a fez for social convenience and drinking wine for his stomach's sake.

He wore the fez now; for the rest he was cap-a-pie in riding clothes that would have passed muster on Rotten Row or in the Bois de Boulogne—cord breeches, black boots, silver spurs, and everything handsome about him. It was the pose of himself and his wife, to themselves as to the world at large, that they had put the customs and prejudices of their own people and religion behind them.

Fathma, the hanum, dressed from a Viennese fashion magazine; Ferid Bey modeled himself on the foreign officers and attachés he saw in Constantinople. Paris being out of their reach, they went once a year for a month of dissipation at Bukharest, where one may make a beast of oneself in good company. And they spent money; they strewed it abroad like water; and when money came to an end they borrowed. The hanum was thoughtful. "But the Jew?" she objected. "We owe him already much. Will he ——?"

The bey laid down his coffee cup and rose. He gave her his wide, light-lipped smile, the same smile he had carried with him through Armenia to Trebizond and back, what time his nickname was The Friend of the Vultures.

"I think he will," he said very deliberately. "And now I must go."

"I will see you off," she replied, and stood up.

They went together through the deep-arched gateway in the wall and passed through it to the road without, where against a clump of tangled fig trees a ragged groom squatted, holding the bridle of the bey's stallion. He sprang upright at their appearance and made a reverence.

The bey did not notice him by so much as a glance. With his wife's hand on his arm he stopped and looked around him, a frown that was not all of thought gathering on his brow. Beside him his wife stopped, too, unquestioning and passive, trying to follow his eyes and see whatever it was that he saw. To her all was as usual. Before them, across the shining waters of the Maritza and the farther stream of the Tundja, rose the walls and roofs of Edirne, which Westerners call Adrianople, swelling with domes and spiked like a porcupine with a bristle of slender minarets. Behind them was the old Turkish house, flat roofed, its walls crowned with high-arched red tiles. The Rhodope Mountains showed in the sunlight like bulks of dull sapphire; the waters trickled, the leaves rustled; no more.

"I hate it!" said the bey suddenly. "But it is the only home we have. If we lost it ——" He stopped, biting on his lip.

"Lost it?" echoed Fathma.

He looked down at her. She raised her great eyes to him, and for a space of seconds they remained staring at one another. His was the gaze of an avid animal; hers of the willing prey. In full sight of the wondering and dismayed horse boy he caught her to him and kissed her on the full lips. He let her go with a little self-conscious laugh and beckoned the boy to lead the stallion over to him.

"And now, really, I must go to my Jew," he said.

The boy held the stirrup and he swung himself into the saddle handsomely. The stallion pawed and fidgeted coquettishly, long black mane and sweeping Arab tail aswish. Ferid Bey looked down upon the wife of his bosom.

"I ride against our enemies," he said. "I go as your knight!"

She smiled, not in mirth, but because he was smiling; and stood yet a while to watch him as he cantered towards the bridge that leads over the river and into the maze of the old city. Then she turned and lounged back to her long chair in the courtyard for her usual morning's occupation—manicuring her nails and studying fortnight-old copies of Paris and Vienna fashion plates.

Ferid Bey pulled the black stallion to a walk as he passed through the cemeteries which stand about the entrance to the city, and headed him towards that stenchful tangle of alleys and densely inhabited plague holes which

is known as the Kalé Quarter. About him, as he rode, life seethed like water in a caldron, like a broken ant hill, like maggots in carrion. In the alley by which he went, moving over the heads of the throng which jostled and pressed aside to give his magnificence free passage, like an indifferent angel passing over a ruined world, every house was a shop. At the roots of it were caverns, within which squatted merchants—a Jew, a Greek, an Armenian, rarely a Turk; their dark faces looked out from their holes impassively at this fair specimen of the common enemy. It was like riding between the cages of a menagerie of daunted but untamable beasts.

It was at one of these shops that he pulled the stallion to a halt and bent forward above the animal's neck to peer under the low brow of the place. The alley was itself a place of day-long shadow; the shop at first glance was dark as the pit. But at the bey's brusque call someone stirred within it; a piece of the general blackness moved forward, and there came forward to Ferid's eyes the tall bent figure of Izak ben Ibrahim, the rich man.

There was a black skullcap on his head; his black gown enveloped him from his neck to his feet. Upon the bosom of it his great gray beard, matted with dirt, made him, as it were, a breastplate. His forehead rose in a noble arch from his heavy white brows, under which the eyes were still as sheltered pools; a splendid curve of nose swept down to bisect the drooping mustache that hid the mouth one knew to be strong and humorous. Altogether a splendid, formidable and tragic figure; the bey leaned aside and spat as it came into his view. The old Jew spread out long thin hands and bowed his reverend head between them in humble salutation.

"Come nearer!" ordered Ferid Bey, in Turkish. "I have something to say to you."

Izak ben Ibrahim moved near to the stallion's shoulder. Ferid Bey looked at the old face contemplatively for some moments from under gathered brows.

"I shall need some more money," he said suddenly. "At once," he added.

The old man made no answer for an instant, and then not in words. Not even by gesture; it was conveyed by a subtle but unmistakable alteration in the whole poise and manner of the man. What had been a proud and stately humility in him, a surrender to the accepted forms of deference and servility, became suddenly a slack and non-resistant helplessness, like the attitude of a scolded dog that rolls over and submits. A thousand spoken no's could not have made his refusal clearer.

Ferid Bey's face darkened. "What do you mean?" he demanded. "Are you playing with me? You will bring it to-night, within two hours of sunset, to my house. You hear? The same sum as last time!"

This time Izak ben Ibrahim spoke. "Excellency, I can lend nothing; I have nothing to lend."

"Oh?"

"It is truth, Excellency. I have nothing." The old man's words rang sincere. "My daughter's *chozan*, her betrothed, has come back from America. He was the son of a jeweler in this city; and now that my daughter is to be married I have given them my business for a dowry."

He shrugged the Jewish shrug of deprecation, shoulders humped to his ears, palms outspread. "I am an old man, Excellency; so I gave them the business. And"—he looked up; if he smiled his beard hid it—"and the debts," he added.

"You dog!" said Ferid Bey, almost mechanically. But he was thinking—thinking hard. "I must have a talk with the pasha about you, Izak. We have left you alone too long. But in the meantime, where is this Jew from America?"

A voice in the darkness of the shop answered briskly, "He is here!"

There was a sound of movement, and a second figure came forth to the light of the alley. Ferid Bey stared at it. It showed as the remains of a young man, a face miserably thin, an empty sleeve, a leg that dragged uselessly. It was dressed in worn khaki breeches and leggings and a thin alpaca jacket. On its head was a dreadful old bowler hat.

The newcomer paused in the doorway and took calm stock of Ferid Bey, sitting aloft upon his black stallion. He neither saluted nor bowed. The bey, according to custom, leaned aside and spat at sight of him; the broken youth in the doorway bent forward and spat likewise.

"What is your name?" demanded Ferid Bey.

"Jacobs," was the answer. "What's yours?"

He spoke, of course, Turkish; but somehow by his tone and manner and by his choice of words he managed to make that prolix tongue serve the uses of crispness, even of slang.

Ferid Bey restrained himself. His need for money was vital.

"It will pay you to learn quickly who I am," he said, through his teeth. "Tell him!" he spat at Izak ben Ibrahim.

The old Jew spoke to the other in a low tone. The younger man nodded.

"Yes," he said aloud. "You are right. It will pay me to know you and where to find you."

He hobbled forth as he spoke, and seated himself on the low edge of the open shop front. With his one arm he lifted his crippled leg to cross the other.

"I'm starting in to collect the outstanding loans," he said calmly. "I'm beginning with you. You've had over two hundred and fifty thousand piasters of our money, and you've paid nothing—not even a single para. And now you want more!"

The pasha on his divan could not have been more at his ease, more assured and self-secure. A cold shiver ran up Ferid Bey's back. And this was a Jew—a Jew! He sat still in a mere trance of amaze.

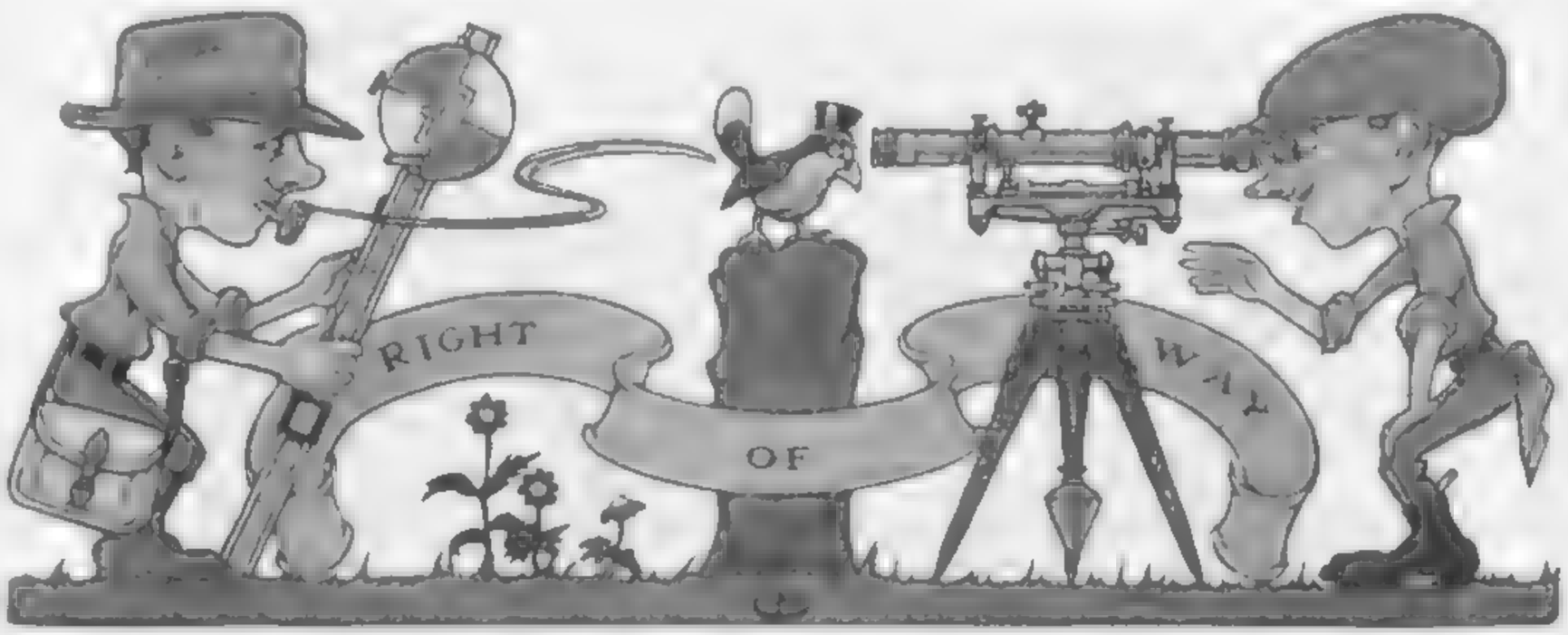
(Continued on Page 104)

"Come Nearer!" Ordered Farid Bey. "I Have Something to Say to You"

Highways and Highwaymen

By a Former State Commissioner

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE



FOREWORD: Every state in the Union now has or is organizing a department of highways; never before has road building been undertaken on so large a scale. Owing to the enormous sums being spent by the states and the Federal Government for highways the honest building of roads affects directly every taxpayer in the country.

What follows is not intended as an arraignment of any one political party. This article is written to show the political evils affecting highways that prevail in my own state, in the hope that should similar conditions exist in other states what is here said may prove of some public benefit.

I HAD been for two months in the hospital of a military camp, slowly pulling myself together, when word came from a man whom I barely knew that the governor of my state wished to see me.

One year before, I had been an engineer officer in France. After the armistice I had marched south from Sedan, only to hear, at the end of 126 rain-drenched, heart-breaking miles, that I must return to the States; for somewhere along that march I had picked up an uncomfortable temperature and a never-ending cough. In those tense November days of 1918, just before the end, someone had mentioned the election in my state, but when this summons came from the governor I could not even recall his name. Why he should wish to see me was a mystery.

Mysteries being interesting, I secured leave from the hospital and searched out the governor's rooms in the building where he gave audience to the people of our largest city. The anteroom was crowded; there was the smooth, bleached-faced politician; the impatient business man, anxious for the passage of some bill, was there; there also waited the poor sad-eyed women, eager to learn the chances of having husband or son released from prison.

I moved through the crowd to an inner door. Immediately I had my first surprise. I was expected and could go at once into the private office. As I entered the governor was bidding a group of men good-by. He turned, gave my hand a firm grip, and without smiling his eyes traveled from the top of my head to the soles of my hob-nailed boots.

"Sit down. You are Major Gray?" From years of campaign speaking in the open his voice had become worn to harshness, but beneath the rasp is a note hard to describe. If any two words can cover all that his voice conveys, they are "positive" and "sincere." "You've been recommended to me as an engineer who knows his business. I've got a job for you."

What the Governor Wanted Me For

I ASKED myself what political job a governor could give to one as far from being a politician as is possible, and made a snap decision to reject his offer.

"I'm looking for a highway commissioner," he continued.

I gasped. In our state one of the most sought-for positions within the gift of the governor is that of highway commissioner.

When I had caught my breath I answered: "You've made a mistake, governor; you're looking for some other Gray. I'm not your man."

"Why?" He shot the word at me.

"Because I'm no politician."

"Who said I wanted a politician?" he said sharply. Then his face was lighted by a smile. "Don't you know that if I wanted a politician I could get a thousand by just holding up one finger? I've been dodging politicians for weeks; I'm looking for a road builder."

"But, governor, I know and care so little about politics that I don't even know whether your term of office is for two years or four."

This deplorable ignorance surprised him. "You belong to the Poverty Party, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes, but I have sometimes voted for Property men when I thought them the better candidates."

"Well, that's only a little crime; and I know you can build roads; you'll do." He said this, his clear eyes fixing mine, as if the matter were settled.

"No, governor," I persisted; "it's out of the question. I wouldn't know how to make the right political appointments."

He laid his hand on my knee. "Politics again! It's politics, major, that's keeping our highway department in the mud. I would hate to believe that in the party which has made me governor of this state we haven't enough talent to supply your assistants, but if you accept this appointment I have just two instructions to give: Build for the state the best possible roads, and rid the department of peanut politics. I promise you a free hand; you can appoint any man you think will best serve the state."

His eyes so plainly showed the truth behind his words that I was astonished. To appreciate my surprise an explanation is necessary.

A Blow to the Politicians

THERE is in our state a political machine of which I had heard only hard words. There are thousands of people who believe it in closer league with the devil than is his chief coal heaver. The mere mention of the name chills the spines of thousands of honest citizens. The one thing I knew about our governor was that he stood high in this organization, and to my shame I record that this knowledge made me suspicious of one whom I now know to be the most directly honest man with whom I have ever been associated.

We discussed the appointment a few minutes longer.

"Think it over, major, and give me your answer Monday." Suddenly all harshness left the governor's voice, his face grew sad. "There's a poor woman outside whose son is condemned to death. I must talk to her now."

I left the governor, profoundly impressed by his vivid personality, but as to accepting the appointment I held grave doubts. I sought out a friend whom I knew to be politically wise.

"Commissioner of highways!" he cried. "Why, man, you didn't listen right."

I assured him that I had. He sounded a long-drawn whistle and drummed on his desk.

"Well," I demanded, "is this thing on the level?"

He turned on me quickly. "You can bank on anything the governor says. But in offering you this job, undoubtedly against the wishes of the party leaders, he's done a bigger thing than you can realize."

"Well, shall I take it?"

"It's a tough job to handle."

"Yes," I answered; "he told me frankly that it was the hardest one in the state."

"And that you could fill jobs without political interference? Well, the governor will try to keep that promise, but, strong as he is, it can't be done. As for your accepting, I just can't advise you one way or the other. I'm too surprised."

Upon returning to the hospital I spoke of the matter to the officer in charge.

"For your own sake," he told me, "I ought to keep you here. You're running into more trouble than you ever saw in the Argonne. Boche gas maims a fellow physically, political gas eats away his good name."

That night a friend of the governor called me on the phone and asked if I had made my decision.

"I have," I answered, "and please thank the governor for the honor he has done me."

It is pleasant to record that the press praised the governor for giving the place to a practical road builder. Even many of the Property papers commended his action. He had created, or rather broken, a precedent. Heretofore this highly technical department had been intrusted usually to a lawyer, always to a politician. Since the law was enacted making it a single-headed commission I am the first and only engineer who has been commissioner. I was told later of the astonishment my appointment caused at the capitol.

"Gray!" the lawmakers gasped. "Who the deuce is Gray?"

My name was given the Senate early in March; it was not until the middle of April that my appointment was confirmed. This unnecessary delay was the first political trick practiced upon my administration. My name had been referred to the Senate Finance Committee, where, in the keeping of those zealous guardians of the state, it was securely held. Although my predecessor had overserved his term by two months, and for five months had known that he would not be reappointed, it was explained that he needed time to clear out his desk. The truth is, that confirmation was delayed in order to give a Property commissioner time to advertise and get under way certain roads much desired by deserving men of his party.

One of these lay in a county near the capital city. Disregarding the fact that in another part of the county there was a road sorely needed by a large community of farmers, my predecessor advertised a highway to cost $43,000 a mile, that began at the city line, ran through an uninhabited section, between and paralleling two already improved roads. But this favored road—in no way connected with the state system—led to some property in which a senator was said to be interested, and who, strangely, was a member of that finance committee.

Political Methods in Practice

THE second road was an equally vicious example of political favor. Built in a sparsely inhabited rural county, it passes two, possibly three cottages, and serves a ridiculously small amount of traffic. But it aided an important assemblyman to reach more comfortably his hunting lodge in the mountains. You can readily grasp the neatness of this arrangement. Useful men—to the Property Party—in both Senate and Assembly were taken care of; the farmer and the farmer's crops could afford to wait; and it cost the state to please two deserving Property politicians the insignificant sum of $121,217.

This kind of thing has been practiced so long and so openly in our state—and perhaps in yours—that by now it is considered legitimate. The senator for whom this road was built would be surprised—yes, shocked—if it were said that his use here of political influence had been dishonest. He is looked upon by his neighbors as a monument, standing for all that is wise and righteous. As for the assemblyman—well, he, too, would be shocked. "Yes," he would tell you, "the state needed that road badly." In his home town he talks loudly of red-blooded Americans, and on Sundays he goes to church.

I saw the governor for the second time on April fifth. He asked me to be in the capital city by the eighth, as he expected the Senate's confirmation on that date. He spoke of the importance of securing an efficient secretary.

"As I told you," he said, "you are to make your own appointments, but I know one man for that job who could help you with the political end."

I am striving to write a true account of the experiences of a nonpolitical holder of a political office; I must then tell not half but all the truth. With a prayer for forgiveness, therefore, I write that in spite of the impression this man had made on me I still held some lingering doubts. Remember, please, that I had seen him but once.

"What kind of a ward-heeler is he going to name?" I asked myself.

"He's a young man from upstate," the governor continued. "I believe you'll like him; anyway, look him over. His name is Roy Field."

Looking backward it now seems absurd that I should have felt such relief at hearing that name. Here was no ward-heeler. Field was known to be as square as a die.

When I left the governor I was conscious of a feeling of security, of absolute trust in every word he had spoken. And here let me say that never have I left him after any one of our many interviews that I did not experience the same reaction. It was always as if I had been given something that I did not have before—added trust, a new enthusiasm to strive harder to do my work efficiently. I am not a young man; I am no hero worshiper, but I thank the fates that I can still be glad on the rare occasions when I meet a really big man.

An Ax-Grinding Reception Committee

MY SIGNATURE was not dry on the hotel register in the capital city when things began to happen. They must have been camped in the lobby awaiting my arrival. Agents for bonding companies, white-faced, stout gentlemen with friends—good party men, all—who needed jobs; truck salesmen; steam-roller men; road-scraper men; all these and more eagerly grasped my hand, smiled delightedly at the mere sight of me, and pulled me from this side to that to whisper in my amazed ears.

Confused, dazed, I fled to my room, where, behind locked doors, I stayed until morning. But they were a patient crew; I found them, their ranks swelled, awaiting my appearance at breakfast, and one persistent, sticky, asphalt salesman walked with me clear to the door of the governor's private office.

Behind that barrier I found peace. The governor's secretary and his assistant greeted me cordially, but neither could hide his interest in the strange innocent their chief had named for the big job. The governor was working at the mansion and would be a few minutes late. While waiting I read the announcement of my arrival in the local papers. It was given half-column, front-page space, but what depressed me more than I can tell was the gist of these notices. It can all be summed up in the single baneful word, "patronage." Literally, in those sheets there was not one word of my ability or lack of it as an engineer, no question of what kind of roads would be built, no hope expressed that I might build good roads; instead, each paper had used some five hundred words to tell what juicy plums lay hidden in my Christmas pie. Gleefully they recorded how many fat jobs I had to fill, ending with the grand patronage total I could distribute.

Patronage! I hated the word then, I loathe it to-day!

Then, when my spirits had struck bottom, the door opened with a bang and a brisk young man came into the room on springs. He was well built, well dressed, and every inch of his rather short figure was alive; his eyes danced. To each of the secretaries he spoke some quick word that brought a laugh. Humor, action, ability showed in every curve of this young man's stocky frame.

"Now, why the devil," I growled, "can't that fellow Field be like this man? I'll bet he'll show up soft, fat, stolid, and all the rest of it."

The governor's secretary spoke in lower tones to the newcomer. I was sitting behind my spread paper, too uneasy to read.

"No, you don't say!" answered the stranger crisply. "Well, not too bad, from what I can see. Lead me, George; lead me gently."

The secretary came toward me, the stranger, smiling broadly, at his side.

"Commissioner"—I quailed at the new title—"this is an old friend of mine. He comes from my home town." He paused and I held my breath. "Let me introduce Mr. Field."

I grasped the outstretched hand. "Not Mr. Roy Field."

"Guilty, and entirely without an alibi!" Field nodded his round head rapidly before saying as if proclaiming a miracle: "So you're the new commissioner!"

"And you're the new secretary! There's no discussion about that, Mr. Field, you're simply it."

We were still talking when the governor came in. After telling me that my appointment had at last been ratified he bade Field steer me through the formidable task of taking over the department. Then he turned to the huge pile of letters on his desk with "Now go to it."

That one short sentence was all he considered necessary to his commissioner of highways. Not a word did he say, then or later, in favor of this road or that; no lengthy instructions to give as to what I should or should not do, and no mention was made of those appointments, seemingly so vital to the newspapers.

Surely a good beginning!

No sooner had I taken the oath of office than I found before me one of the most distasteful duties it was ever my bad luck to face.

"Come on, commissioner," Field said lightly, "now we'll go to the department and fire that bunch of earnest Property workers."

"Fire them! Don't you suppose they have vacated already?"

A smile spread across Field's cheerful face. "Vacated? Each one of those deserving Propertists is sitting glued to his little chair; they'll get their name on to-day's pay roll if it costs them the seats of their trousers."

I had of course expected that my predecessor would remain to turn over the office, but I had thought that his personal appointees would have left before my arrival. When, embarrassed by the prospect of the wholesale dismissals before me, I entered the department, I learned that all were present and accounted for; there wasn't a single A. W. O. L. in the building.

Rewards and Punishments

AFTER an hour's talk with my predecessor, during which he was generous with advice, I was finally left in charge. Field at once stuck his grinning head through the door.

"Well, commissioner, I hope you haven't forgotten any of the wisdom he passed on. Each word, you know, was a pearl."

I swore roundly. "My right ear's gone lame!"

Our highway department is a huge machine, but not too large for the great work it is doing. To accomplish its work the department has a personnel of engineers, inspectors, clerks, in all about a thousand employes. In addition there were the patrolmen. During the twenty months I held office the department spent and obligated for contracts the tidy sum of $41,000,000 of the taxpayers' money. Do you gasp at the patronage possibilities? Huge as is this sum it does not cover all the patronage.

One frank member of the Property Party, when I had been asked by a new governor to resign, explained it to me in this wise: "You see, we've got to get control of your department. The salaries you pay strengthen us, of course, for they will all now go to our party men; but, after all, salaries satisfy only individuals; it's building roads that counts. By building a road here or refusing to build one there we can please or discipline whole communities at one shot."

To manage efficiently an intricate business of this size, one hedged about by every conceivable political complication, is no job for an infant.

From the moment my appointment appeared in the papers, requests for jobs began to pour in. There were but two classes of applicants—the young engineer just out of college and the old engineer out of a job. I soon realized that the successful engineer of from thirty-five to forty-five years, especially those belonging to the Poverty Party, could not be persuaded to consider a political job.

It is a popular sport to criticize public appointments; if other department heads have one-half the trouble I experienced in securing first-class men they do not deserve your criticism. There is no sound reason why the man successful in private enterprises, assured of steady employment, should give up such a position for a temporary public office, where the only thing he may definitely count upon is vicious abuse from the opposite party and the partisan press.

The first employe I saw, after taking office, was the auditor. I had thought it necessary to appoint some friend of long standing to this position, but one look into Stephen Gillett's face determined me to make no change. Gillett is a $25,000 a year man, who from sheer love of his work filled the position for the inadequate $5000 that the state then paid.

Bucking the Political System

MY NEXT appointments caused surprise throughout the department and a good part of the state. I found the private secretary of my predecessor to be a young man who, during the four years he had served that loquacious gentleman, had acquired experience valuable to the department. I reappointed not only this man but the young woman who had acted as the former commissioner's confidential stenographer. Before the day had passed a politician, locally prominent, galloped into my office.

"What are you doing?" he exclaimed. "Do you want to disrupt our entire party?"

With difficulty I retained my patience. "These people have knowledge it would take a year for new employes to gain," I said.

"I don't care about that. Why, commissioner, the Property Party wouldn't keep a scrubwoman who was a Povertist! For the good of the party you've got to fire those people and appoint Povertists."

"For the good of the state they shall stay. I'm running this department for all the taxpayers, not for any party," I answered.

He left, boiling, and marched straight to the governor.

After listening to his complaint the governor asked him to return the next day. When he did so he found other Poverty leaders assembled.

The governor, as quoted to me, said to them: "Gentlemen, I have requested you to meet here to-day in order that I might ask you to keep your hands off the highway department and let that man Gray alone. During my administration I want the highways managed for the best interests of all the people."

It is quite impossible to convey to the average citizen, unacquainted with politics, what amazement this caused. After that interview a Poverty leader in one of the largest cities did not speak to our governor for three months.

When, after three days in office, I had found no suitable man to fill one of the most important positions I had to offer I appealed to the governor.

"Bob," he called to a clerk, "bring in that highway file."

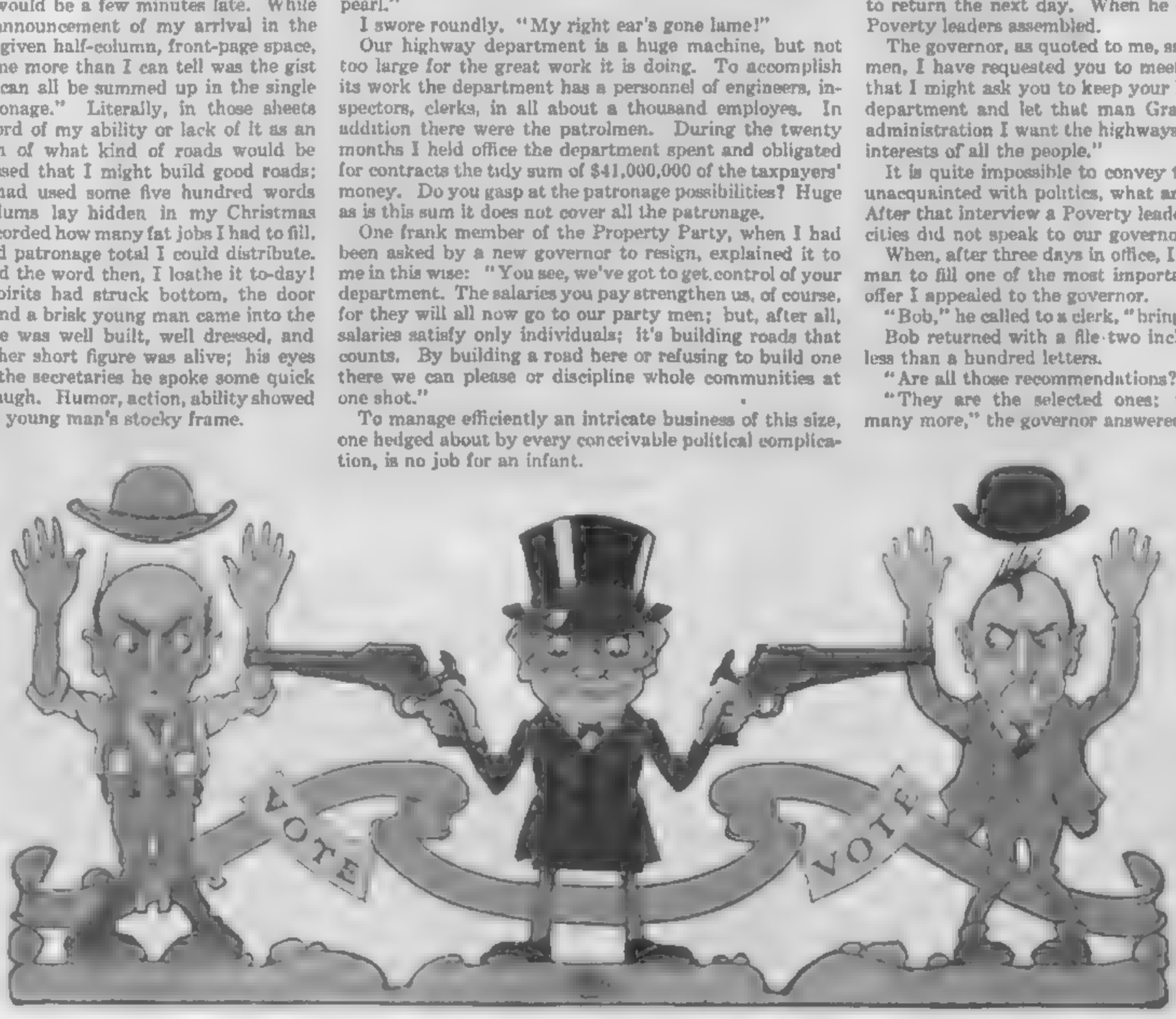
Bob returned with a file two inches thick, holding not less than a hundred letters.

"Are all those recommendations?" I asked, amazed.

"They are the selected ones; we've thrown out as many more," the governor answered smilingly.

As he ran through the letters my amazement grew. Some had been written by the biggest men in the state, yet the governor had never before mentioned the letters, the writers or the candidates so ardently recommended. We went through that great stack of letters carefully, but none, we thought, named a man fitted for the work. During the reading the governor vetoed several candidates from personal knowledge; not one did

(Continued on Page 57)



RITA COVENTRY

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XXX

ARRIVING at Cleveland in midafternoon, Parrish went to a hotel, and after a brief pause there took a taxicab and, giving the driver Alice's address, set forth into the unknown. After passing through a busy district of large retail shops and theaters, in which it seemed to Parrish people dashed across the streets with little regard for regular crossings, they came to an "auto row" made up of two and three story buildings of brick and tile, with here and there a mansion of an earlier day rearing its smoke-begrimed bulk in futile defiance of the outward march of trade; then more old houses, ugly and massive, some of them well kept, telling of wealthy families still holding on, others turned into dressmakers' establishments, art shops and rooming houses. A few minutes farther out, at a trolley crossing, was a thriving center—a small city within a large one—with banks, stores, and yellow taxis clustered around a railroad station; and after perhaps ten minutes more, during which the cab traversed a section where apartment houses and business buildings waged about equal warfare with old homes, another secondary business center, with its cross-town trolley line, banks, motion-picture theaters and shops. Then a parked circle with a bronze statue and a little lake behind it, a boulevard winding amid trees and shrubbery, and presently, after a long and rather steep ascent, fine heights, on which stood large residences in spacious grounds, with here and there an apartment building sharply breaking the skyline. More winding along a parked way: this one double, with street cars running down the middle and new houses built or building at either side; and at last, after what was beginning to seem to Parrish a very long drive although his watch told him they had been little more than half an hour en route, a right-angle turn into an intersecting highway which a street corner sign told him was Willowbrook Avenue.

Bound Up With His Almost Religious Adoration for Her as a Beautiful Spirit Was a Passion for Her as a Beautiful Woman

It was the kind of street he had, from Alice's descriptions, expected it would be: flanked by lots, not very large, and modest modern homes. One or two of the largest houses might, he thought, have cost as much as eighteen or twenty thousand dollars, while the least of them must have cost twelve thousand. The shrubs and trees in the yards were young, and on such residences as were embellished with vines the loftiest shoots did not reach more than half way to the eaves, though there could be no doubt that, like the owners of the houses, they were year by year progressing upward in the world. Inexpensive cars stood in front of several of the houses, and between many of them were little drives made of twin strips of cement, leading back to small garages.

Here and there children were at play with their sleds, laughing and shouting as they made the most of the thin coat of snow that lay upon the ground, and from the sizes of the children Parrish gathered an impression that the fathers and mothers of this neighborhood were young.

The house before which the taxi stopped was of stucco and brown-stained timber, low and substantial, somewhat in the style of a California bungalow, although there were upper windows, indicating a second story tucked away beneath the long slope of the roof.

A little boy and girl near the house stopped playing and advanced a few steps to inspect Parrish as he alighted from the taxi.

Passing up the walk he smiled at them, but their big blue eyes remained solemn.

"How do you do, Georgie? How do you do, Alice?" he said, with a mischievous desire to astonish them.

They did not reply, but continued to follow him with their eyes. The only sign of their having heard him was given by little Alice, who quickly reached up and placed her small red-mittened hand in her brother's.

Parrish ascended the steps, crossed the wide porch and rang the bell. Then, turning, he looked back at the little pair. They were still staring at him, but now Georgie, taking courage from the safe distance intervening between him and the strange gentleman, became vocal.

Nodding his head emphatically, as if in affirmation of a fact almost unbelievable, he declared: "I got a puppy. Name's Don. He can lick my face."

And before Parrish could make a suitable comment the high baby voice of the little girl chimed a corroborative echo: "He can lick his face." Like her brother she nodded as she spoke, widening her eyes, gravely bright.

"Is his tongue rough?" Parrish asked.

"Yes, it's rough," said Georgie. And "It's wuff," immediately echoed Alice.

The conversation was interrupted at this juncture when a maid opened the front door.

Parrish asked for Alice and gave the maid his card, which, having no card tray, she took in her hand.

"Come in," she invited civilly, opening the door wider after having looked at the card as if to see that he was not a canvasser. As he hung his coat and hat on the dark oak rack in the hall he saw her on the way upstairs inspecting the card again.

In the parlor he sat down in a morris chair by a wide front window. Out in the yard he could see the children at play. They were sweet-looking children, as Alice had said. He felt grateful to them; somehow—he did not quite know how—they had made easier his approach to the house.

The room was quite large with dark woodwork and patternless gray-green wall paper. The furniture was in the mission style, of oak—fumed oak, he believed it was called—and the cushions in the chairs were of brown leather. The best thing in the room was the spacious Khiva rug, and the only other rug was a black bearskin, with a mounted head, lying before the fireplace. Between the front windows, near the chair in which he sat, was a massive table with a cover of soft leather dyed to a maroon color, and on this stood a lamp having a verdigris metal base and a translucent shade of glass, streaked green and white. Neatly arranged upon the table within reach of the morris chair were many popular magazines and several current novels. Against one wall was an ebonized upright piano with a book of songs for little children on the music rack, and beside the piano stood a tall wrought-iron lamp with a shade of wine-color silk. Aside from two harmless landscapes in watercolor there hung upon the walls an etching of Rheims Cathedral, a sepia print of one of Rossetti's slender women, and at either side of the hall door a figure reproduced in black and white from Abbey's mural decorations in the Boston Public Library.

He had ample time in which to observe these details, since the maid was gone for a long time. Outside, the daylight was beginning to fade, and the parlor, its windows shaded by the porch, was becoming shadowy. Overhead he could hear someone moving about. He wondered if it was Alice getting ready to come down.

Presently he heard a step on the stairs. But it was not Alice: it was the maid again.

"Miss Meldrum asks to be excused," she announced.

"She—she does?" He stood nonplused.

"She's not very well to-day."

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said, relieved. "Please tell her I'll come back this evening to find out how she is." He mentioned the name of his hotel.

Putting on his overcoat he wondered who it was he had heard moving about the room overhead. Of course it might have been the maid.

His spirits were at zero as he took his hat from the rack. He did not wish to leave the house; it was the one place in Cleveland where he wished to be, but he could think of no excuse for staying. Could it be possible that she would refuse to see him after he had come all the way out to Cleveland, sleeping in an upper berth and changing cars at Buffalo to get here in a hurry? Surely she could not be so hard on him as that! She was so sweet and gentle. On the other hand, though, he had known down in Virginia many an unreconstructed old lady, and some young ones too, who were the embodiment of gentleness until Yankees were mentioned, when they became more bitter than the most fiery of Confederate veterans. That under Alice's tenderness there might be an unrelenting strain was a possibility he had not until now faced. Oh, she must see him! She must!

As with great reluctance he opened the front door to leave the house, he found himself face to face with a stranger who was ascending the steps—a powerfully built man of about his own age, with ruddy cheeks and good-humored blue eyes. Reaching the top step the man brought a key ring jingling from his pocket; then, as the door was already open, he put back his keys and, looking closely at Parrish, nodded pleasantly.

"If I'm not mistaken," he said in a strong voice, "you're Mr. Parrish, from New York."

"Yes—Mr. Brooks?"

"The same." His smile was engaging. "I had to reach around in my mind for a minute to think what your last name was. You're known as Dick in this house."

Parrish smiled back.

"I was having precisely the same difficulty with you," he said. "Of course Alice always speaks of you as George."

The master of the house came in and shut the door behind him.

"Take off your coat," he said.

"Thanks. I was just going."

"Where to?"

"Back to the hotel. I came to see Alice, but the maid tells me she isn't very well. Thought I'd try again this evening." George had hung up his ulster.

"Yes," he said; "she's had a lot of headaches lately. That's why I came home early." Then, as Parrish had not moved to take off his overcoat, the other hospitably stripped the garment from his back, saying: "Here, you don't want to go yet. Come into my den—we'll have a smoke."

He led the way down the hall to a small room even more masculine in its equipment than the parlor.

Already Parrish was beginning to like this cordial Middle Westerner with his big voice, his close-cropped, wiry, wavy hair and his understanding eyes. Moreover, he was grateful to him for making it easy to remain.

"Hold on!" said George, stopping just inside the door. "That must be your taxi outside." When Parrish assented his host turned back, declaring: "I'll send him away. When you have to go I'll drive you down."

"You're very kind," Parrish said, following him; "but let me send him away."

"Put your money back in your pocket!" ordered George as they raced together down the walk

"No, I can't let you pay for my taxi."

"Yes, you can too! Forget it! This is *my* town." He thrust money into the driver's hand and dismissed him, whereafter they returned to the house and settled themselves with cigars in the lamplight of the den.

"When did you get in?" George asked.

"This afternoon. I was due about 2:30, but my train was late."

"Ever been to Cleveland before?"

"Once or twice, on business, years ago."

"It's a good town," George assured him.

"I really don't know anything about it," Parrish answered. "I just went to a hotel and an office and a club."

"Been to the Athletic Club?"

"No, it was an old-fashioned club, very nice, right across the street from the hotel."

"Oh, the Union—I don't belong there. I'll be glad to give you a card to the Athletic if you'd care for it."

"That's very good of you."

After discussing the Athletic Club for a time George drifted to general talk about Cleveland; about how Cleveland grew, and why; the city's industries; the late Tom Johnson, and the cult of the three-cent fare; then, drifting to comparisons, he went on:

"I don't see how anybody can stand living in New York. Every time I go there it seems to me the place is worse. More people—more congestion, under the ground, and on it, and above it. And so many foreigners. Whew! That town makes me depressed about the future of the country. I have to keep reminding myself of Ohio and these other states out here."

"No doubt you're right," returned Parrish; "but you must remember that New York has a lot of attractions."

"Too many apartment houses," the other went on. "To live in a flat seems to me only a shade better than living in a hotel. I like to feel that I'm anchored to the soil. But I know what you mean, about attractions, and of course it's true. New York does offer a lot in the way of things that are improving—and entertaining—museums, the theater, concerts and opera—if you care for opera and that sort of thing."

"Yes, yes," said Parrish hurriedly.

"It seems to me," George continued, "that New York is essentially a battle ground where men try their strength. Business competition must be terrible, and there are more temptations, more ——"

"I'm delighted to hear that Mrs. Brooks is so much better," Parrish put in.

George beamed.

"She certainly gave us a scare," he answered; "but she'll be home pretty soon now—probably better than ever. It's a darn shame, her being sick. She didn't need to be, but she's one of those women who hates to leave her family, and she wouldn't go until she had to. That's the way with the Meldrums—they don't care about a whole lot of people, but, Lord, how they do tie up to the ones they're fond of!"

He seemed for a moment to reflect on this quality in the Meldrums; then, in a new tone, leisurely and expansive, he went on: "Well, I'm mighty glad to see you here, Parrish." He cocked his eye humorously. "I doped out that you'd be coming."

"I've been meaning to come for some time."

"I hope you'll stay till Margaret gets back. She and I are interested in you, you know—hearing so much about you. First thing Alice takes out of her bag when she gets here is your picture, and it's the last thing she packs before she leaves." And he added, with his infectious chuckle, which sounded as if a bag of marbles were being rattled in his chest: "If you're as much of a man as she claims you are you're quite some person."

"I'm afraid I'm not, though," Parrish answered gravely.

George chuckled again.

"Of course you're not! If you were as good as Alice claims you are, then you'd be as good as Margaret claims I am, and there isn't anybody that good." He shook his head ruminatively. "They're a great pair, those girls! Alice—she's a sketch! I don't know what I'd have done without her while Margaret was away. I don't mean only running this plant for me and taking care of the children—I mean the way she's worked to cheer me up—and the way she's amused me unconsciously too." He laughed reminiscently. "Friend of mine—perhaps you've heard of

(Continued on Page 107)

"But We Aren't Going the Same Way They Are. I'm Glad. I Don't Think That Sky Out There Looks Any Too Pleasant"

THE COVERED WAGON

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XL

THE freakish resolves of the old-time trapper at least remained unchanged for many days, but at last one evening he came to Molly's wagon, his face grim and sad. "Miss Molly," he said, "I'm come to say good-by now. Hit's for keeps."

"No? Then why? You are like an old friend to me. What don't I owe to you?"

"Ye don't owe nothin' to me yit, Miss Molly. But I want ye to think kindly o' old Jim Bridger when he's gone. I allow the kindest thing I kin do fer ye is to bring Will Banion to ye."

"You are a good man, James Bridger," said Molly Wingate. "But then?"

"Ye see, Miss Molly, I had six quarts o' rum I got at Boise. Some folks says rum is wrong. Hit ain't. I'll tell ye why. Last night I drinked up my lastest bottle o' that Hundson's Bay rum. Hit war right good rum, an' ez I lay lookin' up at the stars, all to oncet hit come to me that I was jest exactly, no more an' no less, jest to the ha'r, ez drunk ez I was on the leetle spree with Kit at Laramie. Warn't that fine? An' warn't hit useful? Nach'erl, bein' jest even up, I done thought o' everything I been fergettin'. Hit all come to me ez plain ez a streak o' lightnin'. What it was Kit Carson told me I know now, but no one else shall know. No, not even you, Miss Molly. I kain't tell ye, so don't ask.

"Now I'm goin' on a long journey, an' a resky one; I kain't tell ye no more. I reckon I'll never see ye again. So good-by."

With a swift grasp of his hand he caught the dusty edge of the white woman's skirt to his bearded lips.

"But, James ——"

Suddenly she reached out a hand. He was gone.

One winter day, rattling over the icy fords of the road winding down the Sandy from the white Cascades, crossing the Clackamas, threading the intervening fringe of forest, there broke into the clearing at Oregon City the head of the wagon train of 1848. A fourth of the wagons abandoned and broken, a half of the horses and cattle gone since they had left the banks of the Columbia east of the mountains, the cattle leaning one against the other when they halted, the oxen stumbling and limping, the calluses of their necks torn, raw and bleeding from the swaying of the yokes on the rocky trail, their tongues out, their eyes glassy with the unspeakable toil they so long had undergone; the loose wheels wabbling, the thin hounds rattling, the canvas sagged and stained, the bucket under each wagon empty, the plow at each tail gate thumping in its lashings of rope and hide—the train of the covered wagons now had, indeed, won through.

On the front seat of the lead wagon sat stout Molly Wingate and her husband. Little Molly's cart came next. Alongside the Caleb Price wagon, wherein now sat on the seat—hugging a sore-footed dog whose rawhide boots had worn through—a long-legged, barefoot girl who had walked twelve hundred miles since spring, trudged Jed Wingate, now grown from a tousled boy into a lean, self-reliant young man. His long whip was used in baseless threatenings now, for any driver must spare cattle such as these, gaunt and hollow-eyed. Tobacco protuberant in cheek, his feet half bare, his trousers ragged and fringed to the knee, his sleeves rolled up over brown and brawny arms, Jed Wingate now was enrolled on the list of men.

"Gee-whoa-haw! You Buck an' Star, git along there!" So rose his voice, automatically but affectionately.

Certain French Canadians, old-time *engagés* of the fur posts, now become habitants, landowners, on their way home from Sunday chapel, hastened to summon others.

He Fought Fast and Furiously, Striving to Throw the Body of a Man Almost as Strong as Himself, and Now a Maniac in Rage

"The families have come!" they called at the Falls, as they had at Portland town.

But now, though safely enlarged at last of the confinement and the penalties of the wagon train, the emigrants, many of them almost destitute, none of them of great means, needed to cast about them at once for their locations and to determine what their occupations were to be. They scattered, each seeking his place, like new trout in a stream.

XLI

SAM WOODHULL carried in his pocket the letter which Will Banion had left for Molly Wingate at Cassia Creek in the Snake Valley, where the Oregon road forked for California. There was no post office there, yet Banion felt sure that his letter would find its way, and it had done so, save for the treachery of this one man. Naught had been sacred to him. He had read the letter without an instant's hesitation, feeling that anything was fair in his love for this woman, in his war with this man. Woodhull resolved that they should not both live.

He was by nature not so much a coward as a man without principle or scruple. He did not expect to be killed by Banion. He intended to use such means as would give Banion no chance. In this he thought himself fully justified, as a criminal always does.

But hurry as he might, his overdriven teams were no match for the tireless desert horse, the wiry mountain mount and the hardy mules of the tidy little pack train of Banion and his companion Jackson. These could go on steadily where wagons must wait. Their trail grew fainter as they gained.

At last, at the edge of a waterless march of whose duration they could not guess, Woodhull and his party were obliged to halt. Here by great good fortune they were overtaken by the swift pack train of Greenwood and his men, hurrying back with fresh animals on their return march to California. The two companies joined forces. Woodhull now had a guide. Accordingly when, after such dangers and hardships as then must be inevitable to men covering the gruesome trail between the Snake and the Sacramento, he found himself late that fall arrived west of the Sierras and in the gentler climate of the central valley, he looked about him with a feeling of exultation. Now, surely, fate would give his enemy into his hand.

Men were spilling south into the valley of the San Joaquin, coming north with proofs of the Stanislaus, the Tuolumne, the Merced. Greenwood insisted on working north into the country where he had found gold, along all the tributaries of the Sacramento. Even then, too, before the great year of '49 had dawned, prospectors were pushing to the head of the creeks making into the American Fork, the Feather River, all the larger and lesser streams heading on the west slopes of the Sierras; and Greenwood even heard of a band of men who had stolen away from the lower diggings and broken off to the north and east—some said, heading far up for the Trinity, though that was all unproved country so far as most knew.

And now the hatred in Woodhull's sullen heart grew hotter still, for he heard that not fifty miles ahead there had passed a quiet dark young man, riding a black Spanish horse; with him a bearded man who drove a little band of loaded mules! Their progress, so came the story, was up a valley whose head was impassable. The trail could not be obliterated back of them. They were in a trap of their own choosing. All that he needed was patience and caution.

Ships and wagon trains came in on the Willamette from the East. They met the coast news of gold.

Men of Oregon also left in a mad stampede for California. News came that all the world now was in the mines of California. All over the East, as the later ships also brought in reiterated news, the mad craze of '49 even then was spreading.

But the men of '48 were in ahead. From them, scattering like driven game among the broken country over hundreds of miles of forest, plain, bench land and valley lands, no word could come out to the waiting world. None might know the countless triumphs, the unnumbered tragedies—none ever did know.

There, beyond the law, one man might trail another with murder stronger than avarice in his heart, and none ever be the wiser. To hide secrets such as these the unfathomed mountains reached out their shadowy arms.

Now the winter wore on with such calendar as altitude, latitude, longitude gave it, and the spring of '49 came, East and West, in Washington and New York; at Independence on the Missouri; at Deseret by the Great Salt Lake; in California; in Oregon.

Above the land of the early Willamette settlements forty or fifty miles up the Yamhill Valley, so a letter from

Mrs. Caleb Price to her relatives in Ohio said, the Wingates, leaders of the train, had a beautiful farm, near by the Caleb Price mill, as it was known. They had up a good house of five rooms, and their cattle were increasing now. They had forty acres in wheat, with what help the neighbors had given in housing and planting; and wheat would run fifty bushels to the acre there. They had bought young trees for an orchard. Mrs. Wingate had planted roses; they now were fine. She believed they were as good as those she planted in Portland, when first she went through there—cuttings she had carried with her seed wheat in the bureau drawer, all the way across from the Sangamon. Yes, Jesse Wingate and his wife had done well. Molly, their daughter, was still living with them and still unmarried, she believed.

There were many things which Mrs. Caleb Price believed; also many things she did not mention.

She said nothing, for she knew nothing, of a little scene between these two as they sat on their little sawn-board porch before their door one evening, looking out over the beautiful and varied landscape that lay spread before them. Their wheat was in the green now. Their hogs reveled in their little clover field.

"We've done well, Jesse," at length said portly Molly Wingate. "Look at our place! A mile square, for nothing! We've done well, Jesse, I'll admit it."

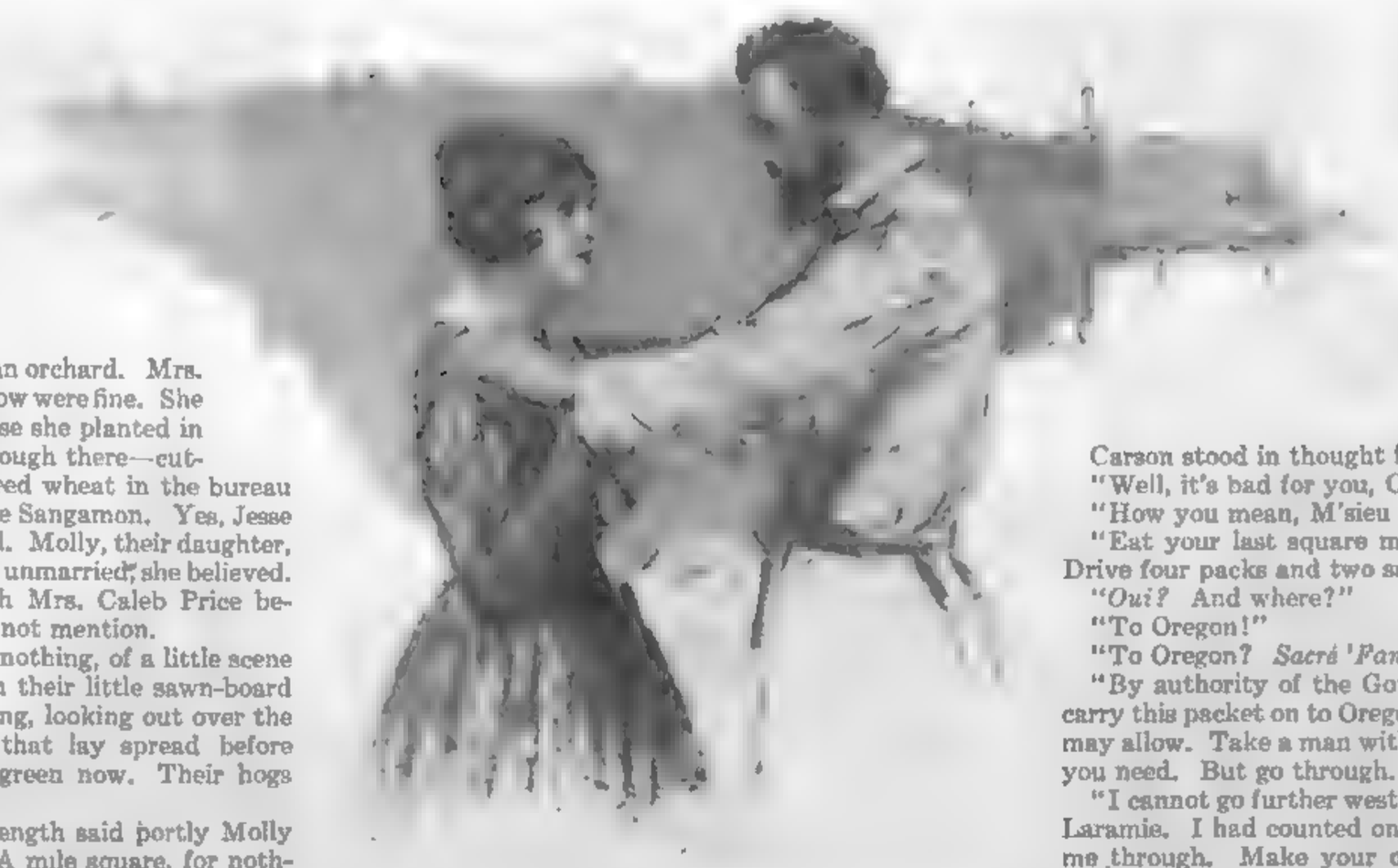
"For what?" answered Jesse Wingate. "What's it for? What has it come to? What's it all about?"

He did not have any reply. When he turned he saw his wife wiping tears from her hard, lined face.

"It's Molly," said she.

XLII

FOLLOWING the recession of the snow, men began to push westward up the Platte in the great spring gold rush of 1849. In the forefront of these, outpacing them in his tireless fashion, now passed westward the greatest traveler of his day, the hunter and scout, Kit Carson. The new post of Fort Kearny on the Platte; the old one, Fort Laramie in the foothills of the Rockies—he touched them soon as the grass was green; and as the sun warmed the bunch grass slopes so that his horses could paw out a living, he crowded on westward. He was a month ahead of the date for the wagon trains at Fort Bridger.



He Put His Hands on Her Shoulders, Held Her Away at Arm's Length

"How, Chardon?" said he as he drove in his two light packs, riding alone as was his usual way, evading Indian eyes as he of all men best knew how.

"How, Kit? You're early. Why?" The trader's chief clerk turned to send a boy for Vasquez, Bridger's partner. "Light, Kit, and eat."

"Where's Bridger? I've come out of my country to see him. I have government mail—for Oregon."

"For Oregon? *Mon Dieu!* But Jeem"—he spread out his hands—"Jeem, he's dead, we'll think. We do not know. Now we know the gold news. Maybe so we know why Jeem he's gone!"

"Gone? When?"

"Las' H'august-Settemb'. H'all of an at once he took the trail after the h'emigrant train las' year. He'll caught him on Fort Hall, we'll heard. But then he go h'on with those h'emigrant beyon' Hall, beyon' the fork for Californ'. He'll not come back. No one know what has become of Jeem. He'll been dead, maybe so."

"Yes? Maybe so not! That old rat knows his way through the mountains, and he'll take his own time. You think he did not go on to California?"

"We'll know he'll didn't."

Carson stood in thought for a time.

"Well, it's bad for you, Chardon!"

"How you mean, M'sieu Kit?"

"Eat your last square meal. Saddle your best horse. Drive four packs and two saddle mounts along."

"*Oui?* And where?"

"To Oregon!"

"To Oregon? *Sacré 'Fan'!* What you mean?"

"By authority of the Government, I command you to carry this packet on to Oregon this season, as fast as safety may allow. Take a man with you—two; pick up any help you need. But go through.

"I cannot go further west myself, for I must get back to Laramie. I had counted on Jim, and Jim's post must see me through. Make your own plans to start to-morrow morning. I'll arrange all that with Vasquez."

"But, M'sieu Kit, I cannot!"

"But you shall, you must, you will! If I had a better man I'd send him, but you are to do what Jim wants done."

"*Mais oui*, of course."

"Yes. And you'll do what the President of the United States commands."

"*Bon Dieu*, Kit!"

"That packet is over the seal of the United States of America, Chardon. It carries the signature of the President. It was given to the Army to deliver. The Army has given it to me. I give it to you, and you must go. It is for Jim. He would know. It must be placed in the hands of the circuit judge acting under the laws of Oregon, whoever he may be, and wherever. Find him in the Willamette country. Your pay will be more than you think, Chardon. Jim would know. Dead or alive, you do this for him.

(Continued on Page 40)

Each Man Now Drew His Rifle From the Swing Loop. But They Advanced With the Appearance of Confidence

TILL THE JOINT CRACKED

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I'm Going Home and Darn Socks," Said Veronica. "I Think Better When I'm Pricking My Fingers With a Needle"

TED PETERS was examining the stock sheets which showed the contents of the huge warehouse, and he derived little if any pleasure from the perusal. The mill had been in operation now for some months. Difficulties and accidents attendant upon the starting of a new mill had proved to be fewer than expected, and were readily overcome. The mill was efficient and economical. Timber costs were as low as those of any competitor, and as for labor, there was a slight advantage over most. Ted knew he was doing as good a job of manufacturing as any woodenware concern in the country, but when it came to sales—well, if it weren't for hardwood lumber he'd have been seriously worried.

"Shipped three cars last week when we should have shipped ten," he said to Veronica, who waggled her bobbed head and looked serious.

"Why?" she demanded.

"We've got seventy thousand boxes of clothespins stacked in the warehouse, and about fifty millions of wire-end dishes," he said, continuing his own line of thought. "Nothing's moving, and when we do ship a car we get nothing for it."

"Why?"

"On the present market—our list less two fives—after we pay commission and freight, we're getting just about a dollar for five gross of clothespins. Believe me, we have to hustle to manufacture them for that. Don't believe there's a cent profit."

"Why?"

"And wire-ends! You expect clothespins to go to the devil. They're usually there. My experience is the mills run along for ten years and barely get by, and then comes a good year when there's a clean-up. One year out of ten. But dishes! No reason why we shouldn't always get a decent price. We'd be making a decent profit at the market now—if we could move any. But we can't."

"Why?"

"Pazzy Hickson," said Ted.

"And who, if it's a question a wife may ask without blushing, is Pazzy?"

"Pazzy," said Ted, "holds at this minute the world's championship belt for price cutting."

"That's what he is, not who."

"He's a kind of a sort of broker. Office in New York. Three or four years ago he made a five-year contract with a mill up in Maine for its entire output. I think he did it with a gun; or else he's a hypnotist. Nobody knows what price he pays, but it's a peach. I do know he's picking off twenty-five or thirty thousand a year without lifting his hand."

"How?"

"Selling wire-end dishes," said Ted patiently.

"If he can sell 'em why can't you?"

"Because," said Ted, "his confounded mill manufactures just enough to upset the market. The general price—and it's been maintained pretty well in spite of everything—is two fives off list. Well, Pazzy doesn't have to worry about market price. He don't care how much money his mill loses. So what does he do?"

"Yes, yes. What does he do?"

"Goes around selling for a price that equals about four fives off our list. Just laziness. If he'd cut one five it wouldn't be bad. He could sell all his stuff with that advantage, but he'd rather wear his pants shiny and have jobbers come to him—which they will for two fives. See? And when the market knows dishes are being sold at his price it's natural they shouldn't buy at ours. They're all laying back, taking less than they can get along on, and waiting for a bust."

"Which," said Veronica, "it looks as if they would get."

"It does," said Ted, "unless something can be done with Pazzy."

"Such as?"

"Pushing him off a mountain," said Ted.

"He'd never agree to it."

"Probably not, but it's the only thing I can see."

"Has anybody talked to him?"

"Talked! They've shouted!"

"What does he say?"

"Just grins—and rakes in his twenty-five thousand."

"Why not make it easy for him?" Veronica asked. "It must be some trouble to sell a lot of folks. If you went to him and bought his whole output at, say, four fives off, or maybe a shade under, you could have them packed under our imprint and sell 'em again—at our price."

"I've thought of it, but I'm afraid of the cars."

"Why?"

"Restraint of trade. Just now, when every industry needs to be let alone, or helped out, the Government gets as busy as a squirrel in a hickory tree investigating everything and everybody under the Sherman Law. Seems to me, when business is in the condition it's in now, they ought to kind of store the Sherman stuff—except where it's really raising the devil."

"You mean it would be illegal?"

"I'm afraid it would. You never can tell until they land on you."

"Isn't the Government silly!" said Veronica.

"It has frequently been considered so by our best minds," said Ted. "But we're prejudiced. We have to make a living."

"There must be some legal way," said Veronica. "There always is."

"If you can find it," Ted said, "I'll buy you a large stick of candy."

"Why don't all the manufacturers get together and agree on a price—a price that will give them a reasonable profit? Then everybody would be on the same footing?"

"Mr. Sherman's little caper again. Jail for a million years, and a billion dollars fine."

"Ouch! Don't do it, then. I can't spare you—yet. But I would bring you the nicest things to eat in your cell."

"Thanks. I'd have no appetite."

"Find out what he has to pay for dishes, and then sell for less until he promises to be good."

"That's what I'm afraid it will come to. But there's darn little profit in selling goods at a loss. Though a lot of clothespin mills seem to have done it for fifty years."

"I'm going home and darn socks," said Veronica. "I think better when I'm pricking my fingers with a needle."

"Ain't she domestic!" said Ted admiringly. "Though I must say she don't look it."

"What do I look?" she demanded with a frown of terrible ferocity.

"Lovely," he said.

"Just for that I'll abolish Pazzy Hickson for you," she said.

"Please do it to-day. You see we have twelve clothespin machines, and each of them is grinding out seventy five-gross boxes a day. That makes six hundred and four thousand, eight hundred pins every eight hours. Also we are making about twenty wire-ends every second—and they pile up. Stab your fingers hard, honey."

"To the bone," she said.

A young assistant bookkeeper came in with the afternoon mail and laid it on Ted's desk. The top letter bore the return address of his salesman in Boston, and Ted opened it with hopes of an order. It was a long letter, but it was not an order.

"At last," said the letter, "we've got a look in on the New World Chain Stores. Their trade is all cash and carry. As nearly as I can get the figures they will use upwards of twenty carloads a year. If we can land this I think I can grab off their clothespin line, special packages with their imprint. They buy pins f. o. b. the mill, drop shipments. There'd be no commissions to pay, and it seems to me, on this volume of dish business, you could see your way clear to making some concession on price. The fly in the amber is Pazzy Hickson. Saw him in town. He's fluttering around, and Pazzy always has his ear to the ground. If he's got wind of this we're ditched. Wire instructions."

Now a contract for twenty carloads a year was a matter not to be sneezed at. Besides the money involved was the

aspect of enlarging the wood-dish field by that much. It would benefit everybody dealing in woodenware. An absorption of twenty carloads by a previous nonconsumer would be an unmixed benefit to the industry. Ted made up his mind to have that business if it could be gotten. He wired, but not instructions.

"Will arrive morning train," his telegram read.

Immediately he called Veronica on the telephone.

"Sheath your needle," he said, "and hide the socks behind the dresser. We leave for Boston to-night. Pack what I'll need."

"Goody!" Veronica said. "I've been just dying to see a street car and eat French pastry!"

As they sat in their section that evening Veronica asked questions.

"What's our price on one-pound dishes, delivered in Boston?" she asked.

"Two eighty-seven, less two fives. Why?"

"And we ship about six hundred thousand to a car?"

"Correct, but ——."

"That makes up a minimum weight of twenty-four thousand pounds?"

"My dear, you're learning the business. But what's the weighty idea?"

"Um." Veronica pursued her own line of thought, chasing it up through her bobbed hair with slender fingers. Veronica always rumpled her hair when she was thinking. "And a car with the usual assortment of dishes from quarter-pounds to fives would run about ——"

"Say eighteen hundred dollars."

"And a hundred cars like that would cost a hundred and eighty thousand, wouldn't they?"

"Also a thousand would cost ——"

"Shush! What sort of man is this Pazzy Hickson?"

"He's the kind," said Ted, "who could sell corned beef and cabbage to a man with chronic dyspepsia. He's a salesman, lady."

"Is that all?"

"What do you want him to be—a piccolo player?"

"A business man. Is he that?"

"He's a reacher."

"Which means?"

"He would stretch his arm out of the socket reaching for something that looked good—without stopping to figure who was going to set the joint for him."

"And you said he was lazy?"

"All of him but his lower, or working, jaw."

"I think I sort of, kind of, after a fashion, like his specifications."

She peered out of the window for fifteen minutes and only waggled her head at her husband when he tried to become conversational.

"Play with your watch charm a little while, honey," she said, "or do mental arithmetic. I'm buzzing, and I think I'm going to find a place to light."

He waited with what patience he could muster until she spoke again.

"Suppose," she said, "I went to the millinery shop, and there was a hat in the window and I wanted it so badly I ordered four—and then the milliner found out she couldn't get but two—after she'd agreed to sell me the four I wanted. What would happen?"

"The jury would pronounce you insane without leaving their seats."

"But if I did—and she did?"

"Why, you could go out on the open market and buy two more hats and make your milliner pay you the difference between what you were compelled to pay, and what she promised to sell you for."

"How lovely! Call the porter. I want to sleep on the idea."

In the morning they were driven to their hotel, and shortly afterward to the sales office of the Peters company. Billy Pett, the sales manager, was waiting for them.

"I've had a talk with the chain-store folks," he said with satisfaction. "The buyer's a buddy of mine, and he says I can have the contract—if we'll meet the price. On an equal basis we can have the business."

"What price has been quoted?" Ted asked.

"I saw a letter from Pazzy offering dishes at four fives off our list."

"Just a minute," said Veronica. "You and Ted are going to have a row."

"Eh?" said Billy, startled out of his complacence. "Why? What for?"

"Because I need a row to make me enjoy my lunch. It's going to be a public row. A noisy row. You're going to argue, and then, Mr. Pett, you're going to quit us cold. Throw up your job and go home with all your playthings."

"I am, eh? What's it all about, Mr. Peters?"

"Don't know. But if she says it's so—why, it's so."

"The row comes," she said, "just after you make sure of the chain-store contract."

"At four fives?"

"Yes, in your own name—as broker. You agree to deliver personally. Will they accept that?"

"Yes."

"Get it quick, and meet here. Ted says Mr. Hickson stops at the Parker House."

In an hour Pett returned with his bit of work accomplished.

"Now for the rumpus," said Veronica. "Listen, while I make it all clear."

She did so for fifteen minutes; then they took a taxi to the Parker House and strolled into the lobby.

"Is he here?" Veronica asked.

"He's over at that writing desk," Pett said, and pointed.

"Edge over where he can't miss a word, and start your wrangle," she directed.

It was a splendid, realistic, convincing wrangle. They began mildly arguing a difference in sales policy. The argument continued. It became acrimonious.

Finally Pett, at the top of his lungs, shouted, "I'm through! I can't sell goods with such backing. I quit. I'm out. Run your show any way you like, but you can't crack that kind of whip over me! I'm done!"

He turned on his heel and rushed away with a rage that was both pleasing and convincing to Mr. Pazzy Hickson, who had missed no word of the debate. He arose leisurely and followed Mr. Pett, overtaking him before he reached Tremont Street.

"Mornin', Pett," he said.

"Arr-rrh!" Pett responded savagely.

"How's business?"

"To blazes with business!"

"What's eatin' you? Climb out over the foot of the bed?"

"I've quit Peters."

"Shucks!"

"I've quit him, and when I quit, I quit. With business in my pocket too. I'm carting a twenty-car contract, and he wouldn't take it. Wouldn't cut a couple of fives. And I can land the Stump Brothers for another forty or fifty cars too."

Stump Brothers were a colossal woodenware house with branches all over the country, notorious for close buying and price cutting. They bought in enormous quantities, and then distributed just enough under the market to upset matters.

"I can land forty cars for delivery within twelve months. And he won't take that. I'm through."

"What you figger to do?"

"Buy a shoe-shining parlor," said Pett.

"Um. Mebby you and me can squeeze somethin' out of this. You've got the inside track with Peters' customers. You got sixty cars to start with. How if you and me tie up, eh? Come on where we can talk."

"I'm through working for anybody," said Pett. "I'm going to be my own boss. I can sell woodenware too. By gosh, I know what I'll do! I'll open a brokerage office. That's what I'll do! And I'll make Peters wish his neck wasn't so darned stiff. Before I get through with him he'll be glad to sell for a lot more'n four fives off."

"Say, Pett, you know I ain't interested in dishes except as a side line. Other fish to fry. Got this here contract and I'm ridin' it high and handsome. No trouble to sell—at two fives under you fellows. Jest sit and let her roll in kind of."

"With about twenty trips to see the trade every year," said Pett.

"Oh, the's nuisance connected with it, I admit. Say, how many dishes d'you calc'late you can move?"

"Give me a price and I can move all there are."

"How does four fives off hit you?"

"Where'd I get mine?" Pett asked.

"Five per cent commission comin' to you."

"No more commission for me. From now on Billy Pett is Billy Pett's boss. But, say——" He paused as if an attractive idea had presented itself.

"Go ahead."

(Continued on Page 36

"I Cannot Tell a Lie. I Did it With My Little Bobbed Head"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Bolivia, Colombia, Cuba, Costa Rica, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Salvador, Panama and Peru, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

Other Foreign Countries in the Postal Union: Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 20, 1922

The Vanishing Wilderness

BY THE simple process of pausing and looking backward a few thousand years every once in a while we may rather safely arrive at the general conclusion that times do change.

We are moved to these general reflections upon the mutability of human affairs by our growing conviction that the out-of-doors people are not keeping up with the times. We ought to take a look once in a while at our aporting methods, so far as they have to do with our fields of sport in America—the methods, manners and means which we employ to exhaust our own resources.

We go on improving the deadly appliances for killing off our fish and game, and that man is most beloved of his fellows who tells us where a new field of sport may be found, whether in the United States, in Canada, Africa or Alaska. Once found, we exhaust it as fast as we can.

Improved transportation is the greatest enemy out-of-doors ever had. The cheap car has helped kill more fish and game than the cheap shotgun or the cheap fishing rod or the improved rifle. We cannot go back to the flintlock or the bow and arrow, or the horse and side-bar buggy. If we intend to stick we have got to change. If we intend to have any out-of-door America left we have got to change mighty soon.

The immediate reason for these animadversions upon our wholly human fatuousness lies in a few casual columns of the sporting page of a daily newspaper. A paragraph mentions the safe arrival at Nome of a couple of airships which started somewhere in one of our Eastern states—to-day they are back safe. Elsewhere one reads the further casual mention that two or three of our airships safely arrived at Hazelton, British Columbia. Yet another dispatch says two Canadians have just left Halifax, Nova Scotia, for Vancouver, British Columbia, by air. Still another mentions ten-hour airship service between Seattle and Skagway, Alaska.

We might all of us just as well rub our eyes and wake up to the fact that the populations of the world are fluid to-day; that the interintelligences of the world are almost instantaneous; that the new transportation of to-day has altered the wilderness absolutely and irrevocably.

What are we going to do about it? Some day we shall rub our eyes, wake up and do something which will show our latent conviction that the out-of-doors life of a man is not meant to be wiped out absolutely; that it has its place in the economy of things as much as life under a roof; is as needful, as helpful, as vital.

If we hold anything we have got to fight for it—fight intelligently and with the methods of to-day, not of yesterday. These changes are coming. The mere forces of commercialism and self-interest cannot stop them. If you don't believe that, read the daily papers and see how short a distance it is from Washington to Nome to-day.

The wilderness must have defenses built for it, supported by the united intelligence of men in tune with to-day.

A Warning to Widows

THE ease with which the average widow without business training and with no banker to advise her can be wheedled into putting her husband's life-insurance money into wildcat stocks by the first slick salesman who approaches her is proverbial. Any lawyer or banker can cite a dozen cases in which the entire savings of a thrifty man's lifetime, amassed by years of sacrifice and self-denial, were swept away simply because a widow or orphan trusted one of the slick crooks who rob women for a livelihood.

Now comes Mr. Byron W. Moser, president of a St. Louis banking institution, with a simple and practical suggestion for minimizing this peculiarly contemptible form of swindling. Mr. Moser's plan is to attach to every life-insurance policy a warning against yielding to the blandishments of these crooks; and in order to make the warning as impressive as possible he would have it issued over the facsimile signature of the President of the United States and reënforced by confirmation of the policyholder. The originator of this idea is free to concede that the wording of the following tentative form drawn up by him may be improved; but he is convinced that it is well considered in scope and substance:

A GOVERNMENT WARNING TO BENEFICIARIES OF LIFE-INSURANCE POLICIES

United States Government statistics, as well as figures and facts obtained from insurance companies, banks, trust companies and other reliable sources throughout the United States, show that millions of dollars are lost annually by those who make unwise and unsafe investments. The sad part is that most of the money is lost by those who cannot afford to lose it. This is especially true of widows and others who receive insurance money after the death of the policyholder.

In many cases friends of the family, whose intentions are the very best, advise widows to invest their insurance money in securities that they think are safe, but often as a result every dollar of the money is lost. In other instances unscrupulous salesmen induce the beneficiaries to invest in worthless securities, and all the money is lost. As a result the widow is compelled to go to work or to ask support of her family or of her husband's family.

This warning is issued in the hope that all insurance companies will attach a copy to every policy issued hereafter and inclose a copy with every check sent out in settlement of a death claim.

(Signed) _____
President of the United States.

To _____
(Fill in name of beneficiary.)

I have read the above warning and it is my wish that you be extremely careful with the insurance money. I have taken this insurance to protect you—not to help someone else to get rich.

(Signed) _____
(To be signed by policyholder.)

Mr. Moser's plan is so simple and has such obvious merit that the life-insurance companies might very well ask presidential coöperation in carrying it out.

Protection to the Farmer

CONGRESS has been in the throes of tariff legislation. In the past, tariff legislation has always included a considerable amount of politics. A British historian of legislation once stated that no tariff had ever been framed in any country on a foundation of trade data. We have a tariff commission. It has issued a number of reports. But the first draft of the projected legislation gives evidence that the proposed duties deviate from the injunctions of experience. In other directions we observe divergence between what is presumably designed and what is actually undertaken.

An illuminating illustration is to be observed in the duties to be levied on raw agricultural materials and their manufactured products. Accepting the position that import duties are to be erected to give the home market to the American producer, it follows that the rate of duty to be placed on the principal product must correspond to that on the raw material. It would be absurd to set a high duty on sheep and a low duty on mutton and wool if the sheep raiser is to be given the home market. But precisely that has been done with some commodities. The situation may be illustrated with four materials—wheat, flaxseed, wool and vegetable oils.

In the emergency tariff bill the duty on wheat was fixed at 35 cents a bushel, and on flour 20 per cent ad valorem. In January of this year the price of standard patent flour in Canada was seven dollars a barrel. Six bushels of wheat were required to make such a barrel of flour. If the six bushels of wheat had been imported the duty would have been 210 cents. At the ad valorem rate on flour the duty was 140 cents. Early in April the price of the same flour in Canada had risen to eight dollars a barrel. This made the flour duty 160 cents as against 210 cents for the wheat. If the tariff were compensatory the duty on the flour should be at least 210 cents a barrel, the same as the duty on the wheat required to make the barrel of flour.

In the emergency tariff bill the duty on flaxseed was fixed at 30 cents a bushel, and on linseed oil at 10 cents a gallon. A bushel of flaxseed is equivalent to two gallons of linseed oil. This makes the duty on the seed 50 per cent higher than on the oil.

In the emergency tariff bill the duty on clothing wools was set at 30 cents a pound, equal to 60 cents a pound scoured. This is equivalent to nearly 90 cents a pound wool in the cloth. The duty on wool in the fabric was set at 45 cents a pound, half the figure on wool in the raw state.

The results in the cases have been, naturally, to repress the importations of wheat, flaxseed and wool, and stimulate the importation of wheat flour, linseed oil and woolen cloth. Each unit of finished goods imported seizes as much of the home market of the farmer as though the corresponding volume of raw material had been imported and passed through manufacture here. The lower duty on the finished manufactured goods therefore defeats in part the object of the duty on the raw material, the protection of the farmer. Indirect protection afforded by duty on finished goods has the same meaning for the farmer as duty directly on raw material. The duties should be the same for corresponding quantities of raw materials and finished goods—that is, compensating.

In the case of vegetable oils a different procedure was followed in the emergency tariff bill. Duties were levied on cottonseed, peanuts and soy beans, also on the expressed oils. No duties were placed on copra and palm kernels, but were levied on the expressed oils. The duties on the expressed oils are fairly compensatory to those on the seeds and nuts. Why the correct procedure was followed with the common vegetable oils and not with linseed oil is not stated.

It is to the interest of the farmer to export his products in the manufactured state whenever possible. Whenever agricultural products are imported they should be in the raw state if possible. Manufacturing operations give employment to labor and capital. The larger the volume of manufacture the greater the efficiency. Each million barrels of flour imported makes the grinding of domestic wheat more expensive. Wheat ground in this country leaves the mill feed here. We require in this country a large volume of linseed oil in excess of our production of flaxseed; we must import seed or oil. If we import seed and grind here the meal is a contribution to the country; it equals an importation of fertilizer. In no way is the farmer preferentially benefited by the importation of competing agricultural products in the finished state rather than raw; quite the contrary.

Whatever may be the merit of protection to the farmer, this is to be attained only by direct duties on raw materials and equitably compensating duties on goods manufactured from those raw materials. Tariff legislation must be consistent if established trade and manufacture are not to be disrupted.

The Young Man in Journalism

A Consideration of Newspaper Composition and the Use of Words

By CHESTER S. LORD

THE young man just starting in journalism is asked to write in the simplest words and the shortest sentences at his command. He is told that the reader wants facts rather than elegance of expression and that the plainest language is the best newspaper style.

By plain language is not meant the language of the child's primer, but rather the use of good Saxon concrete nouns and active verbs in sentences not embellished with verbose phrases. Nevertheless, when editors tell the young reporter to use the plainest language they mean, usually, that they will be satisfied with it in his routine reporting. But they encourage also the study of how to produce rich effects by the use of familiar words, how to write not only with steadiness and strength but also with those little embellishments of incidental word and phrase that lift the work out of the commonplace. And they unceasingly urge the necessity of good writing—for not anywhere is good writing appreciated more than in a newspaper office.

To write the simple language requires much study and practice—more, indeed, than to write the other kind. It is natural for people, children especially, to use simple words, but the schools and colleges have taught, until within a few years, the writing of rather high-sounding prose. Textbooks have reflected Doctor Johnson's ornate paragraphs, Macaulay's massive profundities, Washington Irving's beautifully rounded florid sentences, and Sir Walter Scott's superlatives. For years and years they were commended to students of literature for imitation. The effect of this teaching remains. We find it difficult to write with the same simplicity with which we talk.

Old-School Standards

THE editor gave fine advice to the cartoonist from whom he wanted an article. Said the cartoonist: "He just offered me one suggestion inasmuch as I was not a regular writer—that I refrain from trying to write and simply tell in my own words as though I were telling it to my wife." That's it—refrain from trying to write if you wish to write in simple language and simple style.

Write as you talk if you are a good talker; hundreds of articles of advice have urged to that kind of composition. But almost all talk is without study, is commonplace, is not the expression of consecutive thought, is disjointed construction. It is notorious that dictated articles have less finish than those penned, although they may have more kick. Emerson says, "The speech of the street is incomparably more forceful than the speech of the academy."

The newspaper editors of fifty years ago urged their staffs to a nicety of literary expression. Writers were yet under the influence of the Victorian Age of literature and the study of literature was popular. The proper use of words had much attention, and so did the construction of sentences. William Cullen Bryant had inspired the staff of the Evening Post of New York to excellence in the creation of English prose. Manton Marble, a fine writer himself, insisted on good writing in the World. The New York Tribune took pride in its correct use of language. Almost all publications had a printed index expurgatorius or a catalogue of "don'ts." Richard Grant White's book, Words and Their Uses, was on nearly every editor's desk and was the subject of much criticism as well as praise.

Mr. Dana had no patience with slovenly writing. He knew his Greek and Latin and half a score of other languages so well that the derivation of an English word came to him almost instantly, and he objected to its misuse. The plea that a word was in common use did not appeal to him. He did not heed the dictionary definition. He knew the origin of the word as well as did the maker of the dictionary. I have mentioned in a previous article that he objected to saying of a middle-aged man that he was in the prime of life, for the reason that "prime" is from the Latin word "*primus*," which means first. A man

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BUSINESS VERSUS BALLYHOO

BUMPED

By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

THEY'RE bumping—said the fat foreman—since this war come on, more than ever they were. For it's all over now—with the station agents and the clerks and all in under the seniority rules. But the worst I ever saw began when them engineers started in on that Englishman.

'Tis in the fall they bump them mostly—when they take off them temporary summer-vacation runs; and all the crews on them have to place themselves regular again—some always bumping somebody else out of their job because of seniority. And it was so this time. And the time of year naturally made it worse.

All that hot seething weather they had that summer helped start the thing along, of course—as you'd know yourself if you sat much in the cab, feeling your hide peel off your back and roll up with the heat like burning shavings in a bonfire. It gets on your nerves, that's all, as the lobster said, when they asked about boiling him—and always does. And toward the end of summertime they get so—them engineers—that if you pick a hair off their coat collar they'll reach over and smash you. But mostly, each knowing how the other one feels, they sit still and simmer and boil softly inside—until something suddenly starts up the boiling—and they blow! And this time it was this Englishman I was telling you of, this Halpin, his name was—Oliver Cromwell Halpin—that done it.

It seems they none of them liked him overmuch, he taking everything up and down—in the English perpendicular style, as a feller says to me once—whatever that means! Always a kind of stiff and sorehead. And this particular summer finally they all got to jawing with him about who it was won the war—England or this country.

"Bulldog grit—the old English bulldog grit!" he says, starting taking all the credit. "That's what turned the trick."

"You heard what our fellows were telling them over there," says Tom Nugent—who was the josher and practical joker around the lobby always—"what that A. E. F. meant?"

"What's that?" says old Oliver Cromwell Halpin.

"After England failed," he says, giving him that old one.

But it made him as mad as if it was brand new.

"We'd show you," he says, "if we ever got at you once. Let the English and the Yankees get at it once, we'd show you!"

And that made him friends, of course, all over. For he was like all the English—not so much to start the talking, but never seeing a signal set against them when they're once under way. And naturally, with this line of conversation, he got more and more popular in the lobby—especially that weather.

And then this Nugent—who started it, you might say—run across another engineer, an old boy that had been on a summer run up in the mountains for his health, and was coming back to place himself in the regular runs again, according to his seniority.

"Will you do something for me?" says Nugent to him, the idea striking him all of a sudden.

"What?"

"If it was fixed right, would you bump Old Ironsides," he says—"the Duke of London—up to the other end of the line? You're longer in the service than he is," he says.

"I dunno," says the old feller—half smiling and half serious—for this Englishman was held in the same high estimation now by one and all. But finally he done it; and the idea was popular.

"It'll get him and his English bulldog grit out from our conversation for a while," they says.

And sure enough the run he had to choose to get the next-best choice had its end at the other end of the division.

But somebody must have told him just how it come, for he didn't blame the one that done it—he went right back of him and held Nugent responsible for putting him up to it.

"Bumped!" he says. "I've been bumped! I've been pushed out of my 'ouse and 'ome. They wouldn't be allowed to do this in England. An Englishman's 'ouse is his cafstle."

And they all laughed—one starting, and the rest following—for they couldn't help it.

"Larf," he says. "Larf. I'll larf you. I'll show you something about bumping, maybe, you don't know! I'll show you," he says, walking up and standing in front of Nugent, "how an Englishman bumps! You wait," he says. "I travel light. Only me and my daughter." For his wife was dead. "I can go. But wait till there's some of you who pull up with your five and six children, and go marching."

"I Seen the Grandest and Most Ravishing Girl at the Dance Last Night"

And then he went off to the other end of the line; took his furniture and his daughter and everything. And most everybody thought no more about it—except they saw he never noticed any of them, passing them on the road.

But after that there was a kind of a funny thing happened; the old devil went and bid in a new run that everybody knew was just temporary, and paying way under what he was pulling down already.

"What's the idea?" they was asking one another.

"I'll tell you what's the idea—if you want to know," says little Jockey Kernochen, who always had the news on him. "He's getting ready to come back."

"Where?"

"On the return bump, when this summer run is over; and he has the right to."

And sure enough the minute that temporary run was done—and he was out of one—back he come and bumped Nugent out of his. He said nothing—just bumped him.

It was a great surprise to Nugent, for being so much younger in the service and so much farther down the line—nobody'd ever have dreamt he'd bump him. And if it was a jolt to Nugent, that was nothing to what it was to his wife, for they had been fixed comfortable where they was, and now they had the choice either of moving out of town to the other end of the line, like the Englishman had done, or staying there and taking up with a poor and discommoding run with less money.

But finally they chose to stay, for one reason because where they were, at that end of the line, their boy Tommy—who they was trying to put through medical school and make a doctor—could be boarding with them. But Nugent's wife was near crazy. It ain't the easiest thing, nor the best for your temper, being the wife of a josher and practical joker for twenty-five years, and this thing of having Nugent bumped into a night run with less money didn't make her temper any smoother.

It didn't improve it much neither when her boy, Tommy, come in and told her one morning what he did.

"Gee, ma," he says, "I seen the grandest and most ravishing girl at the dance last night. A wonder—you never seen such a dream!"

"What was her name?" she says to him.

"Halpin."

"Halpin!" she says. "What Halpin? What's her first name?"

"Maude," he says.

"Don't you never see her again!" she says to him, blazing. "Let alone speaking to her!"

"Why not?"

"She's the daughter of that man that bumped your father," she says to him.

"Oh, ma," he says in a sad, disappointed voice, "she can't be. He's up at the other end of the division, living now."

"They've moved back now, haven't they," she says, "naturally? Now that he's took your father's run?"

And after a while he saw she must be right. She convinced him.

"I wouldn't have believed it," he says. "She was so young and quiet and innocent looking."

"There's something wrong with her, you can count on that," she says, "with a father that deliberately done what he done to us—bump us, for no reason at all!" For Nugent, her husband, hadn't never told her how he'd started it all with his advice, fooling. "He's the worst enemy your father's got," she says. "We know that. He's thinking and considering all the time how to damage him."

But just that minute, when she was saying this, old Oliver Cromwell's mind was starting getting off her husband and onto bigger things—bigger game, you might say. For bumping naturally don't affect just one man or one family on a railroad—each one bumped out of his job having the right to bump somebody lower'n him in time of service; and before this little first move of the Englishman for his rights was done, eleven engineers and eleven families had been bumped out of their runs, and some of them had had to leave town entirely. And so their bumper was no more popular than he ever was—much less so! And they were making all kinds of cracks at him.

He said nothing back much, but it gave him something to think about on his runs—a new zest in life, as the advertising feller says about the breakfast food. And any man could see there was something on his mind. He went muttering and speaking to no one. And just as soon as them temporary summer-vacation runs started up in the mountains at the other end of the line, and he started loose again and bid in one of them, there was quite a lot of suspicion—though naturally they couldn't foresee just how much was coming.

"What! Move again, pop?" says his daughter. She was quite a girl now, well grown up and handsome.

"Do what your old pop says," he told her. "He knows."

So off they moves to the other end of the division, in the summer-resort country; and nobody thought much about them any more till in the fall when the summer season ended—all at once the blow fell, and he pushed back into the regular line again.

Then all together they started raving and roaring: "Bumped! Bumped! He's come back again!"

You'd think he'd sat and planned all summer with terrible and diabolical cunning to get every man in the service that had ever laughed at him. Though of course it wasn't so—they got it as it come to them, each bumping the other down; for now, being one of the oldest men on the line, Old Ironsides had jumped back up almost to the top of the list when the end of the summer left him free to choose—and they all went bumping down under him. There was some twenty-seven men and families he got this time; and thirteen had either to pull up and change the end of the line they lived on or split their family life all to smithereens with their new runs.

"What'll we do?" they was all saying to one another. "What'll we do to him?"

And the local chairman of the brotherhood went in and talked to him.

"We'll try reasoning with him first," he says, "and see what that'll do."

(Continued on Page 28)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

Every grocer in America

should be prepared for the big demand for Campbell's Beans next week—the first big outing of the season. People will buy Beans for picnics, boating trips, motor trips, camping, house-parties and the family table. Campbell's Beans are famous not only for their delicious quality, but because they are slow-cooked and easily digested. Their rich tomato sauce is another reason for their enormous popularity. Advertise Campbell's Beans! Display them in your windows and on your counters! Your customers will be glad to learn the special advantages of buying by the case—to have them on hand whenever wanted.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 26)

But it didn't do nothing.

"Did you stand there larfing," he says to the local chairman, "with the rest of them—when that pig-nosed Nugent kicked me out of my good home—or didn't you?"

"I don't think I did, no," says the local chairman, knowing full well he had. "I didn't mean to, anyhow."

"The bulldog breed," he says, staring at him. "The bulldog breed. An Englishman's 'ome is his carstle," he says, "and they don't push and bump him out of it for nothing," he says, "nor larf when they're seeing it done."

"Well," says the local chairman, "you've had your turn and bumped," he says. "Now let bygones be bygones."

"Not till one and all apologoyze to me," says the Englishman. "Nugent first, in person, and then the remainder—in writing—for what they done to me—like ruffians."

And the local chairman seen at once how likely that would be. "If you won't do it for nothing else," he says, still going on reasoning with him—trying to—"do it for the union. You know how sore the other side—the management—is on this seniority rule always, and this will only make more trouble—for all of us."

"It's my right under the rules," says the Englishman, "when a new run is put on, to go and bid it in, ain't it, if I've got the seniority?"

"It is," he says.

"And if it's a temporary run," he says, "and I find myself out of a job when it's over, then I've got a right to bump back into the line, where my seniority entitles me to, ain't I?"

"You have," says he.

"Then what're you hollering about?" he says. "Them's my rights and I know them. And I'll keep using them, round and round, till I see fit to stop."

"Suppose the union took action against you?" says the local chairman, getting warmed up.

"Let them," he says, "if they can! I know my rights. And I stand on them when it comes time. For an Englishman knows his rights and holds to them—the bulldog breed. And I'm of the bulldog breed, I am," he says. "I know my rights. But I always keep inside them too. You never yet found anything against me as a member of the union, and you won't," he says.

And the local chairman could not deny it, for he knew 'twas so.

"Then you'll not stop?" he says.

"You heard my terms," he answers. "They can take them or lump them. But I'll say this to you open: If they don't take them and apologoyze I'll keep right on my rights, bumping. And the next time it will be terrible."

They got in a bad row then, and the local chairman left him, seeing now just how much good reasoning done. He'd got to try something else than reasoning with him, he saw that plain.

"There's one thing, anyway," says the boys to him when he come back, "he can't turn himself loose again probably—not till next fall."

"You can't never tell," says the chairman. "There might be some temporary run come up again, and he'd go off and grab it, and then come back and pounce down on us. In my opinion," he says, "he's thinking nothing else but ways of bumping—day and night. We've got to get some way to get at him as soon as we can—before this goes much further—and some of the boys may do harm!" For they were crazy now, of course, all along the line.

But if the men were hot the women were sizzling—and none worse than the wife of Nugent, who started the thing, you might say. For this time, being toward the bottom of the list, anyhow, and all the best runs spoken for, when Nugent was bumped he was bumped to the other end of the division—to get anything good whatever. And they left their boy boarding in town so as to keep near the city and his medical school.

"But whatever you do," says his mother, leaving him, "don't you never pay no attention to that daughter of that old bulldog Englishman." For she had a sneaking underground suspicion that he was still seeing her some. "If you do," she says, "and your father hears it, 'twill be all day with you."

"What could he do?" he says, for he had a mind of his own.

"He'd murder you first," she says, "and then he'd take you out from your medical studies. If you cross him this way you'll be no doctor, for he'll draw off the money altogether, and you know what that'll mean to you—and to me!" she says. For she'd set her heart on having him a doctor—with his gold sign on his own door and the thin-soled shoes on his feet in place of the brogans.

So she warned him and went away to the other end of the run—sore and scared and suspicious of her own son. For let alone her own feelings, and the chance of his losing his doctoring, she saw—even if he got it—what it would mean to a young doctor, coming up and getting mixed up with the daughter of a man like that—a social outcast, a leper, you might say, with every man's hand against him, threatening him; and him going along with his head down, threatening back, what he'd do to them the next time!

And about now the superintendent of the division sent for the local chairman of the brotherhood again on the thing, for they'd talked it over between them more than once before.

"What have you done," he says, "about this matter of the Englishman?"

"Nothing," says the local chairman. "I tried reasoning with him, and I tried threatening him—with what they'd do to him in the union. But it made no more impression on him than a horsefly on the skin of a locomotive."

"I done the same," says the superintendent. "I can see reasoning won't do no good."

"No," says the other man, sad and ugly. "No."

"What does he say to you?" says the superintendent.

"Nothing. He just stands on his rights—like the bulldog breed."

"With his head down below his knees, waiting."

"For another blind charge against us," says the local chairman. "He has no care for the union nor public opinion. He enjoys fighting them," he says, "like that bulldog breed always does. And the worst of it is, you'll never get him. He always fulfills the rules of the brotherhood exactly."

"The same with me," says the superintendent. "He's the best engineer we've got on the line so far as obeying the rules goes—to the letter T. Everything is right," he says, "down to the way he combs his hair on Sunday. You might know that. For he's an Englishman—one of these fussy ones—on every little thing. The kind that won the Battle of Waterloo with their shoes all shined by rule—and stiff new white collars on every dead man."

"What'll we do?" says the union chairman.

"We've got to do something," says the superintendent; "that's plain and sure. It's bad enough to run a railroad with this seniority plan at best—especially now it's got into

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"Do You Love Me Greatly, Tommy?" "Ain't I Just Been Offering to Give Up My Life for You?" He Says

SHEER, unalloyed joy in motoring is reserved for the woman who drives a Cadillac.

With every mile of its swift, easy flight the conviction grows that hers is the unique and utterly enviable automobile experience.

Where else could she secure the strong, silken power, the comfort, the distinguished and arresting beauty, that so charm her in her Cadillac?

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Every woman who has had even so much as a single ride in the Type 61 Cadillac is unalterably convinced that it is the great motor car of the world.

And when she becomes an owner, her delight in the Cadillac is quickened by the knowledge that all of her associates concur in acceptance of its leadership.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

C A D I L L A C

Standard of the World

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all departments. It's like trying to play a quiet, sensible game of chess," he says, "with live jack rabbits for chessmen," he says, "at best—running a railroad the way we have it now—with all your chessmen self-movers. But in all my experience yet, I never had the thing go all loose and crazy on me before."

"What I fear," says the local chairman, "if this goes on, and he starts out again—what I fear is murder—or some big accident. It's all over the service—half the engineers and brakemen and conductors on the division are planning now to get him in wrong and get him fired under the rules. By and by," he says, "what I'm afraid of—they'll give him some phony signal or something, and one of his trains will hang its end out back of a switch or he'll run over a signal that's been turned wrong for him or something, and we'll have murder and sudden death of large numbers, in some great catastrophe," he says. "For you've no idea how hot the feeling runs to-day against him. And if he started blowing it higher by one more bump," he says, "God help us!"

"You're right. You're right," says the superintendent, nodding. "I have the same fear always in the rear of my head. It's terrible."

"It is," says the local chairman.

"But look," says the superintendent. "Let's go over it again. You've had him in," he says, "and I've had him in, and tried reasoning with him. And that was no good."

"No."

"And threatening him."

"And that was worse."

"Yes," says the superintendent. "So far as I can see, we've got to try something else; and that's what I called you in for to-day."

"What else?"

"Kindness," says the superintendent. "We've got to try kindness."

"What—on him?" says the local chairman. "I'd rather kill him!"

"I would myself, personally; especially nights," he says, "when I get to thinking how he's tore up this division. But as long as we can't do that we'll have to do the next best thing, and try kindness."

"Kindness!" says the chairman. "How—what way?"

"I'm going to boost him."

"Boost him?" he says.

"Yes—kick him up the stairs—out of the engineers for good. I'm going to raise him to be an official so he'll be out of the engineers for good and all."

"That seems kind of funny, when you look at it," says the local chairman. "You'd think it was a reward of violence and villainy."

"That's railroading to-day, all over," says the superintendent. "They look to you for results, and you've got to get them—no matter how. And if a man gets cantankerous and blocks you, you've got to move him somehow out of your way under the rules—down if you can, but then if not, up. And this ain't the only time this thing has had to be done in order to get a railroad running again neither. You know that."

"How'll the other boys take it?" says the local chairman.

"They'll like it better than having him around with them all the time in the lobby—threatening them with another bump. They'll all like it better if he's once settled and satisfied."

"But what about having him over them?"

"He won't be over them in any way, shape or form," he says. "I'll see to that."

So the superintendent sent out for the Englishman and brought him in.

"What do you say to being an official of the road? What do you say to going on up?" he says, and named the place. "You'd get 10 per cent more than you get now, with 10 per cent easier work."

And then he waited, watching him to see what he'd say. And for a while the old bulldog look still stayed in his face, and his jaw muscles were set, and he could almost see the word "no" in his mouth. Then all at once something seemed to come over him—a sudden change—and he answered back he'd take it.

"Good," says the superintendent. "Good. I'm glad you see it that way," and shook hands and let him go.

And yet he didn't like that sudden look that came on his face either; he had a fear of it—for, of course, under the rules anyone being promoted to be an official has the right left any time to come back again, when he wants to, to the job he has gone from.

But the Englishman says nothing, and goes tramping home to his daughter.

"Up we get again!"

"What's this?" she says with her lips parted, for she was a big, soft, nice-spoken girl, that spent her time waiting on him and looking scared to death of him, the way those Englishmen's wives and daughters mostly do.

"We're going to move again," he says.

"Move again?" she says, a sharp tone, like he'd never heard before, coming in her voice. "What, another bump!" she says, her bright-colored cheeks getting brighter and her big blue eyes bluer and wider yet.

"Not yet," he says. "Not yet."

"But, father ——" she says, seeing there was more trouble coming probably.

"'But, father'—what?" he says, loud.

"You ain't going to get into another how-de-do—bumping everybody again," she says, near crying.

"Why not?" he says. "We'll show them. Bulldog grit—old English bulldog grit," he says. "We'll show them English bumping. For their bumping ain't over yet—by no means. I can tell you that."

"But, father ——" she says.

"Don't but-father me," he says. "Go and do as you're bid."

So she did finally, crying; and they started once more moving out of town.

"We've got to do it," she says to young Nugent, for she was meeting him now, just as his mother had suspicioned, nights in the park.

For it was there if anywhere—and in the dark too—they both fearing it would get back to their folks. For the wars of the families of that Romeo and Juliet you hear about in the theater was nothing beside the feeling of these two main families in this bumping now. And every hand was out against the girl with her father—though she was a grand, fine, handsome girl, soft and most appealing looking, with those big, round blue eyes—and especially to young Nugent—and even more so now she was down and out, and hated.

"Let's end it all," he says to her. "Let's elope. I'll get me a job somewhere on some Western railroad."

"What—and end all your doctoring, for all time?" she says. "On account of me!"

"And well pleased to," he says.

But she wouldn't have it. "Something will come," she says. "Something will come for us. I know it. Maybe now, with his new position, I can get people to forgive him his previous bumping."

And then she broke down, for the feeling against them was terrible, and she knew it. And so she went and left the boy, and he stayed there with his studying—and couldn't even run up and see her for fear of her father learning of it probably. And the end of the world came close at hand for the time being to both of them.

But only for two months or so, after all. For bang, in the spring, down the old man came again and bumped the line once more. He went to the superintendent and says he'd have to have his old run back again. And, of course, under the rules he must have it when he asked for it. And if the previous bumps up to this time had been terrible, this one was past believing. Either thirty-seven or thirty-eight—I disremember which—were bumped now; and many of them were pushed once more out of the town; and feeling ran high and harsh and terrible.

The men threatened violence and sudden death to the father in the lobby, and the children spit toward him on the sidewalks, and the young girls elevated up their noses and their best new hats when they met the daughter on the street. If they were on the edge of mankind before, they were pushed over it into the depths of social ostrichism—as the Sunday paper says. And the hate between the two families of the girl and boy grew more terrible than the pestilence. For once again the Nugent family had pulled up and come back to town on this bump. And now the mother of the boy—watching those things as women do—more than suspicioned now what was going on underneath between her son and that girl.

"You know what your father'll say when he hears it," she says, going finally to him in secret.

"Let him say."

"He'll stop the money for the doctoring," she says.

"Then no doctor will I be," he says. "For I'll never lose her. I'll marry her at last, in spite of all—doctor or no doctor!"

And that struck her terrible, for she had set her heart on seeing him a doctor, with his little black bag in his hand and his black shiny shoes on his feet—all genteel.

And she went and thought it over and talked it with this local chairman of the brotherhood, to learn what was going to happen, for she knew him well, of course, and she'd heard he was still all the time trying to stop that thing—for it was terrible all over, the feeling and all.

She come to him, so it seems, just after he'd been talking again to the superintendent of the division—and both were in despair.

"We can't fire him from the railroad," says the superintendent, "for we have no case at all against him. He keeps strict within the rules and in his rights, for he knows them."

"Like a lawyer," says the local chairman.

"And if we framed him up and fired him," says the superintendent, "he'd go way up over our heads, to the top, under the rules—and get us overruled."

"'Tis the same in the union," the local chairman says.

"By heaven," says the superintendent, "what'll we do? If something don't happen soon to pacify him he'll bump the railroad off the map."

"Home and family life is all destroyed," says the local chairman, still sadder than him. "All up and down the division. There ain't any. 'Tis all you can do to prevent the women raging up and disfiguring him with their teeth."

"We'll have to do something soon," says the superintendent.

"We will," says the local chairman.

It was just after that that the brotherhood chairman ran across this Mrs. Nugent and she was asking about it, and he was telling her.

"We're in despair," he says. "We don't know where to turn. And I wish to God your husband had never started him out upon this thing."

"I wish that more than anyone," she says, for by this time she had learned of how it was—her son and others having told her.

"He ought never to done it," he says. "He should never have roused him—and the bulldog breed. 'Tis the worst of all when it's started," he says, "for it runs straight ahead, in a line, to the end of the world," he says. "And neither it nor anybody else knows where it's headed for until it hops off in some terrible and destructive catastrophe."

"You're right," says she. "I know it."

"We've tried threatening," he says, "and it's no good. And we've tried reasoning, and that's useless. And we've tried kindness—and that's worst and most contemptible of all. So what'll we try next—we dunno."

And suddenly he thought he saw something strike her.

"Have you tried love?" she says then.

"Love?" he says, shouting.

"Yes."

"What—with him?" he says. "That bestial three-cornered crocodile!"

"No—with someone else," she says, speaking softly to herself. "Run off," she says to him then—"run off and let me see what I can do. But don't ask no questions—nor say nothing till you hear from me."

And he done so, wondering.

"Tommy," she says, again calling her boy to her, secret, "you've acted terrible to your mother—and you're breaking her heart hour by hour," she says. "Let alone your deceiving of her and your poor father. But let that go," she says. "That's done. And I'm here to tell you something that might help you in your folly—with this big, pink English girl—the daughter of that four-pronged devil."

"Have it out, mother," he says. "What is it?"

"It's all around," she says, "that he's just lying back again, getting ready to bump us yet again when the summer comes and the fall comes, with the change of runs at the end of the vacation time."

"I heard it," he says.

"Yes," she says. "And if it comes there will be murder, no doubt. But if it should not come—why, then the one who was known to have stopped it would be a hero—just like the victor over a mad, crazy bull."

"I get the idea," he says, "I think."

"Now, then," she says, "the way you're going on," she says, "contrary to all the best ideas of your parents, there'll be no doctoring for you the minute your father hears of it."

"Never mind him," he says ugly. "He started it all in the first place."

"So," she says, going on, disregarding him, "there's only one way you can square it and have the girl and be a doctor and keep your mother's heart from breaking and spilling all her lifeblood all these years for you for nothing."

"What is it?" he says, short and anxious. "Have it out—for God's sake!"

"If she can fix her father some way," she says, "so he'll stop this terrible thing—this bumping," she says, "all might yet be well after all, for all of us."

"How could she?" he says to her.

"That I don't know," she says. "Only this—if she loves you truly she'll find a way somehow," she says, "or she's no woman worth the name."

"I don't see," he says, "how anybody could fix him—let alone a delicate, timid, refined girl. Four of them great Mallet engines couldn't budge him when he's once stopped still."

But, nevertheless, he went out and told the girl what his mother said the next time he met her in the park.

"It's useless," he says, "I know. But I had to tell you. So let's run off together and elope—let's end it. I'll give up the doctoring, and we'll go West, and I'll get a job firing."

"Give it up—just when you're right in sight of getting it?" she says. "No! Never!"

"We've got to," he says.

"And you no doctor! Never!" she says. "No. I will not."

"What, then?" he says, and waited a minute, while she stood silent.

"Do you love me greatly," she says, "Tommy?"

"Don't you know I do?" he says, flushing up. "Ain't I just been offering to give up my life for you?"

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Chalmers Fine Performance Proves Its Higher Value

In performance, the New Series Chalmers Six is simply wonderful.

That is made perfectly plain in the reports coming in every day, from owners and from dealers all over the country.

We knew that Chalmers engineers—working on the basic six-cylinder soundness which the Chalmers has always embodied—had made the six mean more than ever before.

Now we are receiving from many points enthusiastic confirmation of all we felt had been achieved by a solid year's refinement.

"On high gear I have climbed hills where I have always had to shift with other cars I've driven," says one man.

Another writes, "I couldn't help but notice the extreme quietness of the motor, timing gears, valves and differential"—thus putting his finger right on real evidence of fine construction.

"To pull down to two miles an hour in high, and then pick up to 30 miles an hour within a city block, without bucking or spitting—that's what I call flexibility," says a third.

"One of the most satisfactory tests is the way she will lug a hill at eight miles an hour on high," another says. "No matter how hard I make it pull, the motor will not overheat."

Size and beauty, equipment and finish, are always indications of value. It is conservative to say that the Chalmers Six leaves nothing to be wished for in those features.

But the way a car performs tells how it is engineered and how it is built.

On that—which is the final proof of value—the warmth of the letters we are receiving is conclusive.

All Models Equipped with Disc Steel Wheels and Cord Tires

Chalmers Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

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The
CHALMERS
SIX

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Cost-Reducing Ideas

By Floyd W. Parsons

A PROPER system of cost accounting is the basis of business success. Though no system of calculating costs can of itself make profits, it can show definite ways to effect savings, and savings really are only profits wearing a different cloak. No survey in any plant or office can be more than a haphazard examination unless it is carried on in accordance with the indications shown in a carefully prepared cost-accounting report. A well-formulated cost system not only calls attention to obsolete equipment that is being used at an excessive cost, but it points out individuals and departments that are below the required standard of efficiency. The right kind of cost report will show what is happening now, while a slipshod report only shows what has happened in the past, and in this latter case there is no chance for immediate correction.

Hundreds of companies distribute rent according to the direct wages of the men employed in one office or department of a company, while in correct cost accounting the rent should be distributed according to the space actually occupied by each worker. One employe may receive five dollars a day, and still take up twice as much space as an executive who gets five times as much. Each and every charge should be made against the product benefited, and where more than one item or product is benefited the charge must be divided and distributed in proportion to the betterment conferred.

The methods employed in the main offices of a company are invariably a reliable reflection of the kind of management in charge. In the concern here referred to many of the practices were unique, to say the least, and it seemed that very few bets had been overlooked. One day the manager walked into the stenographic department, and after looking the ground over decided to install a new system. A week or two later all the typewriting machines were equipped with a measuring and recording device which gives the linage record of each operator. For a couple of weeks these records were studied and an average figure was found to represent the daily work of each typist. With these data in hand, the management was able to plan a new system of payment for the typists. In the scheme proposed and now in operation the typists are paid on what is known as a point system. Five average lines are considered as the equivalent of two hundred and forty spaces, or one point. The wage basis of this system is 100 points at $1.70. Each operator is guaranteed her former wages, but if her linage record per week exceeds the standard the girl is paid a bonus for her increased production, the additional payment being based on the prescribed rate of $1.70 for each 100 points turned out. For example, if a typist produces 1000 lines of forty-eight spaces each per day she would earn a daily wage of $3.40. A number of the speedy operators regularly exceed this performance. More than 90 per cent of the typists employed now receive a weekly bonus, and the production of each girl has shown a material increase since the new scheme went into operation.

Long ago the company found that much dissatisfaction was caused through permitting dictators to see letters that had just been typed and had not been checked for errors. Instances were found where bad feeling had grown up between dictators and typists because of the return of letters that contained seemingly inexcusable typographical errors. At first an effort was made to try to solve this problem through educating dictators to talk distinctly when using the dictating machines. In some cases the trouble resulted from not having the speed of the machine for transcribing exactly the same as that of the machine which received the dictation. In other cases the cylinders had not been properly shaved, while in still other instances the correspondents talking into the machines held the mouthpieces too far from them. As a final remedy the company employed a correspondence supervisor, whose duty it is to proofread all copy turned out by the typists and see that no letters get back to the dictators until they are perfect.

In actual operation this scheme has proved wholly satisfactory. The first carbon of each letter typed is made on a yellowish tissue paper which is marked "Correspondence supervisor." All corrections are inserted on this sheet, which, with the original letter and all the other carbons, is returned to the operator for correction. The unique plan followed in this scheme is the use of numbers as substitutes for corrections. About thirty common errors are printed at the head of the yellow tissue, and each one is numbered. After using this method for a short time the typist becomes thoroughly familiar with the meaning of each number, and the errors are corrected with a minimum of delay.

Not only does the company take care to prevent misunderstandings brought about by letter writing within the limits of its own personnel, but it exercises even greater caution in seeing that letters written by employes do not create wrong impressions or foster ill will among those with whom the company does business. All the concern's employes understand that each letter sent out is actually a sales letter and that business can be destroyed more rapidly through the improper wording of communications than it can be built up through extensive and expensive advertising. It was for this reason that the management adopted the policy of turning over the correspondence of dissatisfied customers to one of several letter writers whose business it is to patch up differences through the exercise of tact and courtesy. Experience had shown that it was dangerous to permit the employe who had first dictated the letters that caused the trouble to continue corresponding with the disgruntled customer. It is only human for a person to make excuses and try to cloak mistakes. Nothing is more effective in handling trouble of this kind than to admit the company's fault, unless the customer's complaint is wholly without any basis in fact.

Once a week the general manager presides at a meeting of department heads that is far from lacking in animation. Suggestions that are both practical and interesting are here discussed freely and openly by any and all of the employes present. The company's present methods are criticized wherever possible, and new ways are proposed for doing things. The majority of the concern's new practices originate in these weekly forums. The records of recent meetings showed many valuable discussions. Some of the points brought out are worth repeating.

Try to imitate a correspondent's letter-writing style. This is a form of flattery that nets results. The average person's letter-reading tastes are generally the same as his writing tastes. Study each letter before you reply, and try to note the writer's eccentricities. Make your reply fit the man's individuality. If he writes a brief letter stating only the fewest possible facts, answer tersely. If the correspondent goes into lengthy details, give him a reply in kind, for he will appreciate a letter that discusses all the minute phases of the matter in hand. Try not to use multisyllabled words to a fellow who writes in monosyllables. If the correspondent throws in a little slang he won't mind your doing the same. If he is epigrammatic pick out one of his clever sayings and repeat it in your reply, acknowledging his authorship. He will be tickled by your noticing his cleverness.

Many companies suffer losses of time and money in sending telegrams. Nearly everyone includes in such messages many words that might be left out. Dozens of simple rules for writing telegraphic messages are commonly overlooked. The wire companies allow one signature free. For instance, if a telegram is signed "The Smith Company, Johnson," the one word "Johnson" is counted and charged for. On the other hand, if the signature is reversed, "Johnson, The Smith Company," the telegraph company charges for the last three words. Many senders of telegrams overlook the saving that results from spelling out figures. For example, 1670 counts as four words, while sixteen seventy counts as two words and is more likely to be transmitted correctly. If one writes the "C., B. & Q. Railroad" the name of the line so written counts for four words, whereas one can write "Burlington," which, of course, counts as only one word.

The management is rather opposed to a policy of issuing frequent general orders, believing that such a plan is inferior to a method that places a large responsibility on each worker. Such general orders as are issued are printed on a special form of yellow paper. Departmental orders are printed on blue forms, while announcements and notices which are not considered to be orders are typed on pink forms. In every department of the company colors are used actually to signify something. For instance, red slips attached to letters mean "Give this immediate attention." Not long ago the general manager organized what is known as a flying squadron, which consists of ten of the company's most capable stenographers and clerks. These workers report directly to the office manager and are not permanently connected with any particular department. Each day they are assigned to some special work, according to the needs of the moment.

One interesting department of the company is that which is devoted to research. The expert in charge of this bureau not only himself initiates subjects for investigation, but conducts an analysis covering any promising problem that other employes suggest for examination. One report covered the waste of pins, clips, pencils and rubber bands. As a result of this report a general order was issued that caused a saving of approximately 35 per cent in the quantities consumed of the four articles mentioned. About a year ago a legal situation arose that made it necessary for the company to order the copying of a number of old written records. The ink on these old records had so faded that the writing was barely legible. The research department immediately started an examination that ended in the drawing up of specifications for all ink thereafter to be purchased by the company. The investigation showed that many of the inks at present on the market are likely to fade.

The research department has even been called in to help decide the question as to how long certain papers should be retained in the files before they are taken out and stored away as dead matter. As a result of such a study freight receipts are kept in the active file for ten months, while similar specified lengths of time have been established for various other classes of matter. It was the research department that worked out a plan for rest periods for workers in certain departments, with the result that there has been a decided increase in the productiveness of the employes affected. In addition to a 10 per cent increase in output, the rest periods have proved a decided benefit to the health of the workers.

Other innovations for which the research department is chiefly responsible were a system to prevent the raising of amounts on bank checks; a scientific placing of desks to increase efficiency through eliminating distraction; a bonus system for the rank and file of office workers; a sick-leave-with-pay scheme for the lowliest workers; and dental and medical dispensaries to serve every employe. To prevent the raising of checks the company now uses a code word of ten letters, the consecutive letters representing the figures from 1 to 0. If a check is made out for twenty-five dollars the second and fifth letters of the word are placed on the back of the check. If the check is changed the fraud is easily detected when it comes back from the bank by glancing at the letters on the reverse side.

The bonus system is based not only on individual production but on the employes' accuracy. A certain sum is credited to a worker if no error is made during the first week of a month, while a larger bonus is credited for each consecutive week during the same month if the employe's record continues clear. This plan has reduced mistakes to less than half of the average number that formerly occurred.

In the scheme providing payment of wages to minor employes, the worker is allowed one day sick leave with full pay after he has been with the company one month. After two months' service he is allowed two days, and so on up until he has been in the company's employ for eight months, when, of course, he is allowed eight days' sick leave. After eight months, and up until the end of the first year, the sick-leave allowance is one and a half weeks. After the first year one week is added to the allowance for each completed six months of service. After an employe has been ill and again returns to work he is credited with whatever balance of leave remains due him. The system has materially reduced labor turnover and absenteeism, and because of its absolute fairness and impartiality has increased the spirit of good will in the company's employes.

The dental dispensary has proved to be one of the best moves the company has ever made. The service has more than paid for itself in time saved through the prevention of toothache alone. More than 90 per cent of all the employes examined have needed dental attention.

The company has refused to follow the example of many concerns which employ a young and inexperienced physician to provide medical attention for employes. The management accepts the view that a cheap doctor would be the most expensive kind in the long run. The aim is not only to eliminate unhealthful surroundings that menace the health of workers, but to correct the evils in all processes that retard production through causing fatigue and lack of concentration.

The management makes every possible effort to encourage thrift on the part of its workers. As a part of such a plan it has prepared a family budget book which it has distributed to all employes who have shown any interest in the matter. A large percentage of the workers own stock in the company. Such stock is sold to employes on a liberal part-payment plan. Interest at the rate of 5 per cent is charged on deferred payments for stock, but in no case may the interest charged be greater than the dividend credited. Even in the face of slackened business, the company has not yet reduced wages. The president says, "Wages went up last and they must come down last." In reducing working forces the company follows the policy of always dropping the newest men first. It believes that a soft handling of employes is unwise, and tends to injure morale; but it holds unswervingly to the idea that success depends on confidence, and that confidence can exist only where there are straight dealing and fair play.

The Peerless almost immediately exhibits its superiorities to those who have never driven it before.

It reveals at once those fine shades of behavior which can only issue out of sound manufacturing principles and scrupulous manufacturing practice.

You *know* that the Peerless is a great car because it reveals its greatness as positively as a man of character reveals magnetic personality.

It does with dash and spirit, with effortless ease and certainty, all of the things you value most in a motor car.

Supreme motoring comfort, after all, has its chief source in the obedient ebb and flow of a wealth of power.

The Peerless conveys that sense of power-abundance and power-control in every phase of its performance.

Smoothness is a much abused word in motoring parlance—but Peerless smoothness is a real and a permanent thing which manifests itself at every speed and under every conceivable circumstance.

Disparaging no other good car, it would be difficult for you indeed, to find a better investment, or more solidly satisfying performance, than you secure in the Peerless.

THEODORE F. MacMANUS

Seven Passenger Touring Car, $2790; Four Passenger Roadster, $2790; Four Passenger Coupé, $3500; Five Passenger Sedan, $3650; Seven Passenger Sedan, $3790; Seven Passenger Sedan-Limousine, $4000; F. O. B. Cleveland

The Peerless Motor Car Company has been acquired and is being operated by R. H. Collins and his associates

PEERLESS

"All that the name implies"

MAY 1922

This is Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 408. In the 9 x 12 ft. size the price is only $16.20.
GOLD SEAL
CONGOLEUM
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Always Look for the Gold Seal

It is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Rug and on every two yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. Note the liberal money-back guarantee and don't forget that this seal (printed in green on a gold background) identifies the genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum. Refuse imitations. Be sure to look for the Gold Seal.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Chicago Boston San Francisco
Dallas Minneapolis Atlanta Kansas City Pittsburgh Montreal

It's so easy to make a kitchen attractive—

"That's a fine new rug you've got there," said the iceman.

"Yes, John, and you have no idea how pleasant and attractive it makes my kitchen."

No wonder she is enthusiastic. For the darkest kitchen is at once made bright and cheerful when the floor is covered with a colorful, easy-to-clean *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug.

A few moments with a damp mop whisks away every speck of grime from the firm, waterproof surface. Your rug will lie perfectly flat without fastening.

And with all their artistic charm and labor-saving qualities, *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are decidedly inexpensive.

Note the Low Prices

6	x 9	feet $ 8.10	1½	x 3	feet $ .50
7½	x 9	feet 10.10	3	x 3	feet 1.00
9	x 10½	feet 14.15	3	x 4½	feet 1.50
9	x 12	feet 16.20	3	x 6	feet 2.00

The pattern illustrated is made only in the four large sizes. The small rugs are made in designs to harmonize with it.

Owing to freight rates, prices west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher.

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
RUGS

SENSE AND NONSENSE

—And Repeat

"Nihil dictum quod non dictum prius"—as the feller says.

TOUGH on us guys, to be heirs of the ages—
Meaning us novelists, poets and sages;
We who now strive on our typewritten pages
Somewhere or other to score!
Not to be wondered at much if our attitude
Touching the past isn't one of great gratitude!
Each phrase we write is a chestnut or platitude;
Somebody said it before.
Moses, it may be, who, vide Leviticus,
Showed as a wise, if he wasn't a witty cuss,
Juvenal, Plautus or Terence or Cato,
Lucan or Horace or Martial or Plato,
Balzac or Byron or Fielding or Pope
May have put out the original dope;
Dante, Boccaccio or Lytton or Lamb,
Oliver Goldsmith or Omar Khayyam,
Not to be wondered at if we feel sore;
Somebody said it before!

Cometh a moment of rare inspiration;
Swiftly we write in a glow of creation,
Ending, at last, with a sense of elation;
Then—and it cuts to the core—
Some clever critic devoid of civility
Cites book and verse with a fiendish ability,
Showing, to teach us a proper humility,
Somebody's said it before.
Habakkuk, Daniel, Hosea, Elijah,
David, Ezekiel, Micah, Abijah,
Vergil, perhaps, or Agrippa, Cornelius,
Cyrus or Ovid or Marcus Aurelius,
Benjamin Franklin or Bunyan or Brooke,
Dibdin or Dickens or Cowper or Cook;
Here we've been sucking La Rochefoucauld's brain,
This is Voltaire or Rousseau or Tom Paine:
Some of those previous persons of yore—
Somebody said it before.

Well, we can't help it! To them be the glory—
Those who forestalled us in song and in story.
Still, we can make their stuff seem not so hoary
If we can do nothing more.
There is the trick! If a fellow can learn it he
Should, with the jazz and the pep of modernity,
Write for his time if he can't for eternity.
Who was it said that before?
Solomon, likely, perhaps Jeremiah,
Balaam or Bildad or Job or Josiah,
Seneca, Sallust, Tibullus, Ausonius,
Statius, Gallus, Catullus, Petronius,
Thomas à Kempis or Chaucer or Clough,
Shakspere—who really wrote mighty good stuff—
Burns, Scott or Wordsworth or Shelley or Poe,
Thousands of others and ages ago.
Well may we grieve in the light of this lore;
Somebody's said it before!

—*Kennett Harris.*

Deduction

IT HAD been raining hard in Aberdeenshire. The roads were flooded when Jeems McTosh drove in his dogcart to the village where he traded. A friend, Davie McNutt, hailed him from the sidewalk:

"Hi, Jeems! Are ye weel the day?"

"No bad, Davie. Hoo's yoursel'?"

"Oh, middlin'. Hoo's the goodwife, Jeems?"

Jeems jerked a thumb over his shoulder at the back seat. He replied, "She's ahint there."

"She's no there, Jeems," said Davie.

"Aye, she's ahint there," Jeems insisted. But his friend was stubborn.

"I'm tellin' ye she's no there."

This time Jeems looked around to make sure, and the back seat was empty. The man reflected, scratched his head. Then he said, "Dod! She maun ha' been the graund splash!"

The Summer Woods

THERE is no sound of people here; the trees stand calm and tall,
And sunlight, like a magic dust, lies filmlike over all;
And small, pale breezes hurry by, and turn to nothing where
Blue flowers grow beside a spring, with sprays of maidenhair.

All life seems dormant; Nature sleeps a dim, enchanted sleep,
And in the thickets, densely screened, wee forest creatures creep
So quietly that not a stir can mark their passing by.
There is no ring of laughter here—no semblance of a sigh.

The fairy folk are weaving spells not very far away,
For all at once lost dreams seem real; a broken yesterday
Is new again, and youth steals back on shining, sandaled feet—
And hopes are born to life again, and love seems madly sweet!

Can cities be, can sorrows dwell, when there is keen content
In watching as vague bits of light and shade are swiftly blent?
Can there be toil, and vain regret, and striving for a goal,
When just a peeping bit of sky brings solace to the soul?

Do dryads live in slim birch trees, do pipes of Pan still sound—
And can that be the print of hoofs upon the mossy ground?
There is no sound, and yet one hears a silver elfin call,
And sunlight, like a magic dust, lies filmlike over all.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Scrapping the Similes

MY LOVE ain't like the red, red rose;
My love ain't like the sea;
My love ain't like the mountain top;
My love ain't like a tree.

Unlike the sable night my love;
Dissimilar from the day;
My love ain't like the jocund June,
Nor eke the merry May.

My love ain't like the fragrant morn
With dewy freshness pearled;
My love ain't like another thing
In all the gol-darned world.

—*Franklin P. Adams.*

Ideal and Real

ROMANTIC dames that yearn for caveman love,
For cruel ardor and for fierce caresses
Of supermale who conquers and oppresses,
And does by brutal strength his mastery prove,
Oft wed, at last, some tepid lovey-dove
Who prates of bridge and golf and ladies' dresses,
And never makes a gesture that distresses,
Nor steps one moment from convention's groove.

While Mr. Goodman makes a model mate,
Fetching or carrying gladly at her choice,
She dreams about a lover fierce and bold,
Until the visions of a happier fate
Are shattered by her spouse whose timid voice
Cries, "Hurry, dear, the toast is gettin' cold!"

—*Thomas Lomax Hunter.*

An Enlarged Copy

A CERTAIN judge, who is not over five feet in height and weighs under a hundred pounds, happens to have a son who tips the scales at two hundred pounds. The judge is very proud of his offspring, and one day took him to call upon an old friend who had never seen him.

"Ah," said the friend, looking from son to father and smiling, "I see—a block off the old chip, eh?"

Cramping Their Style

JOHN GOLDEN tells a story of two young vaudeville actors from New York who went over to London to set the English capital on fire. They gave a dress rehearsal of their clever act before one of the big booking agents, who listened to it solemnly from the pit one foggy afternoon.

When they had finished he said, "Very good, boys, but"—glancing at his wrist watch—"it runs twenty-five minutes, and that's pretty long. However, if you'll cut it down to eight minutes we may bill you."

"Eight minutes!" cried one of the team, glaring down at him. "Why, good Lord, we bow eight minutes!"

Don't Be Discouraged—

"POWDER never will conceal that skin trouble, but if you will use Resinol Soap every day as directed, you'll be surprised to see how quickly your complexion improves. I know because I tried it."

Recommendations like this have placed Resinol Soap in hundreds of homes where it is now the favorite.

Its generous, pore-searching lather invigorates and tones up the skin while cleansing it, and the action is so mild it will not injure the tenderest skin.

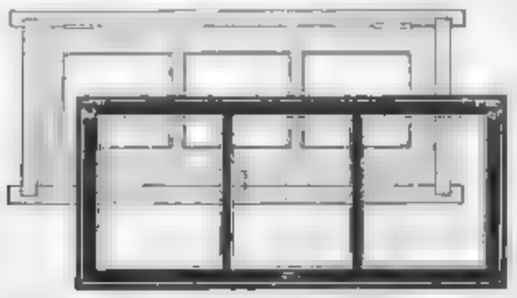
Why not begin today the use of this delightful toilet soap and let it help to cleanse the clogged, inflamed pores,—smooth the rough surfaces,—reduce the oiliness,—and restore the glow of skin health?

Trial free on request. Dept. 5-G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md. At all drug and toilet goods counters. *Ask for it!*

Resinol Soap

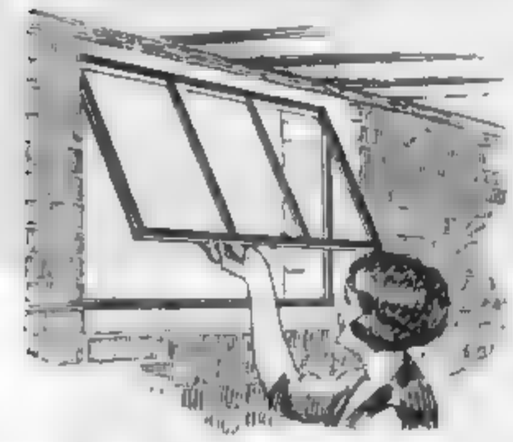
TRUSCON STEEL BASEMENT WINDOWS

Have attained immediate popularity and are in demand by builders everywhere, *because:*



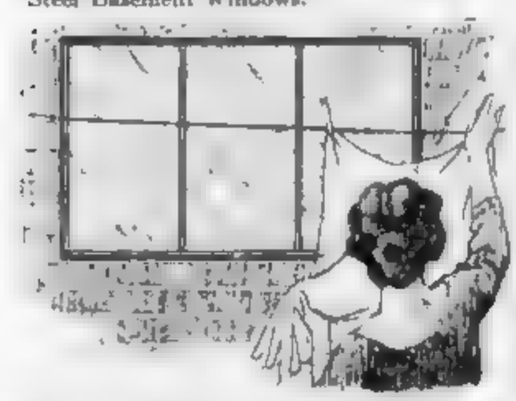
50% to 80% more daylight

Lighting bills reduced and your basement made bright and cheery by Truscon Steel Basement Windows.



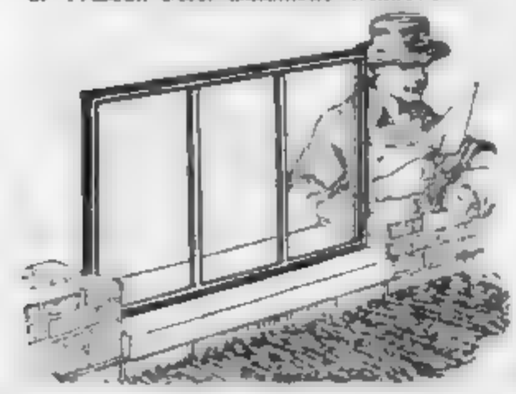
won't stick or warp

Easy opening and automatic locking are important advantages of Truscon Steel Basement Windows.



keep out rain and wind

Continuous double contact and improved sill ensure the weatherproofness of Truscon Steel Basement Windows.



as easily installed

Also easily screened. In any type of foundation it is a simple matter to install Truscon Steel Basement Windows.

COST OF WOOD WINDOW	
ONE SASH	$
ONE FRAME	$2
HARDWARE	$
LABOR OF FITTING	$
PRIMING COAT	$
TOTAL	$5

COST OF TRUSCON WINDOW

FURNISHED COMPLETE INCLUDING FRAME, SASH, HARDWARE, AND COST OF PAINT

$4.6

and COST as little as wood

In many localities cost is actually lower for Truscon Steel Basement Windows.

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Home Builders! Get our useful literature free.
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TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY
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Send me information on Truscon Steel Basement Windows. I am ☐ owner ☐ architect ☐ contractor ☐ dealer
Name _____
Address _____ Dept Po

TILL THE JOINT CRACKED

(Continued from Page 23)

"Why not let me handle your stuff—all of it? Take all the trouble and annoyance off your shoulders, and you won't have to do a thing but spend the cash?"

"As how?"

"Why, sell me your output for five fives off. See? I'm responsible for selling and I'm responsible to you for payments. You rake in the difference between what you have to pay your mill and what I pay you. Dunno what it is, but I'll bet it's plenty."

"Um." It looked more attractive to Pazzy than he was willing to admit.

"What's your output?"

"Consid'able. Suthin like a car a day."

This, as Pett well knew, was not fact. He knew exactly what Hickson's mill had produced the year before, and it was little over half of this.

"Three hundred cars, eh? Didn't know it was so much. Makes it worthwhile. About five hundred thousand gross business. My five would make me better than twenty thousand."

"So 'twould. So 'twould. Can you move that many?"

"Like rolling off a log. I can grab a bunch of Peters' customers with that price, and with the sixty cars I've got—oh, mister!"

Pazzy considered. He thought he knew the market. He was certain what the market would do as soon as Pett began a general onslaught on other folks' customers with three hundred cars to sell. The bottom would drop out. He would then be able to buy all the dishes he wanted at the figure he wanted to pay—and leave Pett holding the bag. Pett was responsible, he knew. Pett would contract to buy three hundred cars at five fives. Suppose there was a market bust—Pett would have to pay more for his dishes than he could sell them at. It made Pazzy safe—out of the fifty thousand dollars or so that he knew Pett had saved. Therefore Mr. Billy Pett was duly elected to hold the bag.

"I'll go you if I lose," he said. "Dig up a lawyer to draw the contract, and we'll start to-day."

"Suits me. Only wish you could deliver more than three hundred cars."

"Call it three hundred, and we'll be safe," said Pazzy.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when Pett rejoined Ted and Veronica with the signed contract in his pocket. He was pleased with his success but dubious of consequences.

"Now," he said, "we've got to sell dishes for Pazzy—when we can't sell them for ourselves. We've got to keep his stuff moving. I can see how we can push along a car a week for him—by taking on Stump Brothers. But for the life of me I can't see how we're going to unload three hundred cars. We're going to get stung."

"How about it, Veronica?" Ted asked.

"How many dish factories are there?"

"Seven."

"Including ourselves and Hickson's?"

"Yes."

"That leaves five. You and I are going to take a little trip around the country—visiting dish factories. Don't worry, Mr. Pett. It ruins the appetite. We start for Michigan to-night, Ted."

Which they did, stopping over in Albany next day to see a customer, and taking the Wolverine on to Detroit in the evening. There they took the Pere Marquette north, and the following morning called upon old man Steffens, of the M. W. P. Company, who received them cordially.

"How's your dad, Ted? Him and me have fit and chawed each other these thutty year. Hope he's enjoyin' the fruits of his wicked life."

"He is—in California."

"And you're running the business. Um."

"With my wife's help," said Ted.

Old man Steffens peered at Veronica over his spectacles and grunted. Veronica smiled.

"You don't set much store by my help, do you?" she asked.

"Wa-al, I've seen wimmin that wasn't so perty," he said.

"You never can tell," said Veronica, "by the pattern of the wall paper how many lath are under the plaster."

"Huh."

"How's business, Mr. Steffens?" Ted asked.

"Rotten. If it keeps up—and dog-gone Pazzy Hickson—I'm a-goin' to spend a lot of money knockin' the bottom out of the market. That dicky-bird's got to be learned some jedgment."

"And that," said Ted, "is what we've come to see you about. We're gunning for Pazzy ourselves."

"He can't be got with bird shot," said Steffens.

"We've just bought an elephant gun, but we need help to load it," said Veronica.

"As how?"

"Suppose you could buy some dishes at, say, four fives off the current list and sell them at your regular price—would it look good?"

"It would. More profit than I kin make manufacturin' jest now."

"Will your customers accept Pazzy Hickson's dishes?"

"Dishes is dishes," said Steffens.

"Fine! Now here's the idea: I'm raising my price to list," said Ted. "As soon as we get back I'm notifying our trade, and giving them forty-eight hours to buy at the present price of two fives off. That's sure to stir up some business. If you and the rest of the crowd were to do the same, it would pull in quite a bunch of car orders."

"Mebby."

"But I don't care whether it does or not," said Ted.

"Why?"

"Because I can deliver a hundred and fifty cars at four fives off. Pazzy Hickson's. Listen, I've got him contracted to deliver three hundred cars this year and next, at four fives off and a five per cent commission."

"Eh? How many?"

"Three hundred."

"But ——"

"Surest thing you know. Some of 'em 'll have to go cheap to the chain stores and Stump Brothers. That'll take maybe a hundred cars. It won't disturb the business. If you'll turn over orders to us at your price, and the rest of the manufacturers will do the same, we can move the whole three hundred. Get the idea?"

"It'll clean Pazzy up. Take him off the market as a disturber."

"A heap more than that," said Veronica. "It'll —— Now, Mr. Steffens, suppose Pazzy comes to you in a month and tries to buy some dishes, will you sell him?"

Mr. Steffens considered briefly, then slapped his knee.

"I get you!" he said. "Who thought this up? Say! Did you do it, young woman?"

"I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little bobbed head."

"By gosh!" said Steffens. "When I git home I'm a-goin' to shear the hair off'n all three of my daughters. My price goes to list to-day. You go and handle Jim Warren and Toot McBean. I'll take care of the other two factories."

A week later Ted and Veronica arrived once more at home. They had sent out a notice of rise in price, and found awaiting them, as they anticipated, orders for some twenty cars of dishes. These they sent to Pett, with the specifications, who forwarded them to Pazzy's mill. Old man Steffens sent along orders for twenty-six cars, and the other mills, they having fallen readily into line, contributed orders for a hundred cars more. Thus Pett had on hand orders for a total of a hundred and forty-six cars without taking into consideration the chain stores and Stump Brothers, which made up eighty more. For a period of three weeks he sent these through in driblets to Pazzy's mill.

As the total began to mount Pazzy experienced first delight, then bewilderment, and finally apprehension. Moved by the latter emotion he dropped in at the little office Pett had taken in Boston.

"Say," he demanded, "what's up? Where's all this business comin' from?"

"Comes easy," said Pett. "Didn't I tell you I was a salesman?"

"You be. Young feller, you've stole customers from every factory in the country! Why, you've even pried Giner's away from old man Steffens! It can't be done. Be them orders bony fide?"

"All you've got to do is ship," said Pett.

"Right now you've turned in orders fer two hundred and twenty-six cars, young feller."

"And I'll have the other seventy-four to clean up my contract in thirty days," Pett said. "I guess we made a lucky deal."

"What's this about prices goin' up?"

"Everybody's announced a rise."

"Um."

"Not going to have any trouble delivering, are you?" Pett asked.

"Who? Me? I should say not," Pazzy said. "Don't you worry, sonny."

But Pazzy was worried. It looked as if he had contracted to deliver a hundred and fifty cars more than he manufactured, and he was busy figuring out where he could get them. Also he didn't like the looks of the rise in the market.

"What you sellin' for?" he asked.

"Different prices. Mostly two fives off," said Pett.

"The devil you be!" Pazzy took time to consider this, but he was not a man to show his uneasiness. "I'll say you kin sell dishes," he added, but in his compliment was a note of something that was not pleasure.

He had to have dishes. He knew he had to have dishes, and with an energy he had not displayed for years he started out to get them. He wired old man Steffens.

"How many cars dishes can you let me have at four fives?"

In three hours came the reply: "None."

In turn he wired each of the other factories to the same effect and received the same reply.

He next wired: "What price can you make me twenty cars?"

"List," came the answer from each.

The thing was serious. Pazzy's keen nostrils scented a rat. He spent railroad fare to visit Steffens and argued for half a day, but not a car could he buy for less than straight list with no discount. He did some figuring. He was contracted to deliver at list less four fives, with a five per cent commission. Taking an average of seventeen hundred dollars for a car—if he should be compelled to buy at the market—he would have to deliver to Pett at $1315.44. He figured this several times to be sure he had made no mistake. That meant a loss of $384.56 on each car. Multiply this by a hundred and fifty—he hated to look at the figures! It made a frightful total of fifty-seven thousand six hundred and eighty-four dollars.

He had to have dishes!

He had to have dishes for two years, because he had contracted to deliver for two years, twice fifty-seven thousand six hundred and eighty-four dollars!

By this time Pazzy Hickson was frantic. He wired and wrote and visited, but not a car of dishes could he buy anywhere at less than a straight two dollars and eighty-seven cents for one-pounds delivered in Boston. For a month he struggled, and while he struggled the market remained stable. He was eliminated as a disturber. Business did not pick up notably, because 1921 was not a buying year, but jobbers who had been sitting back waiting for a drop became convinced of the market's stability, and bought according to their necessities. Things were looking up.

As a last resort he called on Pett.

"Pett," he said, "it begins to look like I can't quite fill your contract."

"Eh? What's that?"

"I may run a few cars short."

"You can't run a car short. I've sold every blamed one, and we've got to deliver. What's the matter?"

"I—er—I figured I could pick up enough from the other manufacturers to make good," said Pazzy.

"Which," said Pett, "is exactly what you've got to do."

"But they won't sell me," said Pazzy: "not at any kind of a price."

"Then," said Pett, "you're stung. It's up to you, and you're good for it. I'm going to have those cars, and you can bet your bottom dollar on that."

"Hain't there no way to fix it?"

"Not with me," said Pett with a tone so final that Pazzy recognized the hopelessness of trying to do anything with the young man.

"But somethin's got to be done. As it is I stand to lose fifty thousand and better a year."

"You built the coffin for yourself."

"But can't you think of anythin'?"

Pett thought. The hour was striking, he believed. The moment had arrived.

"Did you try Ted Peters?" he asked.

"A dozen times."

(Continued on Page 38)

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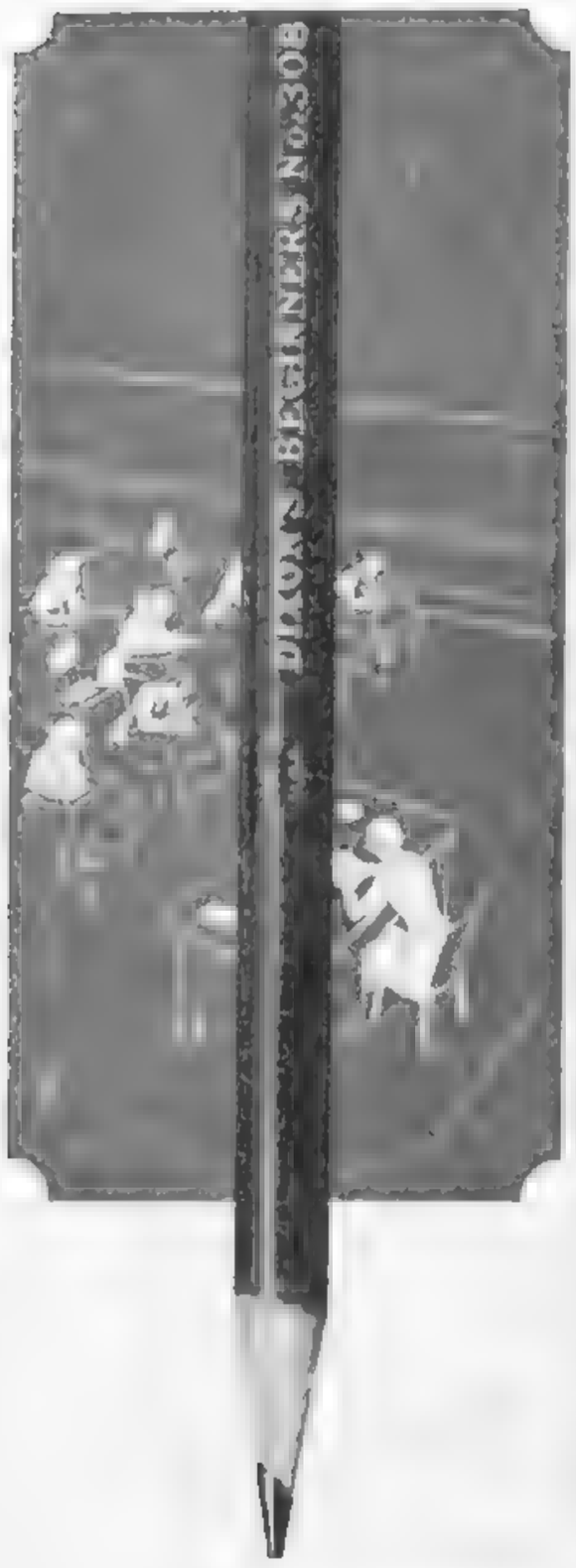

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(Continued from Page 36)

"Um. Might try him again. I tell you what—I'll run up there with you. I'm interested, because I've got to have those cars. I'll go along and see if we can't talk him into something. We used to be pretty friendly."

"'Twon't do no good," said Pazzy disconsolately.

"Worth trying anyhow."

Consequently Billy Pett and Pazzy packed their bags and journeyed northward that night, arriving in Checkerberry early the next morning. Checkerberry is not a cheering place to reach in the early hours. Its station is remote from the town, surrounded as far as the eye can reach by low scrub and cut-over lands. It is a singularly inhospitable prospect, and Pazzy felt to the marrow of his bones the chill of it.

They drove to the hotel, breakfasted, and were in Ted Peters' office waiting for him when he arrived. He surveyed them coldly.

"Didn't expect to see you here, Pett," he said. "How are you, Pazzy?"

"Mr. Peters, we've come to talk business."

"So I judged. Excuse me a moment. I see my wife passing." He stepped to the door and called Veronica, who entered and was presented to Pazzy. "I like to have my wife handy when I talk business," Ted explained. "Go ahead."

"We want to buy some dishes," said Pett.

"I'm here to sell them. Got a warehouse full."

"How many can you let us have?"

"Anything up to seventy million."

"Er—what concession will you make on a big order—say, fifty cars?"

"To you?" Ted asked directly of Pazzy.

"Yes."

"Not—a—cent," said Ted.

"I—say, listen, Peters—I ——"

"You've let yourself in," said Ted, "and you're getting what's coming to you. For years you've mussed up this industry. You've sat back and raked in a nice profit, and gummed the works for everybody else. Now you've got to have dishes to make good, and you're not going to get them from me. That's final."

"You—don't want to bust me, do you?"

"I'd be sorry to see any man bust, Pazzy."

"Then—can't you do somethin'—to help out?"

"I know the box you're in pretty well, Pazzy. You've oversold about a hundred and fifty cars, haven't you? You stand to drop better than fifty thousand a year for two years?"

"That's the truth," Pazzy said hopelessly.

Veronica leaned forward. "I feel sorry for Mr. Pett. I always liked Mr. Pett, Ted. I've wanted you to patch things up with him."

"Pett and I didn't see things just alike. It was nothing but a business disagreement. Sorry it happened, dear, but it did happen."

"But, honey, if it was Mr. Pett who was going to lose all that money—you—you'd help him out for old time's sake?"

"I might."

"Pett stands to lose a lot of profit," said Pazzy.

"Look here, Hickson, I don't want to stamp on you, but you've been a thorn in the side of the dish business too blamed long. The sooner you're out of it the better."

"Mr. Hickson has some kind of a contract with a mill, hasn't he?" Veronica asked innocently.

"He has."

"If—suppose he didn't have that contract—he couldn't disturb things any more, could he?"

"No."

"How much is his contract worth to him?"

"About thirty thousand a year, isn't it, Pazzy?"

Hickson nodded.

"Well," said Veronica, "suppose he gave up that contract—er—assigned it, if that's what you call it, to Mr. Pett. Would that change matters any?"

"Mr. Hickson wouldn't consider that," Ted said in a patronizing way, as if speaking to a child.

"It would be better for him to lose thirty thousand in profits he's never had than to lose fifty thousand in money he's actually got," said Veronica. "Wouldn't it, Mr. Hickson?"

"Do —— You don't mean you'd deliver dishes to Pett if I got out?" said Pazzy.

"I'd think it over."

"Will you?"

Ted sat back and reflected. "Yes," he said finally, "I would."

"How about it, Pett? Will you take that dog-gone contract off my hands and let me out?"

Pett shook his head. "Not unless I can see my way to come through clean. Will you help me out, Mr. Peters?"

"If you'll leave the market alone."

"You can bet I will," said Pett.

"Then, so far as I'm concerned," said Ted, "it's a go. You transfer your contract to Pett and clear out of the dish business for good, Pazzy, and I'll give things a boost up."

"I'll do it—and be plumb tickled to death," said the harassed Hickson. "Dictate an assignment and let me out of here."

They made short work of Pazzy Hickson's exodus from the woodenware industry, and he left the office with a feeling he had gotten off easy. Pett remained to discuss details.

"I'm afraid," Ted said after the door closed behind Pazzy, "that I've lost a good salesman permanently, and I hope I've gained a competitor."

"Eh? What d'you mean?"

"That mill of Pazzy's will always be a threat until it gets out of the hands of those old wampuses who've been running it. It's a good mill, and could make a bundle of money—run on the same basis the rest of us do."

"I never could get their idea," said Pett.

"Well, here's my idea—or rather Veronica's. She thought it up. Bow for the gentleman, my dear. Doesn't she look modest? I've been dickering with the old birds, Pett. They want to get out of business. Couldn't do anything so long as Pazzy held that contract, but I did get an option on their plant. Ninety-five thousand dollars. It's worth more. I took the option in your name."

"My name!"

"Exactly. If you've got the ginger I think you have, you'll make good. You've fifty thousand planted—so you told me. They'll take fifty thousand down. You can borrow working capital, and I'll back you for twenty-five thousand if you need it. In two years you ought to clean it up and own a fine business. And the threat of that mill would be removed forever."

"Mr. Peters ——" Pett's voice faltered. "Say, by gosh, you're a prince! It's a go. When do we start?"

"Now," said Veronica, who was always for promptness.

That night in their room Ted and Veronica took stock of this, their latest enterprise.

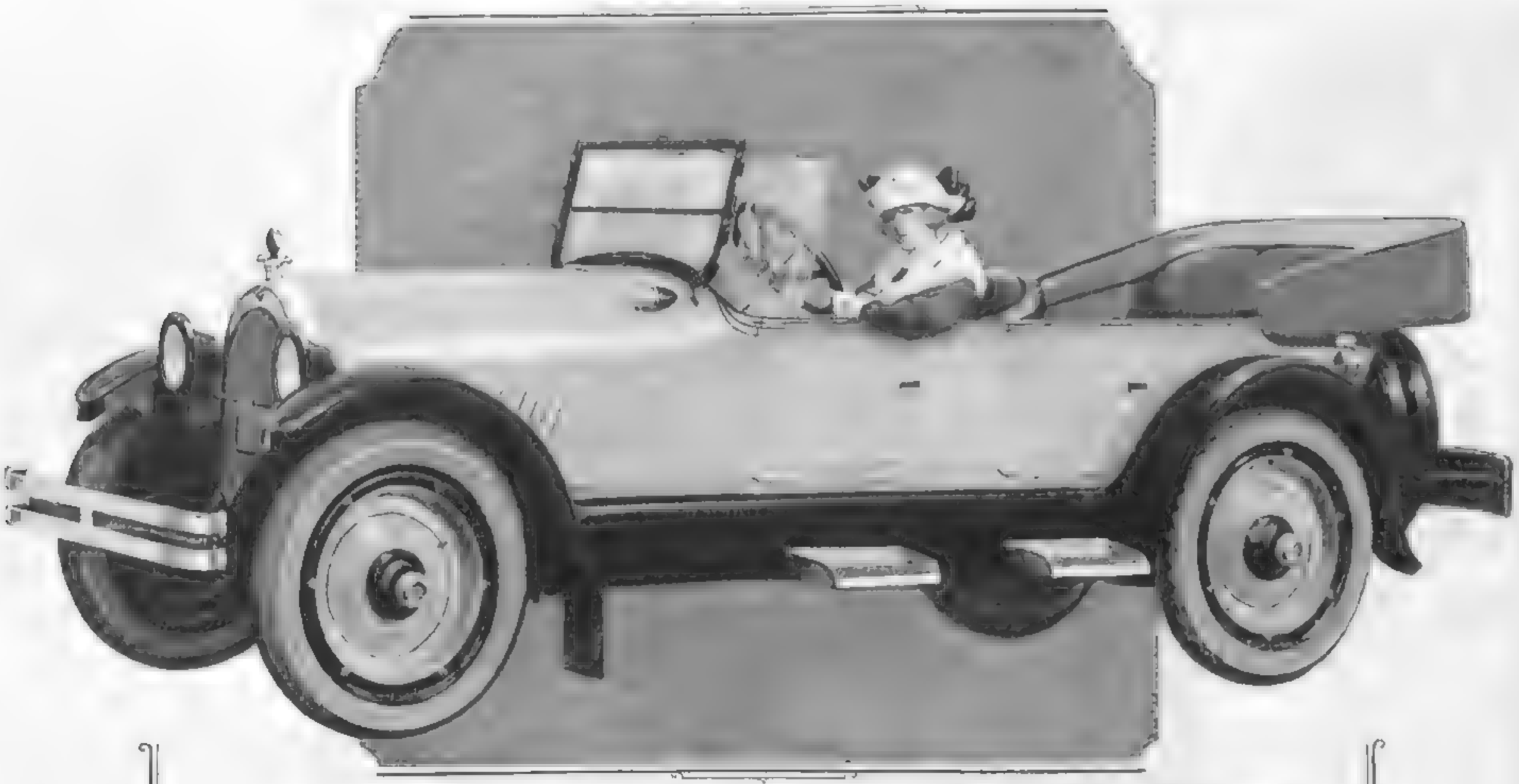
"We've got rid of Pazzy," said Ted. "That comes first."

"We've moved a bunch of dishes at a profit," Veronica added.

"We've put Pett in that mill."

"And," Veronica said in conclusion, "we've had the dickens of a lot of fun. If you can't have fun you might as well quit playing tag. And I love tag."

Grand Cañon, Colorado



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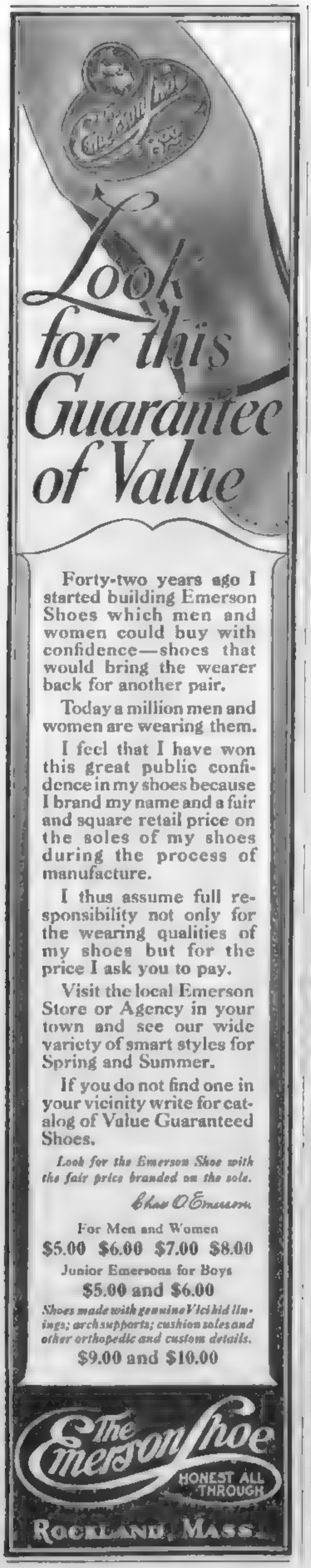
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HONEST ALL THROUGH
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THE COVERED WAGON

(Continued from Page 21)

"You can do thirty miles a day. I know you as a mountain man. Ride! To-morrow I start east to Laramie—and you start west for Oregon!"

And in the morning following two riders left Bridger's for the trail. They parted, each waving a hand to the other.

XLIII

A ROUGH low cabin of logs, hastily thrown together, housed through the winter months of the Sierra foothills the two men who now, in the warm days of early June, sat by the primitive fireplace cooking a midday meal. The older man, thin, bearded, who now spun a side of venison ribs on a cord in front of the open fire, was the mountain man, Bill Jackson, as anyone might tell who ever had seen him, for he had changed but little.

That his companion, younger, bearded, dressed also in buckskins, was Will Banion it would have taken closer scrutiny even of a friend to determine, so much had the passing of these few months altered him in appearance and in manner. Once light of mien, now he smiled never at all. For hours he would seem to go about his duties as an automaton. He spoke at last to his ancient and faithful friend, kindly as ever, and with his own alertness and decision.

"Let's make it our last meal on the Trinity, Bill. What do you say?"

"Why? What's eatin' ye, boy? Gittin' restless ag'in?"

"Yes, I want to move."

"Most does."

"We've got enough, Bill. The last month has been a crime. The spring snows uncovered a fortune, and you know it!"

"Oh, yes, eight hundred in one day ain't bad for two men that never had saw a gold pan a year ago. But she ain't petered yit. With what we've learned, an' what we know, we kin stay in here an' git so rich that hit shore makes me cry to think o' trappin' beaver, even before 1836 when the beaver market busted. Why, rich? Will, hit's like you say, plumb wrong—we done hit so damned easy! I lay awake nights plannin' how to spend my share o' this pile. We must have fifty-sixty thousand dollars o' dust burried under the floor, don't ye think?"

"Yes, more. But if you'll agree I'll sell this claim to the company below us and let them have the rest. They offer fifty thousand flat, and it's enough—more than enough. I want two things—to get Jim Bridger his share, safe and sound, and I want to go to Oregon."

The old man paused in the act of splitting off a deer rib from his roast.

"Ye're one awful damn fool, ain't ye, Will? I did hope to finish up here, a-br'ilin' my meat in a yaller-gold fireplace; but no matter how plain an' simple a man's tastes is, allus somethin' comes along to bust 'em."

"Well, go on and finish your meal in this plain fireplace of ours, Bill. It has done us very well. I think I'll go down to the sluice a while."

Banion rose and left the cabin, stooping at the low door. Moodily he walked along the side of the steep ravine to which the little structure clung. Below him lay the ripped-open slope where the little stream had been diverted. Below again lay the bared bed of the exploited water course, floored with bowlders set in deep gravel, at times with seamy dams of flat rock lying under and across the gravel stretches, the bed rock, ages old, holding in its hidden fingers the rich secrets of immemorial time.

Here he and his partner had in a few months of strenuous labor taken from the narrow and unimportant rivulet more wealth than most could save in a lifetime of patient and thrifty toil. Yes, fortune had been kind. And it all had been so easy, so simple, so unagitating, so matter-of-fact! The hillside now looked like any other hillside, innocent as a woman's eyes, yet covering how much! Banion could not realize that now, young though he was, he was a rich man.

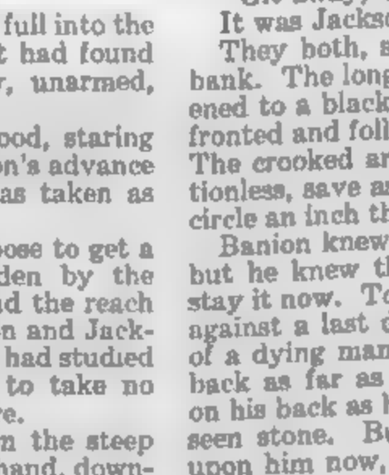
He climbed down the side of the ravine, the little stones rattling under his feet, until he stood on the bared floor of the bed rock which had proved so unbelievably prolific in coarse gold.

There was a sharp bend in the ravine, and here the unpaid toil of the little waterway had, ages long, carried and left especially deep strata of gold-shot gravel. As he stood, half musing, Will Banion heard, on the ravine side around the bend, the tinkle of a falling stone, lazily rolling from one impediment to another. It might be some deer or other animal, he thought. He hastened to get view of the cause, whatever it might be.

And then fate, chance, the goddess of fortune which some men say does not exist, but which all wilderness-goers know does exist, for one instant paused, with Will Banion's life and wealth and happiness lightly abalance in cold, disdainful fingers.

He turned the corner. Almost level with his own, he looked into the eyes of a crawling man who, stooped, one hand steadying himself against the slant of the ravine, the other below, carrying a rifle, was peering frowningly ahead.

It was an evil face, bearded, aquiline, not unhandsome; but evil in its plain meaning now. The eyes were narrowed, the full lips drawn close, as though some tense emotion now approached its climax. The appearance was that of nerves stretched in some purpose long sustained.



Jed Wingate

And why not? When a man would do murder, when that has been his steady and premeditated purpose for a year, waiting only for opportunity to serve his purpose, that purpose itself changes his very lineaments, alters his whole cast of countenance. Other men avoid him, knowing unconsciously what is in his soul, because of what is written on his face.

For months most men had avoided Woodhull. It was known that he was on a man hunt. His questions, his movements, his changes of locality showed that; and Woodhull was one of those who cannot avoid asseverance, needing it for their courage's sake. Now morose and brooding, now loudly profane, now laughing or now aloof, his errand in these little hills was plain. Well, he was not alone among men whose depths were loosed. Some time his hour might come.

It had come! He stared now full into the face of his enemy! He at last had found him. Here stood his enemy, unarmed, delivered into his hands.

For one instant the two stood, staring into one another's eyes. Banion's advance had been silent. Woodhull was taken as much unawares as he.

It had been Woodhull's purpose to get a stand above the sluices, hidden by the angle, where he could command the reach of the stream bed where Banion and Jackson last had been working. He had studied the place before, and meant to take no chances. His shot must be sure.

But now, in his climbing on the steep hillside, his rifle was in his left hand, downhill, and his footing, caught as he was with one foot half raised, was insecure. At no time these last four hours had his opportunity been so close—or so poor—as precisely now!

He saw Will Banion's eyes suddenly startled, quickly estimating, looking into his own. He knew that behind his own eyes his whole foul soul lay bared—the soul of a murderer.

Woodhull made a swift spring down the hill, scrambling, half erect, and caught some sort of stance for the work which now was his to do.

He snarled, for he saw Banion stoop, unarmed. It would do his victim no good to run. There was time even to exult, and that was much better in a long-deferred matter such as this.

"Now, damn you, I've got you!"

He gave Banion that much chance to see that he was now to die.

Half leaning, he raised the long rifle to its line and touched the trigger.

The report came and Banion fell. But even as he wheeled and fell, stumbling down the hillside, his flung arm apparently had gained a weapon. It was not more than the piece of rotten quartz he had picked up and planned to examine later. He flung it straight at Woodhull's face—an act of chance, of instinct. By a hair it saved him.

Firing and missing at a distance of fifty feet, Woodhull remained not yet a murderer in deed. In a flash Banion gathered and sprang toward him as he stood in a half second of consternation at seeing his victim fall and rise again. The rifle carried but the one shot. He flung it down, reached for his heavy knife, raising an arm against the second piece of rock which Banion flung as he closed. He felt his wrist caught in an iron grip, felt the blood gush where his temple was cut by the last missile. And then once more, on the narrow bared floor that but now was patterned in parquetry traced in yellow, and soon must turn to red, it came to man and man between them—and it was free!

They fell and stumbled so that neither could much damage the other at first. Banion knew he must keep the impounded hand back from the knife sheath or he was done. Thus close, he could make no escape. He fought fast and furiously, striving to throw, to bend, to beat back the body of a man almost as strong as himself, and now a maniac in rage and fear.

The sound of the rifle shot rang through the little defile. To Jackson, shaving off bits of sweet meat between thumb and knife blade, it meant the presence of a stranger, friend or foe, for he knew Banion had carried no weapon with him. His own long rifle he snatched from its pegs. At a long, easy lope he ran along the path which carried across the face of the ravine. His moccasined feet made no sound. He saw no one in the creek bed or at the long turn. But now there came a loud, wordless cry which he knew was meant for him. It was Will Banion's voice.

The two struggling men grappled below him had no notion of how long they had fought. It seemed an age, and the dénouement yet another age deferred. But to them came the sound of a voice:

"Git away, Will! Stand back!"

It was Jackson.

They both, still gripped, looked up the bank. The long barrel of a rifle, foreshortened to a black point, above it a cold eye, fronted and followed them as they swayed. The crooked arm of the rifleman was motionless, save as it just moved that deadly circle an inch this way, an inch back again.

Banion knew that this was murder, too, but he knew that naught on earth could stay it now. To guard as much as he could against a last desperate knife thrust even of a dying man, he broke free and sprang back as far as he could, falling prostrate on his back as he did so, tripped by an unseen stone. But Sam Woodhull was not upon him now, was not willing to lose his own life in order to kill. For just one instant he looked up at the death staring down on him, then turned to run.

There was no place where he could run. The voice of the man above him called out sharp and hard:

"Halt! Sam Woodhull, look at me!"

He did turn, in horror, in fascination at sight of the bright angel. The rifle barrel to his last gaze became a small, round circle, large as a bottle top, and around it shone a fringed aura of red and purple light. That might have been the eye.

Steadily as when he had held his friend's life in his hand, sighting five inches above his eyes, the old hunter drew now above the eyes of his enemy. When the dry report cut flat and hard in the confined air of the valley and the body of Sam Woodhull started forward the small blue hole an inch above the eyes showed that the murderer's man hunt was done.

XLIV

WINDING down out of the hills into the grassy valley of the Upper Sacramento, the little pack train of Banion and Jackson, six hardy mules beside the black horse and Jackson's mountain pony, picked its way along a gashed and trampled creek bed. The kyacks which swung heavy on the strongest two mules might hold salt

(Continued on Page 42)

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They bear the unmistakable stamp of that beauty of embellishment, and manufacturing precision, which has always been proverbial in Packard.

Packard has improved upon Packard—but, more deeply significant still, by a more complete mastery of its own superb resources, Packard has produced value without precedent.

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Look for the seal of Wm. Underwood Co. on Deviled Ham, Deviled Meat Dressing, on Soups, Clam Bouillon and Clams in Bouillon

"In business over 100 years."

Underwood
Deviled HAM

(Continued from Page 40)

or lead or gold. It all was one to any who might have seen, and the two silent men, the younger ahead, the older behind, obviously were men able to hold their counsel or to defend their property.

The smoke of a distant encampment caught the keen eye of Jackson as he rode, humming, care-free, the burden of a song.

"Oh, then, Susannah!" admonished the old mountain man, and bade the said Susannah to be as free of care as he himself then and there was.

"More men comin' in," said he presently. "Wonder who them people is, an' ef hit's peace or war."

"Three men. A horse band. Two Indians. Go in easy, Bill."

Banion slowed down his own gait. His companion had tied the six mules together, nose and tail, with the halter of the lead mule wrapped on his own saddle horn. Each man now drew his rifle from the swing loop. But they advanced with the appearance of confidence, for it was evident that they had been discovered by the men of the encampment.

Apparently they were identified as well as discovered. A tall man in leggings and moccasins, a flat felt hat over his long gray hair, stood gazing at them, his rifle butt resting on the ground. Suddenly he emitted an unearthly yell, whether of defiance or of greeting, and springing to his own horse's picket pin gathered in the lariat and, mounting bareback, came on, his rifle high above his head, and repeating again and again his war cry or salutation.

Jackson rose in his stirrups, dropped his lead line and forsook more than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—some two-mule pack loads of gold. His own yell rose high in answer.

"I told ye all the world'd be here!" he shouted back over his shoulder. "Do-ee see that old thief Jim Bridger? Him I left drunk an' happy last summer? Now what in hell brung him here?"

The two old mountain men flung off and stood hand in hand before Banion had rescued the precious lead line and brought on the little train.

Bridger threw his hat on the ground, flung down his rifle and cast his stoic calm aside. Both his hands caught Banion's and his face beamed, breaking into a thousand lines.

"Boy, hit's you, then! I knowed yer horse—he has no like in these parts. I've traced ye by him this hundred miles below an' up agin, but I've had no word this two weeks. Mostly I've seed that when ye ain't lookin' for a b'ar, thar he is. Well, here we air, fine an' fitten, an' me with two bottles left o' somethin' they call coggnac down in Yerba Buena. Come on in an' we'll make medicine."

They dismounted. The two Indians went to the packs. They grunted as they unloaded the two larger mules.

The kyacks were lined up and the mantas spread over them, the animals led away for feed and water. Bridger produced a ham of venison, some beans, a bannock and some coffee—not to mention his two bottles of fiery fluid—before any word was passed regarding future plans or past events.

"Come here, Jim," said Jackson after a time, tin cup in hand. The other followed him, likewise equipped.

"Heft this pannier, Jim."

"Uh-huh? Well, what of hit? What's inter hit?"

"Not much, Jim. Jest three-four hunderd pounds o' gold settin' there in them four packs. Hit hain't much, but hit'll help some."

Bridger stooped and uncovered the kyacks, unbuckled the cover straps.

"Hit's a true pack!" he exclaimed. "Gold! Ef hit hain't, I'm a putrefied liar, an' that's all I got to say!"

Now, little by little, they told, each to other, the story of the months since they had met, Bridger first explaining his own movements.

"I left the Malheur at Boise, an' brung along yan two boys. Ye needn't be a-skeered they'll touch the cargo. The gold means nothin' to 'em, but horses does. We've got a good band to drive north now. Some we bought an' most they stole, but no rancher cares fer horses here an' now.

"We come through the Klamaths, ye see, an' on south—the old horse trail up from the Spanish country, which only the Injuns knows. My boys say they kin take us to the head o' the Willamette.

"So ye did get the gold! Eh, sir?" said Bridger, his eyes narrowing. "The tip the girl give ye was a good one?"

"Yes," rejoined Banion. "But we came near losing it and more. It was Woodhull, Jim. He followed us in."

"Yes, I know. His wagons was not fur behind ye on the Humboldt. He left right atter ye did. He made trouble, huh? He'll make no more? Is that hit, huh?"

Bill Jackson slapped the stock of his rifle in silence. Bridger nodded. He had been close to tragedies all his life. They told him now of this one. He nodded again, close lipped.

"An' ye want courts an' the settlements, boys?" said he. "Fer me, when I kill a rattler, that's enough. Ef ye're touchy an' want yer ree-cord clean, why, we kin go below an' fix hit. Only thing is, I don't want to waste no more time'n I kin help, fer some of them horses has a ree-cord that ain't maybe so plumb clean their own selves. Ye ain't goin' out east—ye're goin' north. Hit's easier, an' a month or two closter, with plenty o' feed an' water—the old Cayuse trail, huh?

"So Sam Woodhull got what he's been lookin' fer so long!" he added presently. "Well, that simples up things some."

"He'd o' got hit long ago, on the Platte, ef my partner hadn't been a damned fool," confirmed Jackson. "He was where we could 'a' buried him nach'erl, in the sands. I told Will then that Woodhull'd murder him the fust chancet he got. Well, he did—er ef he didn't hit wasn't no credit to either one o' them two."

"What differ does hit make, Bill?" remarked Bridger indifferently. "Let bygones be bygones, huh? That's the pleasantest way, sence he's dead.

"Now here we air, with all the gold there ever was molded, an' a hull two bottles o' coggnac left, which takes holt e'enamost better'n Hundson's Bay rum. Ain't it a perty leetle ol' world to play with, all with nice pink stripes erround hit?"

He filled his tin and broke into a roaring song:

"There was a ol' widder which had three sons—
Joshuway, James an' John.
An' one got shot, an' one got drowned,
An' th' last un got losted an' never was found——

"Ain't hit funny, son," said he, turning to Banion with cup uplifted, "how stiff likker allus makes me remember what I done fergot? Now Kit told me, thar at Laramie——"

"Fer I'm goin' out to Oregon, with my wash pan on my knee!" chanted Bill Jackson, now solemnly oblivious of most of his surroundings and hence not consciously discourteous to his friends. "Susannah, don't ye cry!"

They sat, the central figures of a scene wild enough, in a world still primitive and young. Only one of the three remained sober and silent, wondering, if one thing lacked, why the world was made.

XLV

AT THE new farm of Jesse Wingate on the Yamhill the wheat was in stack and ready for the flail, his deerskin sacks made ready to carry it to market after the threshing. His grim and weather-beaten wagon stood, now unused, at the barnyard fence of rails.

It was evening. Wingate and his wife again sat on their little stoop, gazing down the path that led to the valley road. A mounted man was opening the gate, someone they did not recognize.

"Maybe from below," said Molly Wingate. "Jed's maybe sent up another letter. Leave it to him, he's going to marry the most wonderful girl! Well, I'll call it true, she's a wonderful walker. All the Prices was.

"Or maybe it's for Molly," she added. "Ef she's ever heard a word from either Sam Woodhull or——"

"Hush! I do not want to hear that name!" broke in her husband. "Trouble enough he has made for us!"

His wife made no comment for a moment, still watching the stranger, who was now riding up the long approach, little noted by Wingate as he sat moody and distrait.

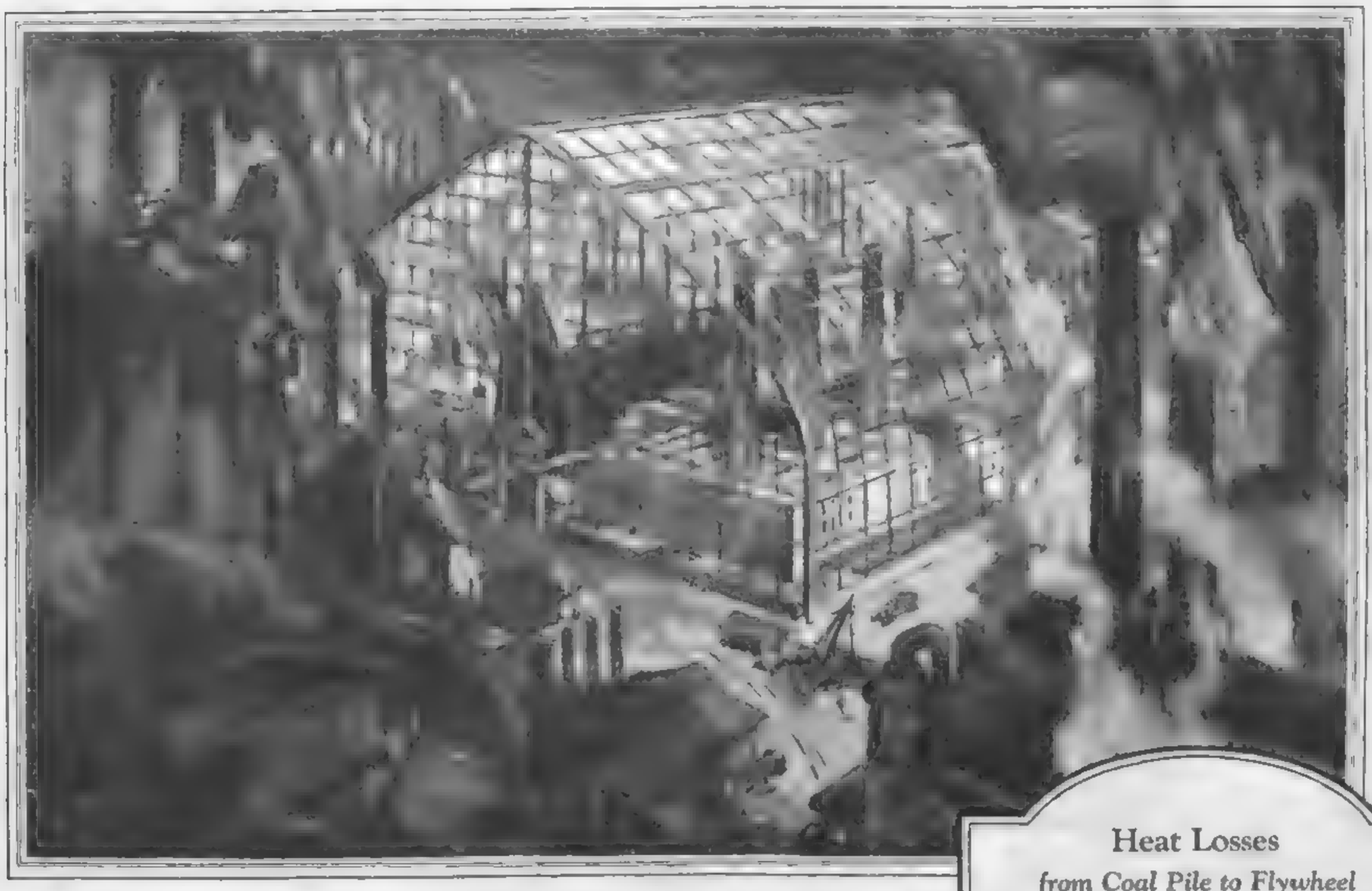
"Jess," said she, "let's be fair and shame the devil. Maybe we don't know all the truth about Will Banion. You go on in the house. I'll tend to this man, whoever he may be."

But she did not. With one more look at the advancing figure, she herself rose and followed her husband. As she passed she cast a swift glance at her daughter, who had not joined them for the twilight hour. Hers was the look of the mother—maternal, solicitous, yet wise and resolved withal, woman understanding woman.

And now was the hour for her ewe lamb to be alone.

Molly Wingate sat in her own little room, looking through her window at the far forest and the mountain peaks in their evening dress of many colors. She was no longer the tattered emigrant girl in fringed frock and mended moccasins. Ships from the world's great ports served the new market of the Columbia Valley. It was a trim and trig young woman in the habiliments of sophisticated lands who sat here now, her heavy hair, piled high, lighted warmly in the illumination of the window. Her skin, clear white, had lost its sunburn in the moister climate between the two ranges

(Continued on Page 44)



Your plant—is it hothouse or hardy?

A SHORT time ago abnormal demand was the industrial hothouse in which most any plant could thrive.

Margins were so broad and demand so active that factory and plant wastes became incidental to the more important urge for production.

But today—there is no hothouse of easy markets. To survive, every plant must be hardy, and every hardy plant can survive.

How to cut costs now in 1922

First of all, wastes must be eliminated.

This is no time to have bare or poorly covered hot surfaces and pipes wasting fuel, when each square foot of such surface wastes from 500 to 1,000 lbs. of coal per year.

Again—even a small plant, through leaky furnace and baffles, wastes tons of fuel that could be saved by a few dollars spent on corrective heat treatment.

Even such a detail as packing can by intelligent selection be made to serve as a saver of power, of wear and tear, and to materially reduce maintenance costs on engines, compressors, and pumps.

Read the notes in the panel at the right. Think of them as a basis for a meeting with a Johns-Manville man, along with your engineer. You owe it to yourself to know what you can save and where. Let us help you find out.

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The area of each of these squares represents what is left of the energy in a ton of coal at each step in power production after the unavoidable heat losses have been deducted at each stage

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For details on all Johns-Manville Power Plant materials, send to Madison Ave. at 41st Street, New York City

JOHNS-MANVILLE Asbestos

PIPE COVERINGS — PACKINGS — CEMENTS — POWER SPECIALTIES — TRAPS

(Continued from Page 42)

of mountains. Quiet, reticent, reserved—cold, some said; but all said Molly Wingate, teacher at the mission school, was beautiful, the most beautiful young woman in all the great Willamette settlements. Her hands were in her lap now, and her face as usual was grave. A sad young woman, her Oregon lovers all said of her.

She heard now a knock at the front door, to which, from her position, she could not have seen anyone approach. She called out "Come!" but did not turn her head.

A horse stamped, neighed near her door. Her face changed expression. Her eyes grew wide in some strange association of memories suddenly revived.

She heard a footfall on the gallery floor, then on the floor of the hall. It stopped. Her heart almost stopped with it. Some undiscovered sense warned her, cried aloud to her. She faced the door, wide-eyed, as it was flung open.

"Molly!"

Will Banion's deep-toned voice told her all the rest. In terror, her hands to her face, she stood an instant, then sprang toward him, her voice almost a wail in its incredulous joy:

"Will! Will! Oh, Will! Oh! Oh!"

"Molly!"

They both paused.

"It can't be! Oh, you frightened me, Will! It can't be you!"

But he had her in his arms now. At first he could only push back her hair, stroke her cheek, until at last the rush of life and youth came back to them both, and their lips met in the sealing kiss of years. Then both were young again. She put up a hand to caress his brown cheek. Tenderly he pushed back her hair.

"Will! Oh, Will! It can't be!" she whispered again and again.

"But it is! It had to be! Now I'm paid! Now I've found my fortune!"

"And I've had my year to think it over, Will. As though the fortune mattered!"

"Not so much as that one other thing that kept you and me apart. Now I must tell you ——"

"No, no, let be! Tell me nothing!"

"But I must! You must hear me! I've waited two years for this!"

"Long, Will! You've let me get old!"

"You old?" He kissed her in contempt of time. "But now wait, dear, for I must tell you.

"You see, coming up the valley I met the clerk of the court of Oregon City, and he knew I was headed up for the Yamhill. He asked me to serve as his messenger. 'I've been sending up through all the valley settlements in search of one William Banion,' he said to me. Then I told him who I was. He gave me this."

"What is it?" And she turned to her lover. He held in his hands a long package, infolded in an otter skin. "Is it a court summons for Will Banion? They can't have you, Will!"

He smiled, her head held between his two hands.

"'I have a very important document for Col. William Banion,' the clerk said to me. 'It has been for some time in our charge, for delivery to him at once should he come into the Oregon settlements. It is from His Excellency the President of the United States. Such messages do not wait. Seeing it of such importance, and knowing it to be military, Judge Lane opened it, since we could not trace the addressee. If you like—if you are, indeed, Col. William Banion'—that was what he said."

He broke off, choking.

"Ah, Molly, at last and indeed I am again William Banion!"

He took from the otter skin—which Chardon once had placed over the oilskin used by Carson to protect it—the long and formal envelope of heavy linen. His finger pointed—"On the Service of the United States."

"Why, Will!"

He caught the envelope swiftly to his lips, holding it there an instant before he could speak.

"My pardon! From the President! Not guilty—oh, not guilty! And I never was!"

"Oh, Will, Will! That makes you happy?"

"Doesn't it you?"

"Why, yes! But I knew that always! And I know now I'd have followed you to the gallows if that had had to be."

"Though I were a thief?"

"Yes! But I'd not believe it! I didn't! I never did! I could not!"

"You'd take my word against all the world—just my word, if I told you it wasn't true? You'd want no proof at all? Will you always believe in me in that way? No proof?"

"I want none now. You do tell me that? No, no! I'm afraid you'd give me proofs! I want none! I want to love you for what you are, for what we both are, Will! I'm afraid!"

He put his hands on her shoulders, held her away at arms' length, looked straight into her eyes.

"Dear girl," said he, "you need never be afraid any more."

She put her head down contentedly against his shoulder, her face nestling sidewise, her eyes closed, her arms again quite around his neck.

"I don't care, Will," said she. "No, no, don't talk of things!" He did not talk. In the sweetness of the silence he kissed her tenderly again and again.

And now the sun might sink. The light of the whole world by no means died with it.

(THE END)

"At Conneaut, Ohio, the oil still ran out of the upper petcock"

Surprised on Saturday —sold on Sunday

Why one Ford owner ordered a drum of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" when he drove back from Cleveland

THE OWNER of a gasoline service station in western Pennsylvania relates this experience: A neighbor drives his Ford to Cleveland every Saturday. When Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" was suggested he said, "It's too high priced." The service station man, Mr. H., replied, "I would like to take a run with you some time and furnish the gas and oil as my share of the trip."

On Friday night the Ford owner came around. Mr. H. drained the crank-case, put in Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" and filled up the gasoline tank. The next day they started.

At Conneaut, Ohio, about eighty miles out, the owner said, "You'd better look at the oil, as I always add a quart here." But the oil still ran out of the upper petcock. *Surprise No. 1.* They drove on to Cleveland. Still no additional oil was needed. *Surprise No. 2.* Sunday evening they started home. At Conneaut they looked at the oil. Only a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" was added. *Surprise No. 3.*

The Ford owner insisted that this trip had always required three quarts of ordinary oil. He said to Mr. H., "You'd better get me a drum of this Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" so I will always have it."

A week's fair trial of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" may surprise you as much as it did the gentleman who drove to Cleveland.

IN BUYING Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords If you drive another make of car, send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication"

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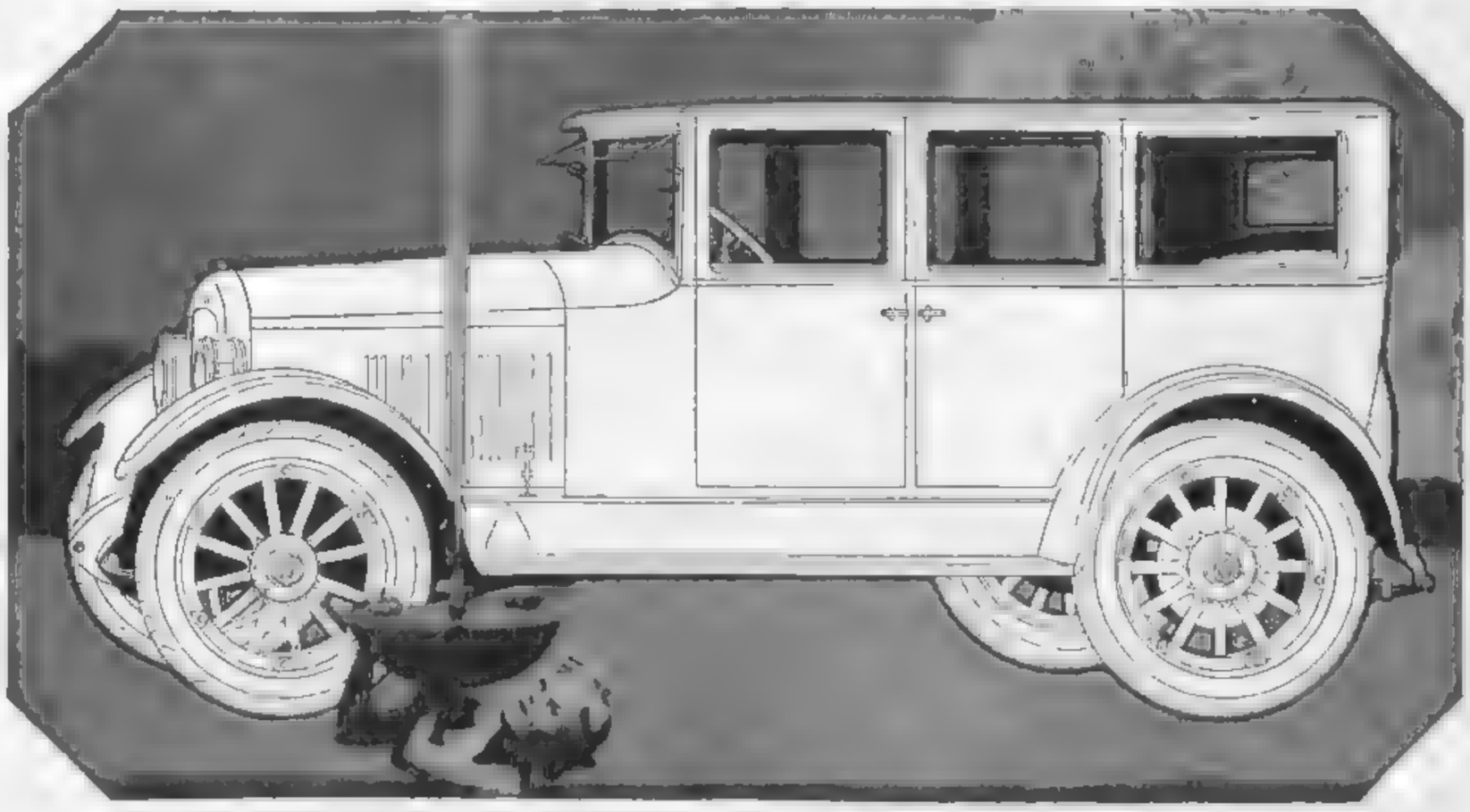
VACUUM OIL COMPANY

St. Barlaam's Monastery, Greece, Founded in the 14th Century

A 50 Horsepower, Six Cylinder Sedan



Four Doors—All Steel—$1395

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The New Jewett Sedan is of all steel construction with four tightly fitting doors that close with snap and precision. The entire back is one solid stamping without joints or gaps in the metal. That means there can be no rattles, squeaks or annoying vibration.

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Then, up under the hood, there is a mighty Paige built six cylinder motor that develops full 50 horsepower. Because it is a six it is a mechanism of inherent balance, overlapping impulses. It will sweep you along at sixty miles an hour or throttle down to three in traffic. That means giant energy and smooth vibrationless riding qualities.

And, underlying and supplementing every other detail, is a chassis that bears the stamp of engineering genius. The frame, clutch, transmission, drive shaft and rear axle are perfectly coördinated units—as strong as tested metal and fine craftsmanship can make them. That means long life, endurance and true economy.

Need we say more about this remarkable motor car value? It is sold and served by Paige dealers everywhere.

JEWETT

A Thrifty Six JEWETT *Built by Paige*

"Harmony divine
So smoothes her charming tones that
God's own ear
Listens delighted"

Milton—Paradise Lost

"Value—" *that's what you want in everything you buy now-a-days and* "Value—" *that's what you get in this instrument of finest musical quality—the*

STORY & CLARK PLAYER PIANO

Prices are down—you can't pay less and get an instrument that you will be proud to own for a lifetime—and you can pay a great deal more and not get anything finer in tone quality, design or ease of operation

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THE YOUNG MAN IN JOURNALISM

(Continued from Page 25)

in the prime of life must be a very young man, he said, a man in the first part of his life.

Likewise, he stirred us up one day by criticizing the use a writer had made of the word "manufactured" in describing something made by machinery. "'Manufacture,'" he said, "comes from the Latin '*manus*,' the hand, and '*facio*,' I make; 'manufacture' means to make by hand, not by machinery or in any other way."

He objected to the use of "dexterity" in the sense of skill, adroitness, aptitude, either physical or mental. "*Dexter*" is the Latin word meaning the right, and correctly speaking, "dexterous movements" means right-hand movements, was the plea.

"Where is your Latin?" he asked a writer who had said that a political convention had indorsed a candidate. "You cannot indorse a man; you indorse a note or a document by writing on its back. 'Indorse' is from the Latin '*in*,' on, and '*dorsum*,' the back. It is incorrect to use it in the sense of general approval." Someone spoke up to say that under that strict meaning you might indorse a man by hitting him on the back with a club, and the critical lesson ended in laughter.

These criticisms of Mr. Dana's were made and heeded forty or fifty years ago. But like many other words of Latin origin they have come into general use in the ways to which he objected. Usage is amplifying the service of many Latin roots, is giving them wider and more general meaning. "Dexterous" and "dexterity" have come by common consent to mean alert, nimble physical or mental service of various kinds. We use the word "manufacture" for the making of anything, by machinery or chemical processes or almost any way. We indorse men's sentiments or conduct, the action of conventions or anything to which we wish to give the stamp of approval. "Prime" is in constant use to express vigor, beauty, power, fullness of perfection, maturity. These uses attest the constant change, the expansion of our language. There is less inclination to hold the language to rigidity of root meaning.

Standards of Good Usage

There were other busy minds in the old Sun office when it came to considering the use of words. Thomas Hitchcock, who wrote so entertainingly on finance, signing his articles "Matthew Marshall," was one of them. Never did the word "leniency" get into the news columns but he spotted it and went after the unfortunate offender. "'Lenity' is the word. Why do you persist in saying 'leniency' when you mean 'lenity'?" he demanded. In vain the victims trotted out the dictionary, which didn't make any great distinction between the words, but Hitchcock was never convinced that "leniency" had any place in the language. Another word that disturbed him was "agreeable" when used in the sense of causing a pleasant sensation of mind or body. Agreement, he urged, was concurrence between persons, not things. A man could not agree with the warmth of his grate fire, hence it was wrong to say that this warmth was agreeable.

And there was dear old Doctor Wood, who because of his skill in abbreviation came to be known as the Great American Condensor. We wonder how many hundred times in his editing he changed the word "audience" to "spectators" or something else. "An audience," he wearily repeated, "is a gathering of hearers—'*audio*' is the Latin verb meaning to hear. People who see pantomimes, prize fights or circuses"—there were no movies in those days or he would have included them—"are not audiences." And how many times did he change "on" the street to "in" the street, "last" to "latest," "observe" to "notice," a "divine" to a "clergyman," "per cent" to "proportion" "per cent means by the hundred," he snapped. Wood accepted Richard Grant White's book, Words and Their Uses, without question.

Fifty years ago, and goodness knows how many years before, nearly every office had long printed lists of prohibited words. They have been repeated constantly ever since in many articles on newspaper English and the use of words. There seems to be a fascination in writing about them. You might think that by this time they were ground into the very souls of newspaper writers. But they seem to be unheeded. We were told we must say a man accepts a post, not a position; that it was wrong to speak of a part of the country as a section; region was the proper word; that folks did not locate in a region, they went to live there; that you lend money, do not loan it; that a residue of anything is a remainder, not a balance; that nine times out of ten you give a thing, do not donate it; that you shouldn't say "party" when you mean "person"—and so on to great length. Yet all these words that were so unwelcome to the critics of fifty years ago continue in common newspaper use to-day. They are misused, many of them, but why?

Writing for newspapers differs from other literary work in this: The newspaper writer has little opportunity for revision. Almost all articles for daily sheets are written at a single sitting. The writers of editorial matter have several hours in which to compose, and usually they have a proof sheet for revision. The writers of short news articles may read and correct their manuscript. But in the big offices as soon as the reporter who is writing an article of any considerable length has finished two or three pages they are grabbed by an office boy, hurried to a copy reader, who revises them as best he may and rushes them to the composing room to be set up. The writer does not see his pages again, does not read them over, even, after writing them. All big news reports—stories of great disasters, football matches, public meetings or demonstrations—are prepared with this haste.

Will Irwin's Classic

The playhouse and opera critics write under these same trying circumstances, with no time for leisurely thought or revision. It is difficult, indeed, to write of a great performance in a whirlwind of hurry, with less than two hours for deliberate consecutive thought. The French critic's way of presenting a news paragraph in the edition following the performance, and reserving a carefully prepared review for a later-date publication, commends itself; but the American newspapers continue to print long comments on first-night performances two or three hours after the fall of the curtain. The opera critics have the advantage of attending rehearsals of new operas and may prepare parts of the article in advance, but rehearsals are spiritless, for performers have not the inspiration and response of the audience.

Intensity of thought and concentration must engross the writer. He must prepare himself by study and practice to throw every atom of his mental vitality into the work, to write immediately, and without expectation of revision, exactly what should appear in the newspaper. Mind discipline is a great help in newspaper work. The man must school himself to work under all conditions of mental anguish, physical distress, heart sorrow or unhappiness of any kind. He cannot surrender to moods or to whims or to physical sensations. He must continue hour after hour, day after day, with the same hurry-up speed. As in crowded Broadway if you cannot keep up with the procession you must be trodden on or take to a side street, so must the active newspaper man everlastingly keep going. It is largely a matter of mind discipline, of study and practice, of intense mental concentration and swiftness of thought.

In illustration of how men write under great anguish of mind may be mentioned the experience of Will Irwin and the San Francisco earthquake and fire. Irwin was a San Franciscan and he wrote in the big news room of the Sun office the greater part of the running story of the disaster as the fragments of news came along over the congested wires. He believed that his wife and his son were in the destroyed zone, visiting an aunt. Every effort was made to get word from them, but not any came. He not only wrote the story of the destruction of San Francisco but also that classic of journalism The City That Was while

(Continued on Page 49)

MODEL NO. A-181

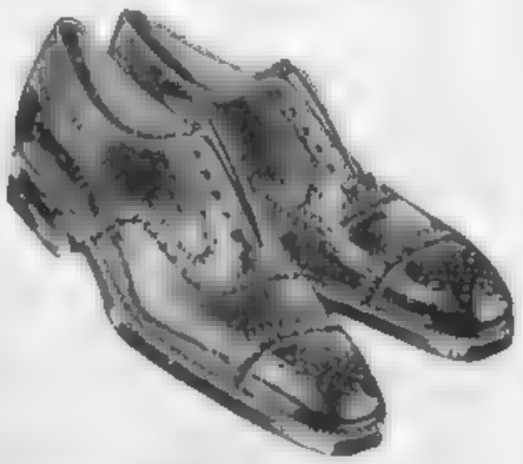
Barbara Brown
—a Brown bilt Shoe

Model A-181 is a Smoke Elk Sport Lace Oxford; plain toe; mahogany calf saddle strap; a one-inch rubber heel; Goodyear welt; an exceedingly attractive sport shoe.

Women who take pride in having their feet neatly and correctly shod, find that Barbara Brown Shoes have real distinction, and enhance the natural beauty of the feet.

Brown bilt Shoes for Women are described as "Barbara Brown" Shoes. They are all made from dependable leathers and by shoemakers who are expert craftsmen.

Your local dealer can show you the latest models in these attractive Brown bilt Shoes—at $7.00, $8.00, $9.00 and up.



MODEL NO. B-136

Burton Brown
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Model B-136 is a Brown Norwegian Grain Lace Oxford; pinked and perforated; Goodyear welt; 7/8 inch rubber heel.

Brown bilt Shoes for Men are always described as "Burton Brown" Shoes. They are bench-made by skilled shoemakers from thoroughly dependable leathers. They combine solid comfort, correct style and sterling quality.

Men who demand real value in their shoes will look for the name "Brown bilt" stamped in the shank of the shoe—it is the mark of worth.

Ask your local dealer to show you the latest models in Burton Brown Shoes—at $7.00, $8.00, $9.00 and up.

For Boys For Girls

BUSTER BROWN
—A BROWN BILT SHOE

YEARS OF STUDY and years of tests were required to perfect the Brown Shaping Lasts. Because they are made upon these perfect lasts, Buster Brown Shoes insure proper protection for the pliable bones of the growing feet, and provide correct support for each tender muscle.

The boy or girl who wears Buster Brown Shoes regularly will therefore have sturdy, healthy, shapely feet—free from twisted toes, weak ankles, broken arches, corns and bunions. Buster Brown Shoes are economical shoes to buy—because they are made from dependable leathers, by skilled shoemakers. The soles are cut from the heart of the hide, and are all of Goodyear welt construction.

Good stores everywhere sell Buster Brown Shoes at $4.00, $5.00, $6.00 and up, according to size and style. No. F-353 shown below is a White Cloth Pump; patent leather tip, collar and strap; Goodyear welt construction; rubber heel.

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Brown bilt Shoes are manufactured only by

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Number of Rooms	Price, per day 1 Person	2 Persons
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194	2.50	4.00
48	3.50	5.00
288	4.00	6.00
213	5.00	7.00
181	6.00	8.00
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Vice-President and Manager

In all Departments - Rooms, Restaurants, Taxicab Service, Garage you get the superior values characteristic of Hotel La Salle

CHICAGO'S FINEST HOTEL

(Continued from Page 46.

under the mental strain of belief that his wife and son were lost. Every little while he stopped, ran his hands through his hair and muttered to himself something that sounded like "My God, if I knew only where they are!" And then he resumed the grinding out of the narrative. Three days after the disaster word came that they were in San José.

Please do not undervalue the priceless benefits of practice—of practice that will give skill in saying exactly what you want to say the first time you say it. In leisurely writing you may rewrite and change and make perfect, but in newspaper writing you have one dash only at it, without much opportunity for revision. Your reputation as a newspaper writer hangs on that one effort. You can cultivate the gift of ready speech just as many a finished orator has done.

It has been said of President Wilson that early in his youth he appreciated the advantages of ready speech and set about to improve himself in its use. He practiced speaking long and constantly. In the seclusion of his room he conducted imaginary debates, talking to himself first on one side and then on the other of some public question. On his student walks he addressed the crags and peaks, the winding rivers, the silent meadows—all for practice in the quick use of language, the shading of sentences and the putting of emphasis on climaxes of thought and conclusion. And he became one of the most interesting and convincing speakers this country—or any other country for that matter—ever has known.

Now the newspaper writer is virtually producing language in the same manner as does the extemporaneous speaker. If he dictates his articles, as many of our best writers do, there is little difference, for he does little revision. The value of practice is known to every speaker. It follows that practice is equally helpful toward perfection in newspaper writing. But the young newspaper writer must practice writing at top speed. Let him practice in the line of work that he happens to be doing. If a reporter, for example, let him absorb the facts narrated in a fifty-line report in any newspaper, and then by a mighty effort of mental concentration reproduce the facts of that article with all possible speed, in different language and construction, and with full purpose not to imitate it. An hour a day of this practice will help to facility of expression, to quick construction and, best of all, to the inestimable benefits of mental concentration.

Vigorous Writing

The young writer should seek to rise above the commonplace. It was said of Machiavelli that "having adopted some of the maxims then generally received, he arranged them more luminously and expressed them more forcibly than any other writer."

The young writer should study the art of making his words exude the very spirit of the occasion—the art of describing joyous events with joyous words and shadowing melancholy happenings with the language of gloom. He should seek the faculty of "making obscure truth pleasing: of making repulsive truth attractive."

Let him follow the counsel of a distinguished critic who says: "Choose concrete nouns rather than vague, abstract, woolly ones. Use straightforward speech rather than circumlocution. . . . Remember that the first virtue, the touchstone of masculine style is the use of the active verb and concrete noun. When you write in the active voice 'They gave him a silver teapot,' you write as a man. When you write 'He was made the recipient of a silver teapot,' you write jargon."

Avoid overworked words is common advice to young journalists. An article in The Writer has much to say of ways by which the constant use of the word "said" may be prevented. "Said" sometimes becomes monotonous, especially in the dialogue of fiction, but almost always another verb may be found to express the author's meaning. The Writer printed a list of three hundred and eighty-two verbs found in about fifty magazine stories which had been used instead of "said." Frequently the use of a verb helps to make more concise as well as to avoid the use of the word "said." "'It hurts,' said John in a complaining tone," is not so good as "'It hurts,' John complained." Again, "'Please help me,' said the beggar in pitiful beseeching appeal," is better expressed by "'Please help me,' the beggar pleaded." The language is rich in verbs.

Another overworked word, and a slow word too, is the word "show." It does seem as though the average newspaper writer cannot think of any other word when he writes that this action or this event or this conclusion or this computation shows that, and so forth, when he might say attests, evinces, betokens, bespeaks, implies, indicates, proves, or any other suitable verb of the twenty-five or more he may find in a thesaurus.

Overworked Phrases

Looseness of speech is found in the use of explanatory phrases that might be expressed by a single verb. The verb is the heart of language life, the soul of expression. Why, for example, do we write "He reflected on the situation" when "He cogitated" would be better?

He spoke reprovingly to the boy. He chided the boy.

He spoke in a mocking, deriding manner. He jeered.

His breath came convulsively and brokenly. He gasped.

They exchanged idle words and gossip. They babbled.

He gave utterance to the thought. He echoed the thought.

He was filled with wonder. He marveled.

He busied himself with the affairs of his neighbors. He meddled.

He uttered a suppressed groan. He moaned.

She spoke in low, indistinct words. She mumbled.

His was an exhibition of empty talk. He palavered.

I am aware that these things are elementary—exceedingly elementary; but they are of import to young newspaper writers. Slovenly, disjointed, confused diction must retard progress. Some of the schools of journalism are giving practical instruction in the editing of copy, are giving useful drill in copy reading. But the common lecture in the college English course—the little essay on some distinguished author that tells of his life, his habits, his intellectual yearnings and his midnight inspirations, with a few comments on his style and diction—is of little use in teaching a young man to write.

We were told in the days of fifty years ago that overworked phrases are quite as dispiriting to the reader as overworked words. The style books have told us so ever since. As after repeated use a drug ceases to have effect on the human system, so words and phrases wear out after constant repetition and have but feeble effect on the mind. It is easy to compile scores of these commonplaces, excellent indeed when first uttered but inexpressive because so familiar. The mind does not reflect their true value. How much better to say that a thing is beautiful than that "it is a thing of beauty and a joy forever"; or that a thundercloud was black rather than that it "was black as the ace of spades." Yet in recent comment on disarmament a New York morning newspaper editorial writer weakened an article of less than fifty lines by including the expressions: "Too ready to lay his cards on the table"; "Mr. Hughes has boldly taken the bull by the horns"; "striking ruthlessly to the very heart of the problem"; "America's signal contribution to the success of the conference"; "leaves nothing to be desired in the way of." Every one of these expressions is at least fifty years old.

Familiarity with a topic usually results in diminished interest in that topic. It is our nature to seek things new. We tire of the commonplace and the obvious. If you wish to make your words effective lift them out of the commonplace. Many a fine thought has been weakened or lost by feeble diction.

Study—persistent, laborious, intelligent study—is the key to success in writing. Occasionally a genius startles with a spontaneous facility for the use of words and sentences, but the nine hundred and ninety-nine others of us newspaper plodders must achieve our purpose by the hardest kind of hard work. We must study the derivation of words, the various uses of words. If we are to keep up with these snappy times we must hunt for strong, masculine nouns and rapid-fire verbs and staccato adjectives and sudden adverbs. Almost always we can find a better word

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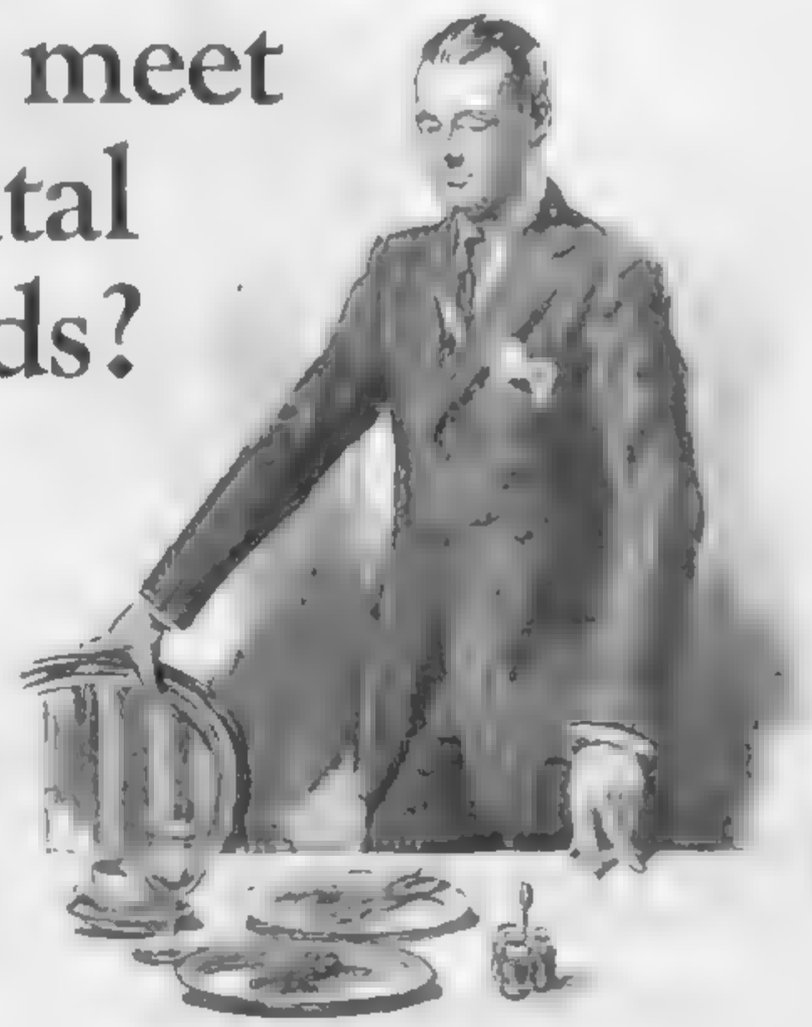

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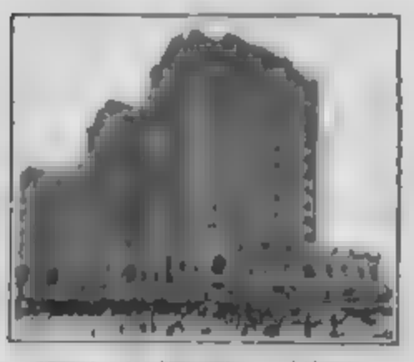

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The Rice Process White

than the one that first suggests itself. Almost always we may shorten and simplify a sentence if we study it.

The word spoken may be forgotten. The word written stands for all time. The orator may move his hearers by eloquence, by gesture, by facial expression, by the tricks of public speaking, even though his words be feeble or not well chosen or his conclusions be not convincing. His words may be forgotten—certainly will not be remembered unless recorded—but they have been reënforced by his arts of eloquence, maybe by audacity of speech, by his personality, and the net result is favorable. The orator's bluff may serve him well at times, but the words of the writer must stand on their merits in lasting type. Type furnishes little emotion. There are few typographical tricks that cause heart flutter or mental spasm.

Just plain words alone—words, words nearly every one of which is already familiar to the reader—must make the writer's reputation. How important that every word be studied!

The young journalist cannot be urged too strongly to study the use of words. Every word has its correct use; many words are used incorrectly. You will find it an interesting study. If you doubt its interest, be so good as to open your dictionary to any haphazard page and read intently for fifteen minutes. You will find words the existence of which you had not known, the uses of which you had not understood. Observe the derivation and thus the primary meaning of the word and you cannot miss its proper place. You cannot put time to better purpose if you seek excellence in English composition than by studying the English dictionary a few minutes every day.

When a writer is sure of his information, is sincere in his attitude, and is eager for its presentation, words and sentences usually come to him with ease. It is when he is shaky over his facts or insincere or dishonest that his words become feeble, lack convincing quality, do not ring true. It is interesting to observe how often dishonest journalism convicts itself through timidity of diction.

Some of our modern English is practical and easy to understand. The words "scrapped" and "junked" seem to have been put permanently into the language by the Washington disarmament conference. A well-known journal says, "The newspapers were kidding him," and likely enough we must accept "kid" as a verb. The Navy now says of a man when he departs that he "shoves off." It is proper to say of a dissatisfied person, according to the dictionaries, that he is "peeved," but the use of the word is rather new. Food is known as "eats" and the pleasures of the pipe and of cigars are called "smokes." A recent headline said, "Flivvers furnish booze to soldiers." Another newspaper transforms "hocus" into a verb: "Complained that she hocused him." Another journal says of some occupation of youngsters that "it gives them no time to go on the loose."

Editorial Writing

A new invention brings out a new crop of words. We have "automobile," "garage," "speedometer," "limousine," "taxi," "taximeter," "motor boat," "motorcycle," "chauffeur"—all useful and necessary additions to our elastic language. The airplane has brought as many more, and so has wireless transmission.

Editorial writing requires a different literary touch than is used in news narration. It is harder to catch the knack of it. The special article or news report gives information only; the editorial article seeks to persuade, explain, amuse. It must attract the reader's attention and it is the writer's art of combining chat, information and opinion that wins this result. Its opportunities for literary perfection are boundless. Every trick of language, argument, invective, ridicule, sarcasm, humor, frolic, pathos, every element that enters literature may be indulged in, and the more striking the more successful.

The editorial page is the most important part of the newspaper. It gives the sheet its greatest distinction, its widest influence, its chief reputation—gives the editor his proudest satisfaction. It is here that the editor reveals to the public the true measure of his ability and inspires the confidence and the respect of his community, if at all. The editorial article is a little essay on a current topic. You may glorify the topic by giving it conspicuous importance in the strongest language at command; or you may minimize it by inane, flabby comments on its weakest features and by ignoring its essentials. You may give it fine literary flavor or you may drool over it. The tricks of the trade come with practice.

Editorial writing is fascinating. To wield influence always gives satisfaction. For centuries it has been the ambition of orators and writers to influence men's thoughts, to direct men's actions. Creative work is perhaps the most enjoyable of all work. In the newspaper it has come to be the most important. An original editorial article summons all the creative ability of the writer. It is the product of his years of study and experience. The news department may be conducted without an excess of book learning, for news getting has become so systematized it is difficult to invent a new way of treating the news. But before you have been an editorial writer many months you will have called into precious use all your reasoning powers, all your philosophy, all the principles of life and of conduct you may have observed.

News events may be so presented as to have quick influence. Many readers glance at headlines and scan news columns and are influenced without giving them a scrap of intellectual reflection. But the editorial writer must have real merit to influence other men.

He must possess the art of composition, of ready speech, of carrying conviction. He not only thinks for his readers but also he seeks to persuade to his way of thinking.

Lafcadio Hearn's Advice

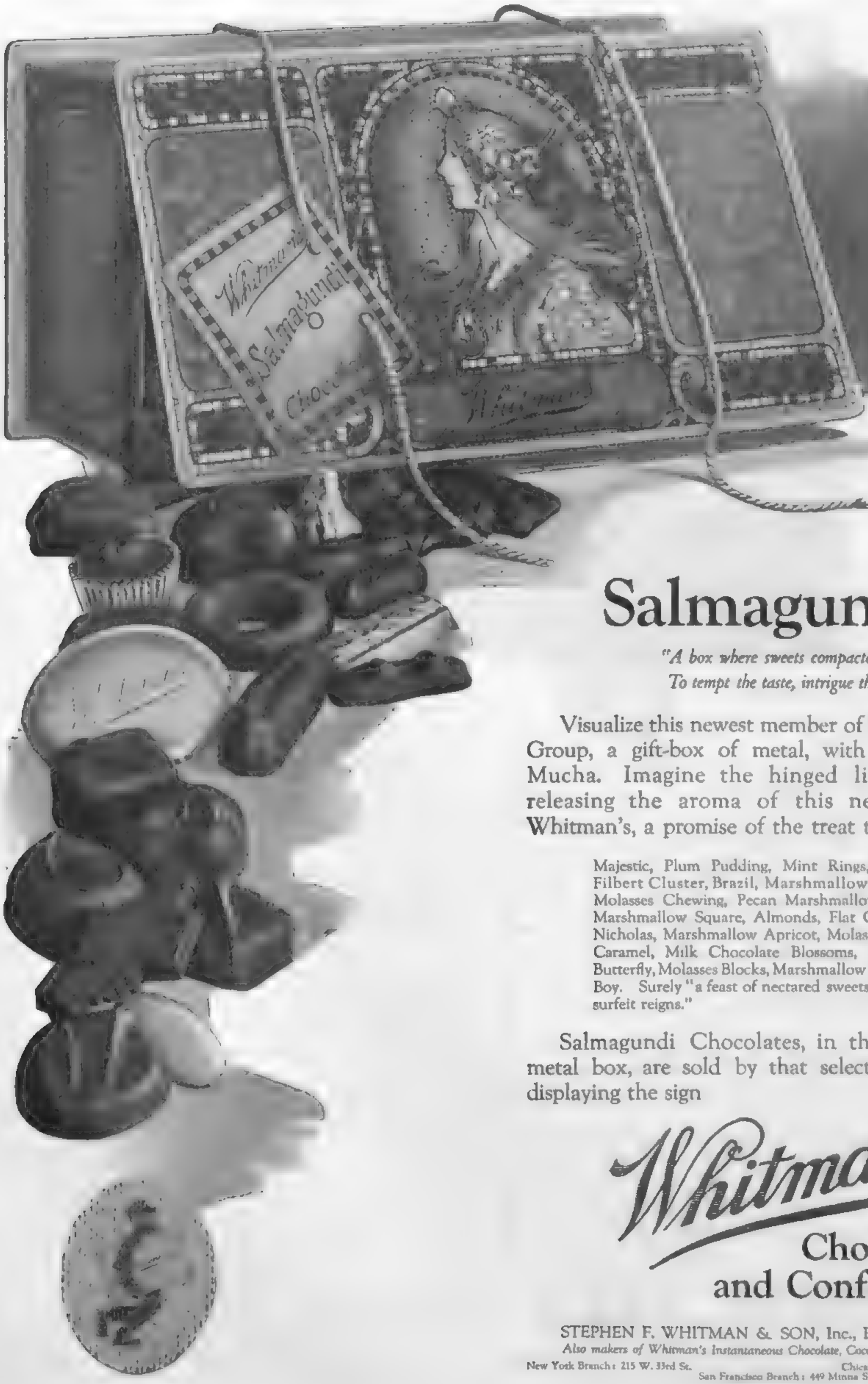
In large cities, where the newspapers are opulent and large staffs are employed, the editorial writer is expected to produce one article only each day. But the number of opulent journals is small, and in almost all American newspaper offices the editorial writer furnishes several articles. Always he is hurried. He has little time for the study of his subject or for proper thought. This hurry tempts to a condition of routine thought, to the utterance of the obvious, to imitation. Hurried writing usually is slovenly writing, and that is a reason why so much of our editorial writing is mediocre. This everlasting hurry is a serious drawback to good newspaper making; but it is also an incentive to quick thinking. What has been said of the politician, that he must act often before he has read or thought, is singularly true of the editor. He must understand the political, commercial, social questions of the hour, must be prepared to hop right into instant discussion of them. He must train himself to use quick judgment and to reach quick conclusions.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in a lecture to the Cambridge students urged them to study writing and to practice it—to write and rewrite with intent to gain facility in diction and in the fashioning of sentences and especially to seek to make their prose "accurate, perspicuous, persuasive, and appropriate." He would insure greater accuracy by the study and practice of the use of words. Thought and speech being inseparable it follows that we cannot use the humblest process of thought—cannot resolve to take our bath hot or cold or decide what to order for breakfast—without forecasting it in some form of words. Words, in fine, he urges, are the only currency in which we can exchange thought, even with ourselves.

Does it not follow, then, that the more accurately we use words the closer definition we shall give to our thoughts? "The first aim of speech is to be understood, and the more clearly we write the more easily and surely we will be understood. Not to be understood is to be a sloven in speech."

Lafcadio Hearn urged the students of the University of Tokio to study the construction of sentences—to write them over and over again until they were nearly perfect, saying: "A thing once written is not literature. . . . No man can produce real literature at one writing. . . . To produce even a single sentence of good literature requires that the text be written at least three times. . . . For literature more than any other art the all-necessary thing is patience." He advised the students to write a practice piece and put it away for a week; then to revise it and put

(Continued on Page 53)



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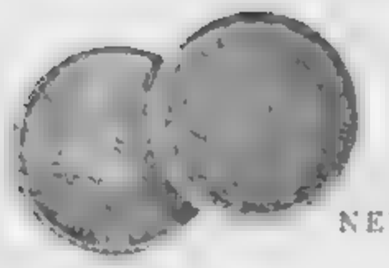
News of his wisdom and his learning spread far and wide. The size of the town in which he lived was doubled by the people who came to study his doctrines. Such was the faith in his word that when his followers made an assertion upon any subject, if they were asked how they knew it to be true, they would reply simply: "*Ipse Dixit*"—"He himself has said it!"

The world accepts its ideas—and its commercial products—largely on such faith. The unknown product, though it have a guarantee written in the strongest terms, fails to inspire the confidence that the known product commands, though it have no guarantee at all. A name of recognized worth is its own promise and its own pledge. Reputation is the best of all salesmen.

It is the business of advertising to make character known, and by so doing to create reputation. It is the power of advertising to make people feel, when they see the name of a recognized manufacturer upon a product: "He himself has made it—it must be good."



N. W. AYER & SON *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*

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(Continued from Page 50)

it away again, and to continue the process of revision until they could improve it no more.

Tolstoy rewrote his important work three or four times. Rossetti revised The Blessed Damozel in repeated editions until the last was quite unlike the first. Tennyson changed his productions over and again. Gray was fourteen years in perfecting the Elegy. It has been suggested that Sir Walter Scott's later novels, written at great speed, are inferior to his earlier and more leisurely work. Samuel Butler's masterpiece, The Way of All Flesh, was under construction for twelve years.

All literary history furnishes examples of great authors who toiled long over their manuscripts. Macaulay gave more time to the revision of his essays than to their writing. Their superiority over his history, as literary products, is revealed by study of both. The history was written more hurriedly. The essays are the product of nearly one hundred years ago, but they yet serve to illustrate the beauties of thoughtful language and intense thinking. We look elsewhere in vain for more adroit phrasing or impressive thunderclaps of climax. Some present-day writers criticize Macaulay for his long-drawn sentences, his reiteration, and his wandering from the narrative. Yet he was imitated by writers for fifty years. His style was the vogue. And Macaulay, as well, had both praised and criticized his great predecessor, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who had been the vogue for a hundred years.

The men of greatest reputations as critics, Sainte-Beuve, Edmund Gosse, Macaulay, Saintsbury and others, put intensive study into what they wrote. If they were to review a book they made a study of the subject of the book and of the life and mentality of the author, and sometimes their productions were of more use to the world than was the book itself. Their works are not so much read in this busy money-making age, but they are among the greatest contributions to thoughtful literature, and the student of journalism will read them with great profit. For your own work is to be thoughtful work—work intended to persuade readers to your own way of thinking.

The Style of Other Days

The English language is reaching afar. There are those who predict that eventually it will be spoken everywhere. Already it is the language of more than two hundred million people. It will carry the tourist over the globe by established routes of travel—through the streets of Japan and the bazaars of India and the South Sea islands of the Pacific. Tennyson said to Sir Edwin Arnold: "It is bad for us that English will always be a spoken speech, since that means that it will always be changing, and so the time will come when you and I will be as hard to read as Chaucer is to-day."

Indeed, the language is changing constantly. We are eliding letters, lopping off terminations, cutting out phrases and abolishing circumlocution. It is not so old a language as many others, and opportunity for its improvement exists. Compare, if you please, a modern narrative with the beginning of Chaucer's The Tale of Melibeus:

> A young man called Melibeus, mighty and riche, begat upon his wif, that called was Prudens, a doughter which that called was Sophie. Upon a day byfel, that for his disport he is went into the fields him for to play. His wif and his doughter eek hath he laft in-with his hous, of which the dores were fast shut. Thre of his olde foes have it espyed, and setten laddres to the walles of his hous, and by the wyndowes be entred, and beetyn his wyf, and woundid his doughter with fyve mortal woundes in fyve sondry places, that is to sayn, in her feet, in her hondes, in her eeres, in her nose, and in her mouth; and lafte her for deed, and went away.

And imagine, if you may, how a modern newspaper copy reader would condense the following bit of Washington Irving prose that was printed in school readers sixty years ago as an example of graceful writing and felicity of expression:

> In one of those somber and rather melancholy days in the latter part of autumn when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together and throw a gloom over the decline of the year I passed several hours rambling around Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and, as I passed its threshold, it seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

More than ever is there present-day need for the use of plain, easily understood English. We live in a money-making age—an age of industrial development, in which machines are doing the work that brains used to do, in which vocational and technical education is demanded of schools and colleges, and in which the cry for technical literature is insistent. Only experts understand the technical words and language of their specialty, hence the cry for writers who can translate technical language into plain English that any reader may understand. Dean West, of Princeton, has deplored the inability of many professors to teach orally or in writing in any other than the dialect of their specialties. Lacking in literary training they are unable clearly to say what they think.

Someone asked William T. Stead, the English journalist, whether he would have an astronomer or a newspaper writer prepare an article on sun spots, and Stead's instant reply was that the astronomer would write it for astronomers in language that no one else would understand, but the reporter would tap the brain of the specialist and so serve out his knowledge that the ordinary reader would understand. The tendency of present-day writing is to translate technical language, scientific terms, professional formulæ and medical expressions into plain, common-sense English.

Newspaper English

And let not the young man contemplating a journalistic career be persuaded that newspaper English is not good English. The men who wrote for the daily press of the Spanish-American War, for instance, of the great political movements of Europe of later years, of our great industrial developments and of the world-wide war in particular are the very men who are rewriting these things into history. When they wrote this information for the newspapers distinguished college professors and critics called it journalese; when it appears in the reviews and in books they speak of it as literature.

In praise of newspaper writing as good training for writers, Anatole France has this to say:

> It is inveterate prejudice to believe that one spoils his pen in writing for the newspapers. On the contrary, one gains in that way suppleness, as also ease and that readiness without which the phrase does not move gracefully and never smiles. It is a good school, say what one will.

In his illuminating book of essays called Unicorns, the late James G. Huneker says of the excellent writing to be found in the modern newspaper:

> If style cannot be imparted, what then is the next best thing to do, after a close study of the masters? We should say, go in a chastened mood to the nearest newspaper office and apply for a humble place on the staff. Then one will come to grips with life, the pacemaker of style. . . . It is in the daily press, whether New York, Paris, Vienna or London, that one may find the soundest, most succinct prose, prose stripped of superfluous ornament, prose bare to the bone in fighting trim.

But why speak of newspaper style when there isn't any such thing? Almost every kind of writing is used by newspapers. All kinds of literature are printed in them - the scholarly essay, the article of argument, the expository editorial paragraph, the story of fiction, the language of verse, the consideration of art, music, the play, all sorts of description of all kinds of happenings in every part of this jolly old earth—and all are written without uniformity of diction or construction. There is no style the newspaper discards. The experienced editor seeks diversity of writing and of topic in every column. He studies to that end.

Some writing is so plain that you do not notice it. It is like the well-dressed man whose clothing is so simple and appropriate that it is not attracting attention wherever he goes. Mérimée said of Stendhal that he despised mere style and insisted that a writer had attained perfection when we remember his ideas without recalling his phrases; and of Saintsbury, the English critic, it was remarked that "he always thought it of more importance to utter the thought than to care about the form of utterance. . . . If he had given more attention to style we should have been deprived of some of the benefits of his knowledge."

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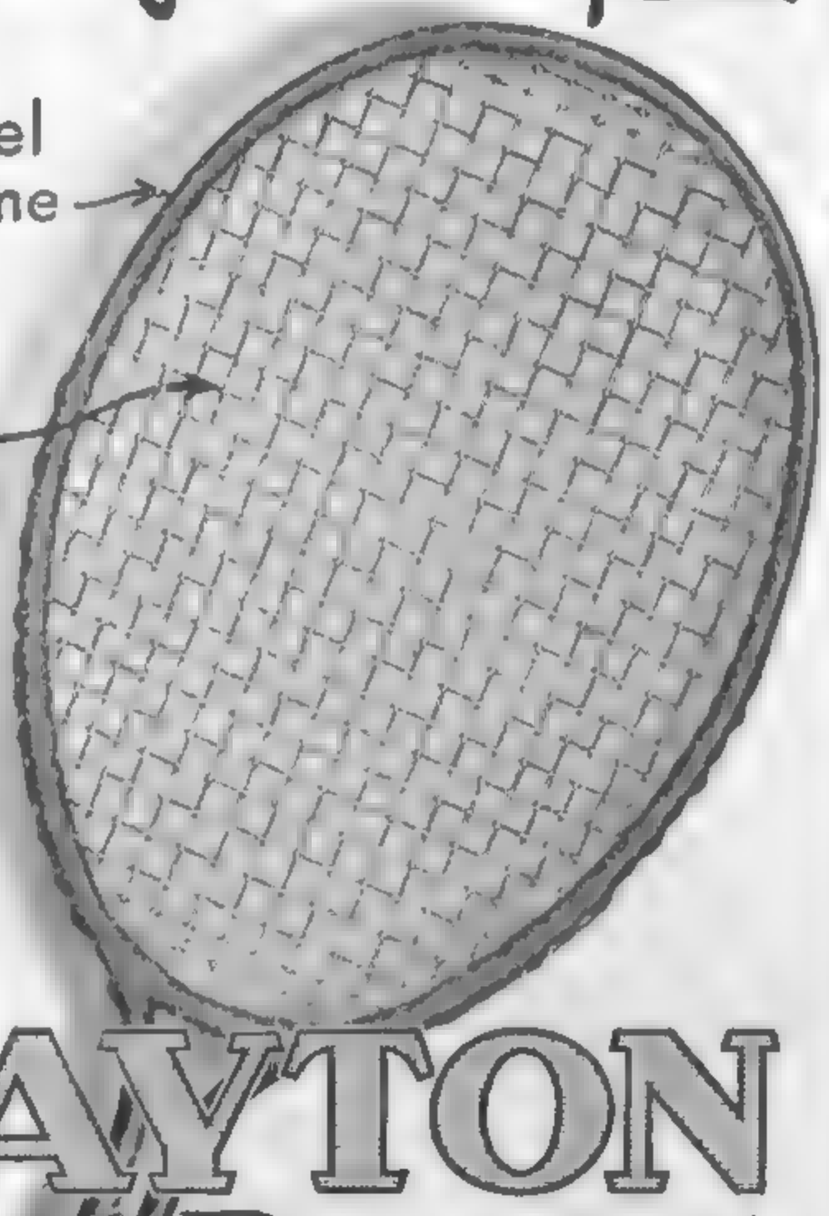

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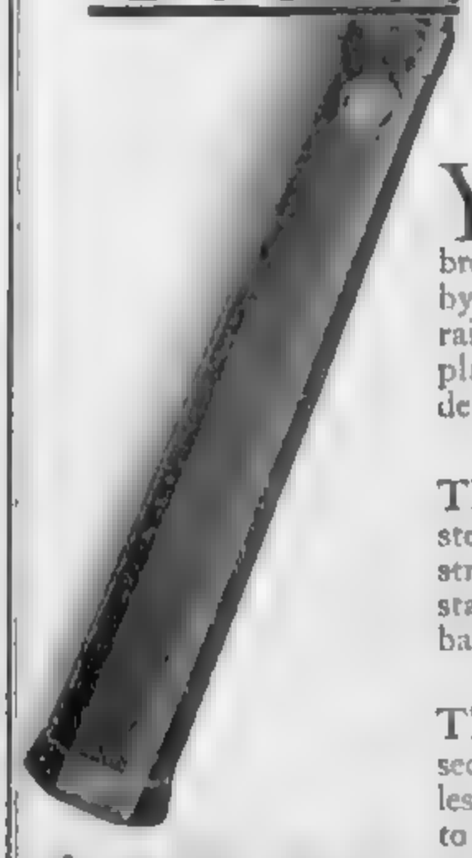

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The Dayton Steel Racquet has a steel frame and is strung with resilient steel strings. It is made in standard weights with standard wooden handles, and is perfectly balanced.

The steel frame, smaller in cross section than a wooden frame, offers much less resistance to the air, and is much easier to control than the ordinary racquet.

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The Dayton Steel Racquet is the invention of William A. Larned, *seven times national champion*. It is the result of more than 20 years' experience and has the enthusiastic approval of all who have used it.

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THE DAYTON STEEL RACQUET COMPANY, Dayton, Ohio

Indeed, some great newspaper narratives are of so absorbing interest in themselves—great disasters like the sinking of the Lusitania or the Titanic—that the reader's attention is entirely concentrated on the facts and he does not notice the diction or the construction. No matter how disjointed or horribly written the narrative may be, he finishes it with the impression that he has read a great article. Nevertheless, every article is the better for good telling. Perhaps no greater newspaper accomplishment exists than the ability to write well. It is of increasing value as the young man goes on to higher work.

A little discreet exuberance of expression is tolerated by many editors. Sensational newspapers do little harm as long as they stick to the truth. You may print your editions in red ink and job type with headlines a foot high, if you like, without other offense than to exaggerate the importance of your announcement. Typographical eccentricity merely attracts attention. It serves the same purpose as does the orator's violent gesture or the messenger's breathless announcement: excites curiosity, arouses interest.

Now there is such a thing as harmless exaggeration. It enters largely into our private life. Our dreams of wealth, of success, of happiness are usually far beyond the fulfillment. We exaggerate our prospects, our ambitions, our promises to ourselves. But this form of exaggeration is beneficial, for it is a spur to ambition and a prod to effort.

The editor is tempted to exaggeration because a little exaggeration makes it a little more interesting. He sees that the exaggerated novel sells while the novel true to life languishes; that the actor who gesticulates and shouts has the loudest applause; that the painter who outdoes Nature makes more money than the artist who is true to Nature. Indeed, some philosopher has said that an easy road to success lies through exaggeration. The man who exploits his own importance attracts more attention than the modest man. The merchant who exalts his wares sells more than the man who does not. Sensational clergymen fill churches while prosy ones preach to empty benches. It was Sydney Smith who remarked: "It is not the first man to say a thing who deserves the credit for it, but he who says it so long and so loud that at last he persuades the world that it is true." Macaulay wrote: "The best portraits are perhaps those in which there is a slight mixture of caricature, and we are not certain that the best histories are not those in which a little of exaggeration, of fictitious narrative, is judiciously employed." But the editor must use exaggeration with great discretion, must not pervert the truth. Gross exaggeration becomes downright lying.

The Cleveland-Blaine Campaign

In my article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of February fourth was mentioned the exciting election-night scenes of the Cleveland-Blaine campaign, the mobs around the newspaper offices and the tumult incident to a very close contest. Returns up to midnight indicated Blaine's election. It was mentioned also that while Blaine was being congratulated in his Augusta home news of his possible defeat was flashed and that he was overcome by the disastrous turn of affairs; also that he sent a telegram to his New York campaign managers.

Thomas H. Sherman has written for the Portland Press-Herald an exceedingly interesting narrative of the events of that evening in the Blaine home. He was Blaine's secretary, and was with him throughout the campaign. "Mr. Blaine sat by my side," he says, "while the returns were coming in. In my youth I was a telegraph operator, and we had a private wire leading into Mr. Blaine's library. At about midnight, when the returns apparently showed Cleveland's election, Mr. Blaine said to me, 'Even if I should carry New York by about a thousand votes, I would be counted out.' At midnight he said: 'I am going to bed and going to sleep. I do not want to be disturbed, no matter what comes.' Mr. Blaine had been through a very hard campaign. He had been traveling all day, having reached Augusta just before the polls closed in time to vote. He said good night to a few of his intimate friends who were in the parlor and went upstairs to bed. He slept soundly until about nine o'clock next morning when I went up to his bedroom with a handful of dispatches and the latest returns. By that time it was certain he had been defeated. When I went into the room Mr. Blaine was in bed. He said, 'Well, Tom, how do you feel this morning?' I replied: 'I can't say how I feel until I know how you feel.' It seemed impossible that a man could pass through such a racking campaign without being visibly affected."

Mr. Blaine's Coolness

"'Bless you,' Mr. Blaine said, 'it doesn't affect me a pulse beat. I am sorry for the party and for my friends, but personally I am not disturbed.' No one who was close to Mr. Blaine could have said to Mr. Lord that this announcement 'was like a bucket of cold water down his back' and that 'he nearly went into a collapse.' It was not true. Mr. Lord must have confused this incident with something else. To Mr. Lord this Blaine-Cleveland election was one of many; on me it made such an impression and all the incidents connected with it are so clear in mind that I could not be mistaken about this matter. Furthermore, Mr. Blaine did not telegraph the Republican managers to postpone the announcement of his defeat. Whatever these managers may have done was on their own initiative. To my knowledge Mr. Blaine neither advised it nor knew about it, and as I handled all of his correspondence and telegrams I would be likely to know had he done anything of the kind."

Mr. Sherman's narration rings true. My information came from persons in whom I had every confidence, but Mr. Sherman was with Mr. Blaine, and he should know. It would not have been to Mr. Blaine's discredit had he been overcome. For several hours he had supposed he was the President-elect—had been awarded the highest honor the nation can give. Then came sudden news of defeat. A strong man, indeed, must he have been to remain unmoved. Of more importance is the definite information that Mr. Blaine sent no message to his New York managers, for it removes any suspicion or assumption that he had to do with the attempts to influence press announcements of the result or that he suggested any manipulation of the returns.

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HIGHWAYS AND HIGHWAYMEN

(Continued from Page 17)

he urge or even request me to appoint. I eventually filled the place by a man of my own choosing, one not named in that mass of political appeals.

Among the personal appointees of my predecessor was a man whom we will call Mr. Shift. He came into my office during the first afternoon and asked if he might have time to complete his report of last year's work.

"Why haven't you completed it during the three months and more of this year?" I asked.

Shift assured me his report contained such invaluable data that it required great thought and time.

"How much time?"

"Not more than two weeks, commissioner."

"Any report that takes two weeks to write I'll not have time to read. The state will worry along without your information."

He left, of course my enemy.

The commissioner is allowed three confidential inspectors. I had decided to appoint young lieutenants who had served in my battalion overseas. To my surprise I learned that my predecessor, two days before leaving office, had filled one of these positions, and that this man was a Povertist. For a member of the Property Party to do anything for a Povertist is not considered good form. I sent for this inspector. The man was past sixty and entirely unfitted for the work. I asked for his resignation. Not until months later did I learn why my predecessor had made the appointment. This man was a particular friend of the Povertist leader mentioned as not speaking to the governor for three months. My predecessor knew that I would have to discharge this inefficient man, and hoped thereby to create a break between the governor and an important leader. This shabby trick was styled, by a member of the Property Party, "a clever piece of work."

Weeding Out the Payroll

As it happened, my discharge of this man came as a climax. The leader had hoped to name the highway commissioner; failing this he had confidently expected to have a personal friend made second deputy. I knew nothing of this, the governor mercifully shielding me from all political intrigue. Without consulting anyone I had appointed as second deputy a young man I had known at Plattsburg and who had won distinction overseas with the engineers.

How much personal annoyance and trouble it caused our governor to have a nonpolitical highway commissioner I shall never know, for, true gentleman that he is, he has kept silent; nothing that I have found out about it has come from him.

Some pruning, I found, was necessary. During the war years highway activities had been far below normal, and, like an unworked garden, the department had become weedy. On my second day in office I entered, unannounced, a room not previously visited. The three occupants, after hastily slipping the newspapers that they had been reading under cover, became unusually diligent.

"This is the historical department," one of them said. "We collect and tabulate data of new road construction."

"Does it require three of you to do that?"

"Oh, yes, commissioner; there is a lot of detail to our work."

"Enough to require an assistant engineer, a junior engineer and a stenographer?"

"Indeed yes. We really should have another stenographer in here."

I looked at my watch. "It is now eleven o'clock; at noon to-day this department goes out of business."

I filled the places of those three employes by one bright girl, who carried on the work better, and of course at less cost.

A few days after taking charge, my second deputy came to me, fighting mad. He is usually as cool as ice. I waited with interest to learn the cause.

"I won't sign th 's," he said, showing me the maintenance pay roll. "There's a fellow carried here at $4000 a year, and I've never even seen him!"

"Nor have I. We'll investigate."

When Field and Gillett joined us they unfolded an interesting tale. The man had come to the capital city years before in the interest of a newspaper then agitating an investigation of the department. Through his activities, they managed to raise quite a smoke, but so far as I could learn nobody went to jail. After the dust of this investigation had settled this man secured a place in the department, apparently as a permanent fixture.

"Why," I asked, "has not this man reported to the maintenance deputy?"

"He has nothing to do with maintenance. He's supposed to collect evidence to defend suits brought against the department in the Court of Claims."

"Where is this man now?" I asked Gillett.

"Probably in the lobby of some hotel downtown."

"How long has this thing been going on?"

"Six years."

Getting Up Steam

I turned to the second deputy. "Sign that pay roll under protest, major; it's the last one you'll have to sign with that man's name on it. He's fired."

Field and Gillett left without further words, but with a look that I did not understand until I read the papers some days later. Surprise, satisfaction, anxiety were mingled in their faces.

By the end of two months the department was going at top speed, many broken-down war contracts had been put again in work, and other contracts for both new construction and reconstruction were in force. We were doing as much or more actual work in a month than had been possible during a year under wartime conditions, and this larger activity was being carried on at an actual saving in salaries at the headquarters office alone of more than $9000 a year.

I confess that I did not do all the pruning possible; there are employes in the department who have been there for so many years that to turn them out would mean for them certain starvation. I found one man, hopelessly paralyzed, whose only employment for six years past had been to trim the edges from blue prints, requiring perhaps one hour of work a week. I took this case to the governor.

"We're not running a charitable institution," I told him.

"Has he any dependents?"

"Yes, governor; a sister, nearly seventy."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"It's tough," I said, "but I'm going to fire him."

The look that I had seen when he spoke of the mother whose son was condemned to death came again to the governor's face. He laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Oh, don't do that. Have a heart, commissioner."

He turned to his always pressing work. That man is, I believe, still on the pay roll.

During the summer months there were formerly almost a thousand patrolmen employed upon the lighter repairs. They worked, or were supposed to work, scattered over 7200 miles of roads and, in consequence, proper supervision was impossible. This bad condition was made worse by a vicious system. When I took office the department was sending out printed slips to county committeemen of the party then in power, asking these political gentlemen whom they wished employed on roads in their localities. This was the favorite garden of the peanut politician for raising patronage; they gleefully filled the places with the ancient and honorable has-beens of their party. Could you conceive of a more inefficient method of maintenance than the employment of these scattered Methuselahs, who get their jobs not from the engineers under whom they work but from someone having no official connection with the department?

Shortly after the war the Federal Government gave to all the states a number of army trucks; with these I solved the problem. I abolished the patrol system, but continued repair work with men supervised by a foreman, using the free-given trucks to transport both men and materials. I also abolished the printed slips, the foremen and men on the gangs being appointed by the department engineers strictly upon ability to do good road work.

A few days before I took office, and a full three weeks before there was any necessity

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These red or green fadeless, spark-proof, slate surfaced shingles are on sale at Lumber and Building Supply dealers' almost everywhere. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.
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for them, my predecessor gave orders that all patrolmen for the coming year should be immediately appointed. They were! I found dyed-in-the-wool Property patrolmen grinning at me upon my arrival in the capital city. These patrolmen cost an average of $3.50 a day. They were employed for three weeks at a useless expense to the state of more than $50,000. Remember this, Mister Taxpayer, the next time you pay your tax bill.

Though at the time of my resignation I was roundly criticized on the floor of the Senate for inaugurating the gang system, my successor has continued it, slightly modified. But they have returned to the vicious custom of the printed slip. Recently a Property paper printed the choice information that a list of men recommended for state highway work had been sent to the highway commissioner by the local county Property committee. Whether or not these men will do efficient work or willingly obey the orders of department engineers is a matter that the taxpayers may worry about; certainly it is of no concern to the Property Party.

During my first months in office hardly a day passed that I was not visited by at least one delegation. These meetings, with all classes of people from every part of the state, were interesting, but they used up time and in nine cases out of ten were a useless expense to the delegates. They came not always to plead for a road, but often to ask only what chance and in what distant year they might hope to see work started on some badly needed highway.

Mischievous Politics

My first delegation came from the far end of a rural county; one behind the other they filed solemnly in. As each man entered he glanced shyly at me, then, plainly embarrassed—why, I could never understand—he turned his head away, and not one of those husky farmers gave my hand a firm grip. After all had entered they stood silently about the room.

"Well, gentlemen," I said, "all this is new to me. How do I begin?"

A raw-boned, leather-cheeked man moved awkwardly forward and, without speaking, without looking into my face, handed me a letter.

"What's this?" I asked.

"That's a letter from Jim Smith."

"Who's Jim Smith?"

"Why, commissioner, don't you know Jim? Jim's our county chairman!" The raw-boned man actually looked for an instant into my eyes.

"He's the biggest feller in our county," someone in the crowd said. "We thought we hadn't oughter come unless we had a letter from Jim."

Without opening the envelope I tore the letter to pieces. "You don't have to bring letters from any politician to talk to me," I told them. "Now let's get down to business."

Their spokesman, with work-hardened finger, pointed out their town on the county map, and showed me that they needed a short stretch of road to connect them with the state system and the outer world. Their request, though given so diffidently, was entirely reasonable; they had evidently been neglected in the past. I told them so, and said that if possible I would put their road under construction that season. Their gratitude took me by surprise.

"Why, gentlemen, you don't have to thank me. To hear you and to build roads for you are the things you pay me to do."

As they filed out I heard from the outer office: "Gosh! Say, he ain't no politician!"

The modesty of farmer delegations was a constant source of wonder to me. After the third or fourth group of countrymen had overwhelmed me with thanks I detained a bright-eyed old fellow who did not seem so painfully shy.

"Why is it that you gentlemen are so grateful for these interviews?" I asked. "You pay for them, you know, through your taxes. I am not doing one thing for you that you haven't a right to demand."

"Wal now, I'll tell ye. It's because you ain't givin' us no political slush, no high-falutin promises. You tell us fellers yes or no; an' that ain't usual in this town." He pulled thoughtfully at his cigar. "Besides, you don't keep a feller waitin'. I've been here before, but I've allus had to set outside there, sometimes a hull hour, before I could see the commish."

The next day I had door stops put on my office door, and thereafter it was kept wide open so that anyone waiting could see that I was engaged and not needlessly wasting his time.

Before the end of the first year I practically put a stop to these expensive visits by publishing in the fall a list of the roads the department could build during the coming season. This had never been done before, and my bulletin created comment; one paper stated in plain language that the reason for withholding such information in the past had been to give the party in control opportunity to deal out new roads as a reward for votes, and not as a benefit to which the community had a right.

In what ways do politics most injure the taxpayer, who must pay for the roads?

To get the full weight of the answer you should know that in our state, as in many other states, the cities pay the greater part of the taxes. Our largest city—the same conditions exist in Illinois, Rhode Island, New York, Louisiana and several other states—pays more than fifty cents out of every dollar spent by the state; also it is not centrally located, and never sees, much less uses, the miles of roads built in other parts of the state.

At the first conference with my division engineers I learned that we had $5,500,000 to spend solely for maintenance and reconstruction during the coming season.

"Fine," I said. "With but 7200 miles it gives us over $760 for each mile, and many roads of course are new. We ought to put the entire system in tiptop shape with all that money."

I saw the engineers smile, all nine of them.

"Well, what's wrong about that?" I demanded.

After some hesitation one answered, "If we had twice that much we still couldn't touch miles of roads that need rebuilding this year."

I could not credit this statement until I had gone deeply into our record, and there at the bottom of the barrel I found injustice, waste, and hidden beneath these crouched our old friend, Politics.

These records show that the average life of certain types of road pavements is but seven and a half years; that the state has built mile after mile of highways that were costing $1000 a mile every year to keep in usable condition, and that the total cost for maintenance and reconstruction on many roads has run over $4000 a mile a year.

Years after it was definitely known that certain types of pavements would go to pieces under motor traffic the state had continued to build such types. Why? Politics.

More Miles, More Votes

Under our laws certain roads are paid for jointly by the counties and state, but once constructed the state thereafter shoulders the entire expense of upkeep. I found—especially in rural districts—that it was politically expedient to build roads that would not and could not stand up. The man with a political pull from such districts would come to the commissioner and ask for a road—say ten miles long. He would be, or should have been, told that there were not sufficient county funds on hand to build a durable road more than five miles long.

"That won't be no good for my constituents, commissioner. Build us a cheap, narrow road; anything'll do so long as you stretch her out."

"But it won't last."

"No more will you, without votes. Give us ten miles and I'll deliver the votes."

Many of these gentlemen, I regret to say, have been accommodated. There are highways scattered all over our state, built on this more-miles-more-votes design. Our division engineers recently certified that we have over 1200 miles that will require rebuilding during the next three years, which to do properly will cost the staggering sum of $25,000,000.

At the very start the cities—especially our largest city—are hit below the belt by cheap roads. The department, until the day I took office, was building a large mileage of waterbound roads, a type that cannot withstand the action of pneumatic tires. These roads have been officially accepted as completed one day and given a bituminous treatment the next day or the next week, this treatment being paid for from maintenance funds; which means that one city paid seventy cents out of every dollar this new surface cost, while the county in which the road lies paid in some cases less than one cent of that dollar.

The second blow comes in the third year, when this cheap road requires oiling. It is oiled, and again the cities pay the piper. The knock-out is landed at the end of five to seven years, when our political acquaintance again steps into the ring.

"Commissioner," he growls, "that road what was built some time back is a disgrace to the state; it's gone all to pieces, and my constituents ain't goin' to stand for it no longer. We want that road rebuilt, and done right. It ain't got no foundation, and it's too narrow."

The road is rebuilt and widened, and is now given a deeper foundation. But once more the state pays all the cost, and there isn't a referee sufficiently interested even to count ten over the unconscious city.

To put an end to this very real evil would, I thought, bring down blessings upon my head. I announced through speeches and the press that so long as I was commissioner I would build only durable roads; that I intended to build the maintenance into the road, that though this would give a shorter mileage the state would have a longer yearage, which would mean an enormous saving to the taxpayers.

The howl of criticism that followed was amazing. I was loudly attacked as a man having extravagant city ideas, all because I refused to build roads—paid for from fifty-year bonds—that would go to pieces in less than ten years.

I held to my policy—which, by the way, is the chief reason I now have time to tell you these things.

Why has a prosperous state allowed its highway system to become so run down?

Two reasons: No governor, before the one I served under, has had the courage to allow his commissioner to ask for an adequate maintenance appropriation, fearing the criticism resulting from a large budget. But to keep these roads in service the state must buy carload after carload of cold patch, hot patch, patching emulsions and other materials. The cost of buying and placing these materials on a worn-out road amounts to pouring the taxpayers' money down the well-known rat hole.

The Highway Map

The highway map of our state is a joke—an expensive political joke. Aside from having, in every one of our counties, roads as permanent as pickles, there are isolated stretches of half a mile to five miles of improved highways in no way connected with finished parts of the state system. The extra expense of caring for such fragments, when to reach them foreman and men are forced to travel over miles of dirt roads, runs into the tens of thousands each year. Of course these roads, beginning nowhere and ending nowhere, serve but a few people; they were built in favored localities at the request of some man or group of men having a strong political pull. In many counties there are improved roads closely paralleling each other, while some sections of the state, not politically strong, have been defiantly neglected.

To stop this evil I let no contracts for any new road unless it connected with some already completed one. But this did not go deep enough. These scattered roads could never have been built for favored politicians if we had had a definite and fixed highway system. Under our laws county roads previously designated can be changed at the will of the county supervisors, and Federal aid roads can be designated and changed by the commissioner with Federal approval. You can see the easy chances for juggling. To put a permanent stop to isolated road building I set about making a map that would show a definite and connected system of roads, hoping to have the routes shown adopted and fixed by law. To select the best routes possible, each division engineer, aided by his county assistants, drew a map for his division; later I connected and coördinated their maps into one for the entire state. These engineers, having an intimate knowledge of their own counties, were well qualified to make a good map. They did make a good map, but our work and the taxpayers' money were wasted. This composite study of our highway needs was promptly thrown into the scrap heap by a partisan hostile legislature.

When it became certain that a Poverty commissioner was to manage the highway

(Continued on Page 61)

George W. Wells' Dream of Better Vision

ONE night, thirty years ago, George W. Wells told a group of friends the great dream of his later years. He spoke of the priceless value of fine vision and the evil effects upon the mind and general health of eyes imperfect and overtaxed. He realized how poorly the optical knowledge of that day met the needs of humanity.

He explained that a quarter of all people over six years of age are handicapped by visual defects, that millions at that time did not realize their needs and that most glasses were not correctly made and fitted.

Speaking as the greatest manufacturer of glasses in the world, he told how little help he was able to get from scientists here and abroad in solving the problems of lens making.

"From now on," said he, "we shall spare no expense on scientific research and experiment until those who most need glasses—a quarter of the whole public—shall have glasses of true scientific merit."

The great task so inspiringly conceived has been aggressively pushed by his three sons. It remains an inspiration to the Wellsworth Scientific Staff to the present day. Discoveries have followed one after another, some of them being profoundly revolutionary. Instruments for testing eyes and apparatus for grinding and polishing lenses have been perfected.

No European country enjoys the blessings which are at hand in almost any American community for those who need glasses.

The remarkable facts to be brought out in this series of advertisements will barely indicate the facilities, skill and scientific knowledge which are being applied by Optical Specialists today throughout America.

And this wonderful progress is largely due to the foresight, energy and courage of the late George W. Wells—America's pioneer in the science and art of eye correction.

The benefits of this policy for the correction and comfort of your eyes are available to you, no matter where you live, through the services of Eyesight Specialists in your community.

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

Wellsworth Glasses

WELLSWORTH PARK, EST. 1833

All that Science can give:
all that Artistry can add

THROUGH YELLOWSTONE PARK ON GOODYEARS

Actual photograph (Copyrighted by J. E. Haynes) of a part of the Goodyear Cord equipped fleet of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company

"More than 160,000 tourists visited Yellowstone National Park in the seasons of 1920 and 1921. More than 50,000 of them were transported over the regular park tour by the Yellowstone Park Transportation Co. Our fleet of 124 eleven-passenger busses and 24 seven-passenger touring cars in these two seasons traveled 1,164,213 car miles, every foot of the way on Goodyear Cord Tires. In a total of 4,856,855 tire miles, only six blowouts occurred. This record of dependable performance is due to the quality of Goodyear Tires and to the Goodyear Conservation Service behind them."—W. M. NICHOLS, Asst. to the President, Yellowstone Park Transportation Co.

WHEN you visit Yellowstone Park this summer, you will have the opportunity to experience personally those qualities of Goodyear Cord Tire performance that make possible such a record as Mr. Nichols has here related.

You will note for yourself that powerful dependability of service which these tires have demonstrated in 4,800,000 Goodyear tire miles along the scenic route of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company.

You will enjoy the inbuilt, deep, resilient buoyancy with which the great pneumatics smooth the mountain grades and cushion the car and its passengers against the inequalities of the road.

You will travel the levels and the heights, as more than 50,000 have ridden before you, secure in the tractive action of these big, strong Goodyear Cords, with their wide, thick, gripping tread. They hold the road and carry the car forward full distance at every turn of the wheel.

Goodyear Cord Truck Tire (Pneumatic)

Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid

Goodyear Heavy Center Cushion Tire

And if your personal or business interest prompts to a little study of transportation as you ride along, you may associate the delight of this easy, swift, safe travel with the lasting economy of these tires that deliver so much mileage at so little cost.

Goodyear Cord Truck Tires are recommended for both commercial passenger and industrial transportation, as all 'round equipment on trucks up to three-ton capacity and on the front wheels of heavy duty trucks, under specified conditions of design and load.

For every hauling need there are special Goodyear Truck Tires—Goodyear Cords, Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solids, Goodyear Cushion Tires. Call upon your Goodyear Dealer for the benefit of his unbiased judgment in specifying the particular Goodyear Truck Tire that will serve you longest and best.

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1922, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

(Continued from Page 58)

department consternation spread among the Property legislators. A joint Legislative Highway Committee was immediately created. Just what this committee was supposed to do that first year no one knew for certain; but our highway map gave these gentlemen an excuse to carry on during the second year—important, as a gubernatorial election was approaching. They conceived a wonderful idea: They would themselves make a map! The public might think that they had been elected to make laws, that they were not so well qualified to make maps as were the engineers, trained in that work and living in every county of the state.

What did it cost the taxpayers, this political map? I am told that it cost not less than $25,000. But no definite sum can be given; the true amount is hidden in the item "General Legislative Expense."

Is it any wonder the business man helplessly cries, "Oh, what's the use?"

Though all these ways of wasting the state's funds are bad, the practice of spending money for political surveys was by long odds the most inexcusable. Before I had been commissioner a week several requests were made for surveys of roads that, owing to lack of funds, could not be built.

Upon inquiry I found that to make useless road surveys was a long-established custom. A senator, an assemblyman or a supervisor is running in a certain county; he goes to the commissioner and asks for the survey of a road to construct which, as both he and the commissioner know, there is not enough money. In a few days, nevertheless, the people of the candidate's district will see a corps of engineers out on that road, sighting through instruments and waving flags.

The politician now lends the light of his presence to the surveyors and says to his delighted constituents: "Yes, neighbors, I am having this road surveyed. Elect me and I will see that it is built."

A Million-Dollar Joke

You might think this is a good joke on those simple folk were it not a serious matter for all the people. The records show that in our state there has been spent for surveys never used and on roads which have not been built more than $1,000,000. It was because I could not see the joke in these surveys that I placed a sign on my desk, reading:

> Do not ask for a survey unless money to build the road is in hand and conditions permit prompt construction.

Shortly before the last election, in spite of this sign, a supervisor tried to bluff me into making a useless survey. A few days after election, when a Property governor had won, he came swaggering into the office. "Well, commissioner," he said, "I guess that survey of mine will be made now."

I found that nineteen-twentieths of the politician's boasted power is in reality only the cheapest sort of bluff. I don't believe that I ever visited any road we were building that someone did not tell me how hard his senator or assemblyman had worked for its construction, while as a matter of fact no one had ever been consulted. I built roads from the one and only standpoint of serving the greatest number of taxpayers.

Occasionally, however, I found an example of genuine political power. I told one of our engineers to design a certain county road. The line of the old road in one mile of its length had two dangerous grade crossings; I ordered the new road located along one side of the railroad. The property owners along this mile, with one exception, were pleased at the change and gave, free of all costs, the necessary new rights of way. Shortly before the plans were completed an influential politician called upon the division engineer.

"This is all wrong," he declared; "you must build that road along the line of the old one."

"But I'm acting on orders from the commissioner; he has told me to eliminate those two grade crossings."

"I don't care what the commissioner said; he won't be there forever; if you want to hold your job you do as I say."

The engineer and the politician came to a deadlock and the latter left the office in anger.

When the affair was reported to me I thought the politician's presumption rather amusing, but shortly after, when the property owners rescinded their gifts of rights of way, I saw that the man's influence had weight. This did not cause a change in the plans, but it did spur us to investigate. That politician had a brother-in-law living on the old road.

Did he win out? He did not.

I confess that I rather enjoyed the continuous battle I waged against politicians seeking their own ends at the state's expense, but I could never steel myself to a calm endurance of the unfair, untruthful attacks to which all men in public office are apparently subjected.

Nine out of every ten newspapers in our state are controlled by the Property Party, being kept alive through the hundreds of thousands of dollars paid them every year for publishing session laws that nobody ever reads. When a Poverty man is appointed to any office these sheets are ordered to begin immediate efforts to discredit the new appointee; to make sure that the job is thoroughly done the Property Party maintains a publicity bureau in our capital city from which boiler-plate is sent broadcast each week. It is all very well to say that the public does not believe this vicious stuff. If that is true why is it done? I think that fully half the people believe everything they see printed and that there is no other one thing that creates so much mistrust and unrest as this malicious partisan propaganda.

The Saving Remnant

Literally the Property sheets in our state stop at nothing! After I had dismissed the man carried on our pay rolls as superintendent of maintenance, I learned for the first time that he was a Povertist. You would suppose that to get rid of a useless jobholder of my own party would not cause any criticism. But the Property papers shrieked condemnation. As has been said, this man was supposed to assist the attorney-general in legal actions brought by contractors against the state. The papers seized upon this supposition and twisted my efforts to save the state an unnecessary salary into a purpose to make it easy for contractors to win their suits.

The false statements made in campaign speeches, often by prominent men, in addition to the unbridled abuse from the press, are the irritating features of public office to which the business man is unaccustomed and to which he is unwilling to subject himself. When I spoke of this to another official, who was being treated even more abusively than I, he shrugged his shoulders: "If Washington, Lincoln and Wilson had to stand it, why should you and I complain?"

Although the term is fixed by law for five years the present commissioner is one of a long succession to serve during the past ten years. Though on account of these constant changes and other political interferences our highway department can never be managed with great efficiency it is, in spite of all, a good organization. That it holds together at all is due to just one thing—the conscientious service given to the state by its loyal though underpaid engineers, who from the division engineers down to the youngest junior assistant are honestly devoted to their work.

The idea, so prevalent, that there is a vast amount of graft in the building of the roads is happily a wrong one. Not only are the department employes earnest in their efforts but the contractors are an honest lot of men who take a real pride in their work and who strive to give the state a good job. I have had contractors come to me and plead to have a road built stronger that, through legal restrictions, I was forced to construct as originally designed. When I showed them that my hands were tied I have known contractors to do extra work upon their roads at their own expense.

During my twenty months in office I awarded a total of 326 contracts and, as said before, spent and obligated $41,000,000, but I can truthfully record that on no contract did I, my inspectors or any of my assistants discover any attempt at dishonesty.

The greatest trouble—and it is a serious one—that our, and probably your, highway department has to contend with is the conscienceless politician who would willingly cripple, even wreck this great activity of a state in order to strengthen the power of his party's political machine.

Wake up, Mister Taxpayer, and put an end to these evils!

AMERICAN
STEEL SPLIT
PULLEYS

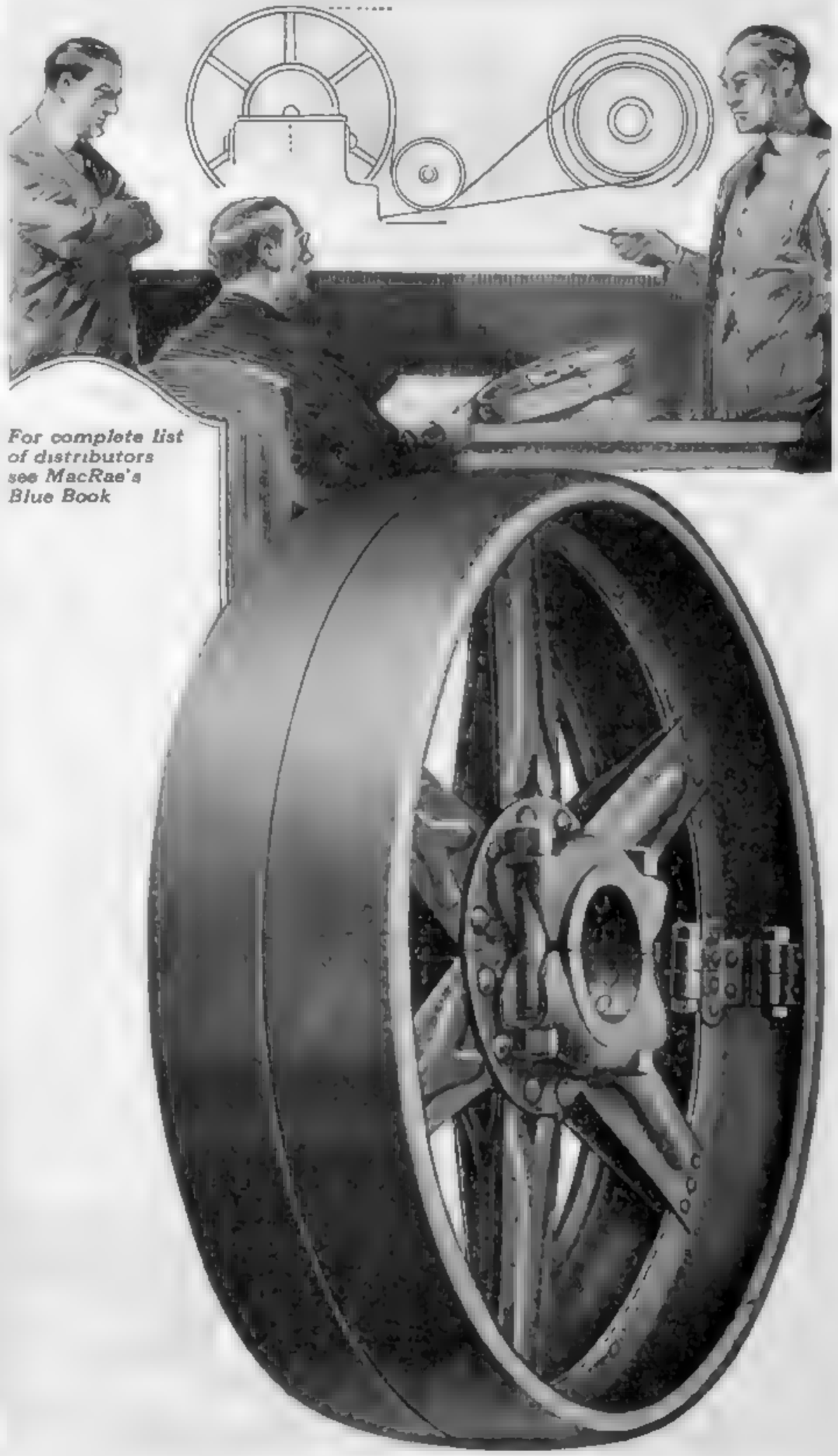
Let your engineers and ours work together

"UNUSUAL" problems in transmission call for unusual pulley service. We are prepared to render that service. Never are we so eager to "sell" as we are to make certain that the "American" Pulley will actually solve a given problem. May we also say that our many years of specialization often enable us to recognize a problem met by us before in what seems to others a new and "unusual" condition.

Service, however, is only one chapter in the story of "American" Pulley success. A book entitled, "Getting Maximum Pulley Efficiency" gives the complete account. That book will help you to a greater saving in transmission of power, as it has many others. A copy will be mailed at once, on request.

The American Pulley Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Manufacturers of Steel Split Transmission Pulleys, Steel Sash Pulleys and Pressed Steel Shapes



For complete list of distributors see MacRae's Blue Book

"Sensible underwear helps me to keep fit"

LOTS of fellows exercise regularly and then take all the good out of it by dressing improperly—especially their underwear.

"Don't forget your skin has to breathe. It's no use to open your pores once a day by exercise, if you smother them afterward.

"That's why I wear the Topkis Athletic Union Suit. Look how loose and easy it hangs. Hardly touches my body. My skin gets fresh air, even when I'm fully dressed.

"Mighty comfortable, too. It really fits. Roomy arm-holes; long, extra-wide legs. A contortionist could wear Topkis without ever feeling a pinch or a pull.

"Does it wear? I'll say so! I wear Topkis all year 'round, and it sure stands the gaff. Material keeps sturdy. Fit is laundry-proof. Buttons stay on. Topkis gives me more for a dollar than I ever got in higher priced suits."

Topkis Athletic Underwear is made of best nainsook and other high-grade fabrics. Thoroughly pre-shrunk; full size guaranteed. Get *your* correct size. If you wear a 38 coat buy 38 Topkis.

No good dealer will ask more than a dollar for the Topkis Men's Union Suit—although many will tell you it's *worth* more.

Men's Union Suits, $1.00.

Men's Shirts and Drawers, 75c per garment. 75c for Boys' Union Suits, Girls' Bloomer Union Suits, and Children's Waist Union Suits.

Ask for TOPKIS Underwear. Look for the Topkis label.

New illustrated booklet tells you how to judge underwear. Write for free copy.

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware
General Sales Offices: 350 Broadway, New York City

TOPKIS Athletic Underwear

Successful Management

A YOUNG man who has reorganized and started on the upgrade a number of sickly companies told me one afternoon that only a few hours before he had attended his first meeting of a board of directors of a well-known corporation, to which he had just been elected, and as he entered the room he had been advised by one of the officers to throw away all his preconceived ideas, because "this business is different."

By way of comment on this incident he went on to say: "I have been in all kinds of industries, all the way from groceries to automobiles, and in every place they say 'This business is different.' But they are all pretty much the same. Any of these jobs goes back to picking the right individual, a fellow who can do the trick, who can apply the ordinary rules of business conduct to something he knows nothing about.

"I say that every job goes back to the individual. Would you not rather have a good mayor and a poor charter than a good charter and a poor mayor right here in New York? It takes common sense to run a large business, primarily, although tact is a great help. I think the ablest man I ever worked under had no tact. He rubbed everyone the wrong way, but in spite of this his sheer ability was so great that he went far. He was a gentleman, but he was inherently disagreeable. If he had only been agreeable you would have heard of him from one end of the country to the other. The man who has both common sense and tact goes very far.

"Now take the labor problem. I am a frightful reactionary as regards all these industrial-democracy schemes. I don't believe in them at all and I come right out and say so. Some years ago I went out West to take charge of the X works as chairman of the board of directors. They were employing eight thousand men, and the spirit among them was very bad indeed. The first thing I discovered was that the employment manager was a clerk picked at random for the job, and was getting twenty-five hundred dollars a year. I immediately got a man who knew something about that kind of work and paid him six thousand dollars a year."

The Open Door

"The first day I was there I got a wooden wedge and drove it under my office door so that the door would stay open and everyone in the outside corridor could see me at my desk. Then I put up big signs all over the works saying that I would hear grievances. Gradually workmen would come into the corridor and timidly peer into my office. If the door had been shut they never would have come in, but as I continued working at my desk while they looked in, and did not get up to shut the door, they finally screwed up courage to come in.

"Usually their complaints were without justification and there was nothing I could do. But they went away satisfied, because their grievances had been heard. One other immediate effect this practice of mine had was the opening of other closed doors. Some of the vice presidents and subordinate officers became less exclusive and more willing to hear complaints.

"A great deal has been said recently about the importance of foremen in the labor problem. Of course I study the foreman situation as soon as I go to a company; but there is another point of contact between the worker and the company about which less has been said. The worker knows the company only through the foreman and the cashier or paymaster. A workman finds what he thinks a mistake in his pay envelope and turns back to the cashier's window to have it corrected. If he gets bawled out it makes bad feeling. Perhaps the paymaster is overworked, perhaps he has to deal with unreasonable people, but a manager who wants smooth industrial relations needs to watch that point very closely.

"All this sort of thing is humdrum and wholly unromantic. There is no panacea about it. But these are some of the points which need attention on the labor side if the company is to succeed.

"I can't cover everything in a brief conversation, but you will make no mistake if you say that accounting is really the most important end of any business, the vital end from the investors' standpoint at least. When I go into a big corporation I at once ask about the accounting end. They tell me with pride, 'Yes, we have a fine accountant; we pay him ten or twelve thousand dollars,' or perhaps it is more. But it soon develops that they don't really know what they are talking about. The man may be all right, he may know his business, but the management's attitude toward him is all wrong. He is usually looked upon as a mere bookkeeper. Whenever the controller of a company is referred to in that way by the rest of the officers the investor should be suspicious."

Stale Figures

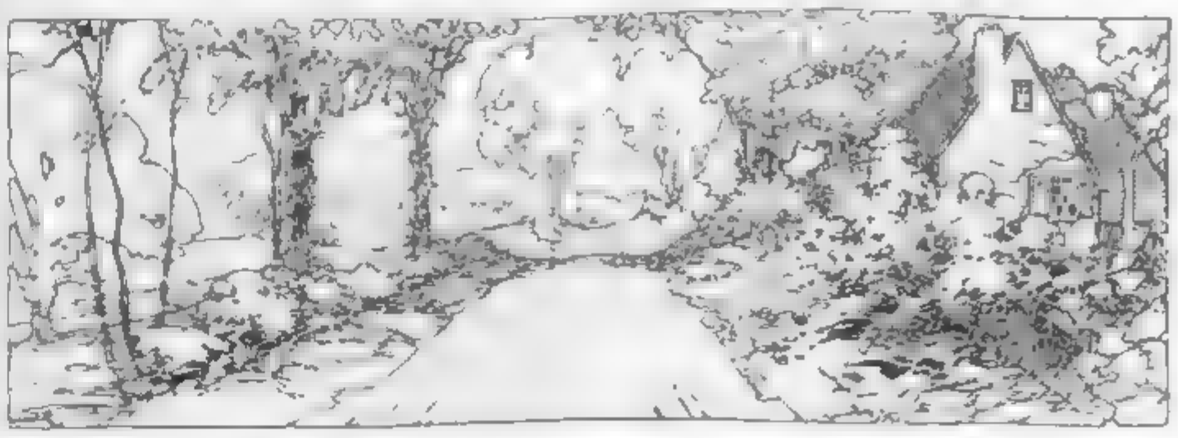
"Personally I believe our system is all wrong, and that something more like the English method is needed. We should have a system in which the controller is not an employe of the management or directors at all, but a direct representative of the shareholders, reporting to them independently of the management at annual meetings. What is needed in this country is a set-up in our corporations—that is, by-laws which will give the controller almost complete independence of the management and a great amount of real authority.

"But that is not enough, nor is that the worst of it. Accounting is just as important from the managerial standpoint as from that of the shareholders. The vital defect in most corporations is that their accounts are what I call 'historical.' Here is what happens constantly: Figures come to the management or to the board of directors which are about six weeks old. Expenses show a big jump and inquiry traces it down to a certain foreman. He is called up by the superintendent or manager and asked to explain why his costs are so high. But by that time the foreman has forgotten all about it and he can't give a satisfactory explanation.

"Figures have no use except to prevent the same mistake from happening twice. Most corporation accountants are just recording history, which has no value to speak of in running a plant. They get up perfectly wonderful analyses of what has happened, after the trouble is all over with. Such men aren't worth a dollar a year.

"When I went with one big company the accounts were five or six weeks behind, but as the result of much persistence I was able to get them only a week old. What did I care whether the business was groceries or automobiles? Successful management, as I saw it, consisted in catching the trouble before it became too serious, and preventing mistakes from happening a second time."

It is true, no doubt, that the number of men capable of handling large affairs without conspicuous flaws of policy is small. It has been said that the work of such men consists in constructing out of ideas a sort of go-cart for wheeling along weaker intellects more rapidly than they would otherwise go; and that is not easy.



How Can the Home Compete with Jazz Halls and Shallow Plays

in point of attractiveness to growing boys and girls?

The Plan Urged by Foremost Educators

OUTSIDE attractions, from the jazz craze to the shallow play, are enticing our boys and girls away from home. The effects are dangerous and far reaching.

It is a problem exercising the thought of serious minded people the country over.

Now a new solution has been offered. A world-famed musical institution fosters it. Foremost educators and publicists urge all parents to adopt it.

Its object is to put music in every home, and thus to provide an effective counter-attraction to the perilous outside influences of today.

Something to think about, mothers

A recent investigation among one hundred girls, between 14 and 18, of good homes, revealed that more than sixty spent their evenings at places unknown to their parents—places that they could not have obtained parental consent to attend; dances and theatres, not *questionable* in the strict sense of the word, but none the less dangerous.

It revealed that of these sixty, only a few enjoyed a musical home-atmosphere. But that of the remaining forty, music was the center of attraction, which led these girls to entertain their friends *at home*.

Virtually the same condition applied to boys of equal age and number. And educators say a nation-wide investigation would present an almost exact parallel.

Hence world's authorities are urging parents to turn to music as a safeguard of the home.

And for that purpose, the self-playing piano is the instrument most strongly advocated. For it provides self-expression and automatically brings into the home all music, from the hits of the moment to the world's greatest compositions.

Recent investigations showed that of the 40 per cent of boys and girls who spend their evenings and entertain their friends, AT HOME, music is the center of attraction which so prompts them.

Confidential Information Service

In keeping with the universal plea for *Best Music in Every Home*, a new plan of pricing and financing has been developed by one of the oldest and strongest player-piano makers in the world—The Hallet & Davis Piano Company, producers of the world-famed Virtuolo, "the instinctive player-piano." It places this Supreme instrument within the means of those in the most moderate circumstances. Mail coupon below for confidential information—free and postpaid.

The Virtuolo may be obtained in various instruments, as follows:

Home Companion Virtuolo	$495
Colonial Virtuolo in Conway Piano	595
Petite Virtuolo in Hallet & Davis (4 ft. 4 in. high)	685
Puritan Virtuolo in Hallet & Davis (full size)	750
Empress Grand Hallet & Davis Piano, reproducing Virtuolo, on which may be played exact reproductions of world-famous artists	2250

Remarkable new terms of payment. *You play as you pay*

But price, unfortunately, has heretofore restricted the enjoyment of these instruments to children of the financially prominent.

Now amazing new plan to place one in every home

Now a new plan of manufacturing and financing has been developed. A plan which places the new Virtuolo Player Piano made by the makers of the Hallet & Davis Pianos—supreme in musical centers throughout the world—within the means of everyone.

Only the world-spread manufacturing capacity and powerful financial position of the Hallet & Davis factories make it even remotely possible.

The plan is *new*. It is propounded from a new idea. It is unique both in point of price and the amazing terms of payment offered.

It puts a new light entirely on the matter of providing the proper musical environment in every home. It has been carefully evolved to meet every family status and condition.

For confidential information, detailing the entire plan, simply mail the coupon. But you are urged to do so without delay, so as to participate in this new method of ownership.

TO RETAIL PIANO DEALERS AND AGENTS

On account of the new plan detailed on this page, hundreds of additional retail outlets for Hallet & Davis lines will be required to effect quick distribution of the Virtuolo.

Your district may be open; write or wire immediately.

THE VIRTUOLO

PLAYER PIANO

Made by

HALLET & DAVIS

Established 1839

CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION COUPON

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO.
146 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Send me confidential terms of the Virtuolo.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

The TIRE in *Perfect Balance*

Here is the tire in *perfect balance* with the spirit of the times, the spirit which demands a full measure of service at a minimum first cost;

The new Diamond Fabric with the Double-Diamond tread. The tire built especially for Fords and other popular sized cars.

in Balance with the driver's ideas of a tire in its fine appearance, easy riding qualities and reliability;

in Balance with cars as they are built today, their weight and their speed;

in Balance with itself, each part equal in strength with every other part—the tread thick enough for the body—the double diamonds firmly fortifying the sidewalls;

in Balance with your idea of price, giving quality and value to the last cent.

THE DIAMOND RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
Akron, Ohio

[Owners of Fords and other *popular sized* cars, this is your tire. See it at the nearest Diamond distributor's or dealer's.]

Diamond DOUBLE DIAMOND TREAD **Tire**

THE NUMBER ONE BOY

(Continued from Page 5)

fresh from the Point, were most valuable when teaching the rudiments, and Prescott and he after an endless round of drilling rookie companies, found themselves at Tampa, Florida, just short of the fighting, when peace was declared.

This bitter blow was forgotten when Providence finally saw fit to send them both to the Philippines, attached to a seasoned, supple, hard-bitten gang—the Seventeenth Infantry Regulars. Thank God again for Aguinaldo, good old Aguinaldo—"Agg," as they affectionately called him. They were disappointed, however, when—although they grew accustomed to the distant plop of Mausers, followed by droning whines like the passing of giant bees—both remained unscathed. This was tough. Heaven only knew when there would be another chance to get a decent wound. Next came a long period of garrison duty in Manila, as dull as ditch water, and then another magnificent stroke of fortune. The allies decided to go to the relief of the besieged legations at Peking. The Seventeenth marched joyfully to transports, which straightway steamed under forced draft for the coast of China.

"Think what it means, Yank," said Jimmy to Prescott, who hailed from Massachusetts. "English, French, Germans, Japs, and us. Us. You and me, and the good old Seventeenth, waltzing around among the pagodas with the pigtails. I ask you, honeybunch, ain't it, in the words of Aunt Selina, pow'ful grand?"

Prescott stared back along the transport's wake—a white lane in the flat blue pasture of the China Sea.

"It sure is," he agreed soberly.

Jimmy snorted at such moderation.

"Let me explain. This is a boat. You're on it. Round about is an ocean. Straight ahead is the big doings. The boat with you on it is moving slowly but perceptibly over the ocean to the big doings. Now do you get it?"

"Thanks, awfully," acknowledged Prescott. "But look here, I've got a darn queer feeling. I've got a feeling that something's going to happen."

Jimmy looked at him quickly, then smote him with mock ferocity in the midriff.

"You're right, old codfish ball; as right as rain. A whole lot's going to happen."

II

PEKING emerged from the shadows of night in dread of the coming dawn. Soldiers with rumbling guns that shook the earth had arrived on the plains before the city at the end of the previous day. There were many, many soldiers. This had been seen from a hundred roofs before the dusk had blotted them out.

The soldiers had landed on the coast from great ships at the time of lotus budding. The Boxers had said that all would perish before they reached Peking. Now the lotus was in bloom; many Boxers had joined their ancestors; the soldiers were just outside the gates of the city.

It was not so bad to kill a foreign devil quietly now and then. Such things were discussed with polite regret and then forgotten. But to kill hundreds, to drive the remainder into the legations, and then to attack those so sacred legations furiously day after day! How distressing! How very distressing!

The Boxers had promised to rid China forever of foreign devils. Many had believed them for a time. Now it was certain that foreign devils were like the sands of the Yang-tse-Kiang in dry seasons. The Boxers! Children of folly, asses in the skins of men. Witness the soldiers and devil guns somewhere out in the morning mist beyond the wall.

The Master of Souls had warned them—five months ago. Why had he not been heeded? With the lips of Gautama Buddha he had spoken. Even as he had spoken, so had each thing transpired. There remained to be accomplished his last foretelling: That the streets of the capital would be red with Chinese blood; that the Forbidden City, even the Forbidden City, would know the polluting feet of foreign soldiers. Fools in their folly were the Boxers, wise beyond mortals was The Master of Souls, who served Gautama Buddha. To his temple! To the temple of Gautama Buddha! There with the forehead in the dust one could await what was to be. To the temple then, before the sun had lifted, while there was time, while the soldiers—the devil soldiers—out on the plains in the blind white mist remained so still.

From street to street in the half light of early dawn the whispers ran. Whispers and the pattering of feet. The Room of Celestial Bliss in the Peking temple, where the huge figure of Gautama Buddha with its face of unutterable calm broods changeless through the centuries, was the goal of the pattering feet. In the Presence itself tranquillity might be found. On then, son of a pig with the soul of a worm! On, on with speed, for many follow.

It became a race, a race of thousands toward a fancied haven. Hundreds only were rewarded. The Room of Celestial Bliss was carpeted with prostrate figures, so that no more might enter, by the first scant waves of the sea of yellow faces which presently filled the entrances, corridors and courtyard of the Peking temple. The vast untroubled silence of The Room of Celestial Bliss remained unbroken. The prone and moveless figures seemed like rows of dead; but round about the temple a murmur grew, a giant murmur. No voice was raised in a place so sacred. Only lips moved, yet the murmur grew in volume and at last took form:

"Master of Souls! Master of Souls! Master of Souls!"

A flicker of relief played for an instant over the countenance of the head priest of the temple. It had been difficult to maintain the outward calm of a high servant of Buddha in the face of such overwhelming and unaccountable piety. Here was an excuse to place the burden of leadership in firmer hands.

"They name the Holy One," he said to an anxious circle of priests and acolytes. "Who then will enter The Room of Silence and respectfully inquire?"

His only answer was unwinking stares and a slight drawing back of the circle about him. For centuries uncounted The Room of Silence had been the private study of the lama of the temple. It was not recorded that any priest had ever entered there without a summons. Lamas of the past had been pale stars in the firmament of heaven. The present occupant of The Room of Silence was the blinding sun at mid-day, Voice of Buddha, Finger of Poon Koo Wong—the immortal Chang Foo Low. Let half the city press upon the temple and call his name; why should sons of worms intrude upon his awful meditations? It must not be forgotten that, being displeased, he could, with a look of his eye and a wave of his hand, rob the presumptuous of both speech and movement.

The head priest waited a vain moment for a volunteer, then cleared a path for himself through the crowd of lesser lights with a contemptuous gesture.

"Wait here, my brothers. I myself will seek the Holy One."

A relieved chorus greeted this statement:

"Hopefully we wait, O Servant of Buddha."

The head priest glided into a dim corridor, paneled in scented wood. Down this he strode with unhurried calm. Turning at right angles he followed another corridor, darker than the first. Having arrived at a carved and gilded doorway, with hangings of heavy yellow silk, he paused for a moment to summon his utmost composure. Behind those curtains was The Room of Silence. Within the room was the calmest soul, the most tranquil mind, in all China.

The Room of Silence had known furnishings of extreme splendor in the past. Each century had contributed to it a quota of treasures. The immediate predecessor of the present lama had meditated amidst an overpowering exhibition of *objets d'art*. Of this great collection only the following articles now remained: One red lacquer table, one carved ebony chair, one blue-and-yellow rug woven of camels' hair. But the cabinets, carvings, vases, tapestries, fans, screens, rugs, and so on, which had vanished, still served in The Room of Silence by proxy. They had been sent years before, with the proper felicitations of the new leader of Buddhism, to the then young Empress of China. Her Majesty had been pleased to accept the gift graciously. She had been further pleased to have conveyed from the royal strong room to the Peking temple a plain iron-bound box, the lifting of which required the strength of two strong men. A slight, a very slight gleam from the gold contained therein was reflected in the countenance of Chang Foo Low when the box was opened in his presence. The dream of a lifetime had come true. The treasure would purchase books. Books, books, books—from the ends of the earth, in every tongue—more than could be read in the longest of lifetimes—books, books, books!

He had begun their accumulation at once through notes of exquisite politeness addressed to agents in Bombay, Constantinople, Budapest, St. Petersburg, Valparaiso, Rome, Madrid, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Vienna, Berlin, London, New York. In return had come, each day for many years, precious packages, which the lama with fond deliberation always opened himself. The contents of these packages were here in The Room of Silence now, rising from the floor halfway to the lofty ceiling, north, east, south, west—books, books, books.

Their discriminating collector sat in the midst of them in the center of his blue-and-yellow rug, in his carved ebony chair, at his red lacquer table. The long lemon-colored fingers of his left hand were dipping into a jade bowl of cold rice in a purely mechanical fashion, for the fingers of his right hand held open and caressed the pages of—a book. He did not look up from his reading when the head priest pushed aside the yellow curtains and entered.

"Holy One," the head priest ventured. The eyes of Chang Foo Low slowly lifted. "Mountain of Infinite Wisdom ——"

The lama spoke:

"I am a servant of Buddha, like thyself. Small grains of wisdom may be acquired by much reflection."

The head priest bowed humbly at the reproof and came at once to his excuse for the intrusion.

"The people fill the temple and crowd upon it like locusts at the time of visitation."

"When the belly is full of fear the heart remembers God," said Chang dryly.

"Only those before the Presence worship in humility. Those without boldly call thy name."

"So does man seize the shadow for the substance." The lama's fingers rose from the jade bowl to his mouth with some kernels of rice. "I will speak to the people," he decided after a moment's thought. "They must return to their homes." He closed his book and rose from the table.

"They mean us harm?" asked the head priest quickly.

The lama picked up the rice bowl and went to a window opening on an inner court. He flung the contents of the bowl on the pink stones of the courtyard and smiled faintly at a sudden rush of wings.

"No more than these," he answered, nodding at the pigeons which had dropped from the roof to peck and coo among the bright white grains. "If they remain they will themselves be harmed. Come, my brother." He led the way from The Room of Silence to the eastern entrance of the temple and moved out upon the temple steps, washed by the sea of yellow faces—clearer now in the growing light.

A curious spectacle followed. Portions of the sea of yellow faces began to sink, patches here and there. The patches grew until only small islands of those still standing remained. At last these, too, saw the tall figure in its flowing yellow robe and crownlike headdress, and sank to the level of the rest.

The lama moved forward to the very edge of the steps and lifted his hands, palms down, above the kneeling people. His voice rang out, the clear, liquid Chinese syllables falling on the silence like bells:

"The blessing of Buddha on thy heads, the peace of his spirit in thy hearts. Return now to the homes which honorable industry and the will of Poon Koo Wong have provided, and there remain. Let no man, woman or child venture into the streets, for peril will be found therein. Go then, swiftly, like homing pigeons, for to gather in numbers, here or elsewhere, is to kiss the sword of death."

Instantly they attempted to obey him; but such vast numbers could not disperse in a moment, and while they milled and pushed and jostled the light was growing stronger. Chang Foo Low turned somber eyes, first to a noticeable radiance in the east, and then toward the watchtowers which marked the sluggish windings of the city wall.

Brighter and brighter grew the sky, but the flat plain beyond the wall still wore a smoking blanket of mist into which yellow zealots, crouching along the ancient ramparts, strained slanting eyes in vain. Why were the foreign soldiers so still? The stillness was disconcerting. A sound—any sound—would be better. Li Fung, craftiest of Boxer leaders, seized a rifle from one of his men and fired into the mist. All along the wall a stuttering fire broke out, nervous, scattered, unaimed. It died away, to leave a more impressive silence than before.

Ching Lo, the orator, took advantage of the silence. For a hundred yards from where he stood the guardians of the wall heard him recount their splendid deeds and splendid aims. The Land of the Dragon had been cleared of foreign devils. The men had honorably kissed the sword. The women having first sung a love song to the heroic sons of China had felt their white necks snap like lily stems. Some, to be sure, were left in the legations. But how thin was the line of bayonets about them! A few days more and then —— It was well to remember that the wealth of the foreign devils was colossal. All, all that wealth was in the legations. Out there in the mist were soldier devils, to be sure; but observe the wall—how strong, how unassailable. Reflecting upon this and recalling the numbers and courage of the wall's defenders, one should spit thus—at the foolish sons of pigs who had come to save the legations but would presently join their ancestors.

"Hai, hai, hai!" ran approval along the wall. Laughter followed as Nang Poo, the humorous, shouted a pun about a great grunting in hell as the pig soldiers joined their ancestors.

Slowly the light grew stronger. The higher roofs of Peking changed to rose and gold and swam clear of the mist against a band of emerald sky that swept the western horizon. Far out on the plain a tongue of orange flame leaped out and up, ripping a fiery gash in the gray curtain of mist. The bark of the field gun from whose throat it sprang crashed hammerlike against the silence. A shell wailed high above the wall and exploded in the square before the temple of Gautama Buddha. Another shell followed, and another. The ancient temple shook at each explosion. The younger of the acolytes fell on their knees, whimpering like puppies. The older priests drew timidly nearer the figure in the yellow robe standing motionless before the ever-brooding Buddha.

But Chang Foo Low heeded them not. His lips were moving in a silent prayer of thankfulness, for the temple and the court and the streets in all directions were clear of worshipers by now. The shells were scattering earth and clouds of dust, not mangled human flesh.

His prayer finished, the lama turned from the altar and approached the group of moaning acolytes. With chattering teeth they eyed him dumbly, awe of his presence swept away by an ecstasy of fear.

"It is not well," said Chang sternly, "to show fear for a miserable body in the presence of The Blessed and All-wise. Get to your cells, young brothers. There meditate upon the weakness of the flesh and the power of the spirit."

The acolytes pattered in all directions like a bevy of frightened quail. Many of the older priests followed them more slowly, feeling the need of self-communion perhaps, while three-inch shells shrieked above the temple roof. A scattered few remained. These withdrew respectfully to the entrance leading to their quarters as the lama turned again to the Buddha.

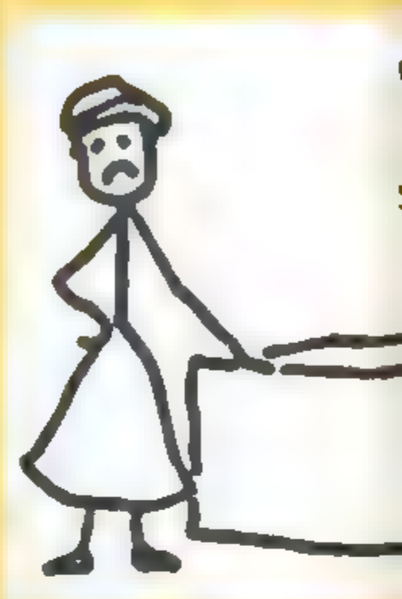
"Great Buddha, Voice of Heaven," he implored, "let the peace of thy spirit fill the hearts of those within this holy temple. Bring its walls out of peril. Save its altar from dishonor. I, Chang Foo Low, least of thy servants, ask now for aid from those who dwell in serene tranquillity within The Seventh Sphere. Bring to them knowledge of my need, open their ears to my message, throw the might of their protection about these walls to the glory of Him who, loving good, yet in His unfathomable wisdom created also evil. Buddha,

(Continued on Page 68)

Mrs. Jones visi

① I had to do some shopping in a hurry. I rushed for a car and went to the store. My time was very short.

② I rushed up to a salesman and asked him to wait on me. He started to show me what I wanted.



③ He had to le change to a p I had to wait t

⑥ I was only one victim of these exasperating delays. I saw many others waiting.

⑦ I next went to a drug store to get a toothbrush. The salesgirl quickly showed me what I wanted.

⑧ The salesgirl and instantl purchase on a Register.

Mrs. Jon

I like to trade in stores that give quick service.

It saves my time. I don't have to wait.

There is no congestion around counters. The clerks are able to wait on more customers and give better attention.

The printed receipt I get shows me how much I expended.

It shows where I bought the goods and the date I bought them.

It shows which clerk waited on me.

The National Cash Registe

its two stores.

ave me to give
revious customer.
ill he came back.

④ I gave the salesman my money. He wrote in his sales book the date, amount, and some other things. This took a lot of time.

⑤ After a long delay I got my parcel and change. It was getting late.

took my money
y rang up my
National Cash

⑨ In three seconds she handed me my change, parcel, and a printed receipt.

⑩ My husband is a merchant. I asked him why his store doesn't have a quick system. He didn't answer.

es says:

The receipt saves me from being bothered by mistakes and disputes.

It enables me to keep a record of my expenses. It encourages saving.

I have no trouble when I exchange goods.

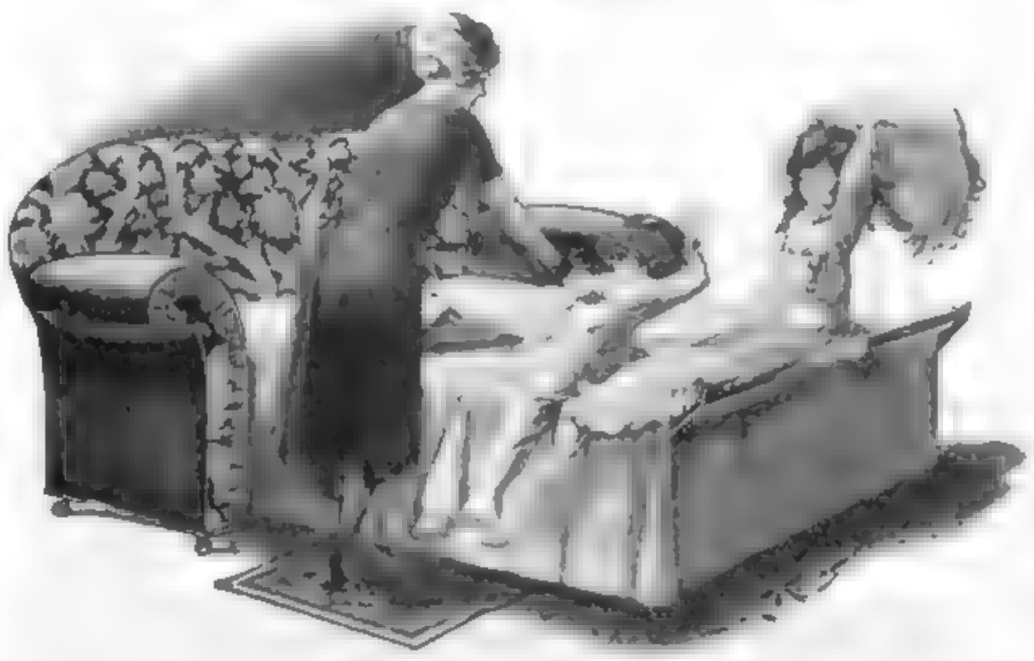
I keep the receipts in an envelope for future reference.

I like this receipt because it thanks me for my patronage.

I wish every merchant would give me a printed receipt when I am shopping.

r Company, Dayton, Ohio.

KROEHLER Daven~O



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The Invisible Bed Room

Short Daven-O No. 827

(Continued from Page 65)

Buddha, Buddha, to The Seventh Sphere I call!"

While the voice of the lama, drowned at intervals by the crash of bursting shells, filled The Room of Celestial Bliss, the morning breeze had sprung up and gone silently to work. Jagged holes began to appear in the curtain of mist that had hidden the wall from the searching guns. Field glasses leveled through these rents found the wall at last. As the final words of prayer echoed and died among the gilded rafters a bugle spoke far out on the plain. The whine of shells above the temple ceased.

It was only an interlude in the chorus of the guns while battery commanders found new ranges, but the group of listening priests fell upon their faces. Who could remain standing in the presence of a miracle? With their own ears they had heard the instant answer of high heaven to the winged words of Chang.

For a short moment the silence held. Then it was violently broken. A sound even more terrifying than the whine and crash of shells ripped it to tatters. Nothing is more heart shaking than a woman's sudden scream. The priests scrambled hastily to their feet as a mad-eyed, chalk-faced creature sped into The Room of Celestial Bliss, shrieking as she came. Three Boxers leaped through the entrance behind her like hounds at the heels of a doe.

Almost in the center of the room they pulled her down or, rather, she collapsed, for the reaching fingers of the leader of the pack had scarcely touched her when she sank to the floor. A yellow hand twisted into the masses of her hair and jerked back her head. A thin knife gleamed above a cream-colored throat.

"Stop!"

The knife remained poised.

"Do not strike."

The knife wielder became aware of the advancing Chang Foo Low. His companions visibly quailed at that awesome figure, but their leader, a pock-marked coolie with an evil twisted mouth, met the glance of The Master of Souls without a tremor.

"Release the woman."

The knife wielder did not obey.

"She is a foreign devil," he said boldly. "It is well to take her life."

The high serenity of the lama remained unbroken. His eyes explored the pock-marked face before him for an instant.

"Who are you to talk of taking life? Within the hour you will be with your ancestors."

Softly, almost gently the words were spoken, but the head of the Boxer's victim fell forward as his hand was snatched from her hair. Down on the floor beside her he groveled, his terror-stricken eyes lifted to the immutable face of Chang.

"No, no, great prophet, I have done no wrong. Spare me."

"I cannot spare you. It is written." A long arm in folds of yellow silk swept up and became rigid. "Go!"

Three eager hounds of hell had burst into the Peking temple a moment before. Three cringing dogs, the boldest of them now the most subdued, skulked to the entrance through which they had come, and disappeared, leaving their quarry behind at the feet of Chang Foo Low.

She was half kneeling, half sitting, shaken by gasping sobs; her head bowed, her face covered by her hands. Chang looked down at her and waited. As he waited the guns out on the plain began to speak again but the exploding shells no longer shook the temple. They were dropping near the wall, a mile or more away.

Minutes passed while the lama stood silently observing the huddled female figure on the orange-colored marble of the temple floor. Gradually her sobs became less violent. She no longer shook and quivered with each intaken breath. Presently her hands dropped, palms upward, to her lap. Slowly her eyes rose—great burning eyes. They traveled up the yellow robe of the lama and so came at last to the minutely wrinkled yellow countenance above. Some of the horror, a little of the fear left her eyes as they explored the calmest face in China, the calmest face in all the world. Her lips moved.

"If I could speak your language—I would thank you." It was a broken whisper utterly lost in the chorus of distant guns, but in clear unhurried English came the reply:

"Do not thank me. Thank Buddha. I am only his unworthy servant."

She had just passed through a fearful ordeal. She was still in desperate trouble, but youth is astonishingly buoyant. At the reassuring sound of her own language her face lost its deadly whiteness. It warmed until it became the pale ivory complement of her dark hair and eyebrows.

"You speak English?"

"I speak such tongues as I may need."

Puzzling over this she made an uncertain effort to rise. Then at a sudden recollection she relaxed into helplessness.

"That man! That man! That creature with the knife!" She again covered her face with her hands.

"Fear him not; you are safe."

She wept silently for a moment, fought for self-control and had almost won it when it abruptly fled. She clutched at the lama's robe.

"He may come back."

"Not to harm you, my child." The certainty of his tone seemed to reassure her. Chang put his hands under her elbows and helped her to her feet. "That poor whirling soul fears for his own miserable life. I told him that within the hour he would be with his ancestors."

"You are going to have him—killed?"

"No, my child. Within the hour some hand will strike him down. I, Chang Foo Low, saw the shadow of the wings of death upon his brow."

She had been staring at him half fearfully. The serenity of his face was wonderful and he had just saved her life. But his eyes were like no eyes she had ever looked into before. Far beyond her gaze, somewhere in their fathomless depths, terrible things might lie. Now as she heard his name her face cleared.

"Are you Chang Foo Low? I read about you in America. You are the great prophet. They call you The Master of Souls."

"The mouth of folly has so named me," said Chang. "How did you get here, my child? Where do you belong?"

"I have been with the other Americans, besieged in the legation," she answered. "I walked past the guard by mistake last night. Those Boxers cut me off. I hid under a cart until morning. When I tried to get back they saw me and chased me. When they were almost on me I ran in here."

She looked vaguely about her and discovered the group of motionless, silent priests. Her troubled eyes roamed over the altar with its silk tapestries, small jade Buddhas and heavy golden ornaments. Far above the altar the huge face of the great Buddha swam in ageless, shadow-filled tranquillity. Its supreme aloofness was terrifying. Her eyes dropped quickly to Chang's.

"Oh, what shall I do? How can I get back?"

He regarded her thoughtfully for a moment—her clasping and unclasping fingers, her lifted, appealing face.

"Whom do you know in the American Legation guard?"

"Colonel Bradley."

"Would Colonel Bradley send for you? Would he risk his soldiers to bring you back if he knew you were here?"

"Oh, yes!" she cried. "He'd risk anything. He'd come himself. You see, I'm ——" She broke off, her sudden eagerness gone. "But there's no way to tell him."

He turned from her abruptly and crossed the temple to the western entrance. She saw his yellow robe gleam in the sunlight beyond and disappear. Was he going to attempt to deliver a message to the legation? Any Chinaman would be shot in his tracks the moment a guard laid eyes on him. She turned and ran toward the entrance to overtake him and explain. Before she reached it she saw the yellow robe returning.

"The streets are clearing," he said when he had joined her. "The Boxers are at the walls. I will let Colonel Bradley know where you are."

"Oh, thank you," she said, "but how? No one could get near the legations."

As she waited for a reply she saw his eyes close, one hand rose to his forehead. The other stretched out and up. His face slowly changed. It became a mask—a death mask—made of pale, wrinkled parchment.

"Wh-what is the matter?" she stammered.

She received no reply. At last his lips began to move, but the muffled Chinese words she heard did not seem to come

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(Continued from Page 68)

from them. She backed away from the eerie swaying figure with its closed, bloodless eyelids. Slowly they opened.

"I have sent for Colonel Bradley," he said.

She continued to back away from him. His face had become lifelike again, but in his eyes for an instant after he had opened them had been something nameless, terrifying. And why did he say he had sent for Colonel Bradley? He was tricking her. She turned and made for an entrance. Out into the light of day she would go, whatever happened.

"Stop," she heard.

She was close to the entrance now. A few steps more would take her from this place of terror. It seemed safe to halt and turn.

"The streets to which you go are filled with the spirit of madness, murder, rape. Here is the spirit of wisdom, gentle and pure.

"I am the servant of that spirit. Poor foolish child, keep your lily body safe in this temple of the Lord Buddha until your future husband comes to claim it."

His last sentence was so astounding that for a moment her astonishment was greater than her fear.

"Future husband! How did you know that? I didn't tell you."

"How I know is not important, but you must believe that I have sent for him."

"When did you send for him?" she found the courage to ask.

"Approach," said Chang, "and I will tell you."

She had recovered somewhat from her unaccountable fright of a moment before. What he had said about the streets was true, and he had saved her life. But she glanced uneasily at the priests still standing before the door to their quarters. A few rapid steps by one of them would cut her off from the entrance if she returned to Chang. As the thought entered her mind the lama spoke abruptly in Chinese. The priests turned and departed like shadows from The Room of Celestial Bliss.

"I am alone," said Chang. "I am an old man. Come."

She came slowly from the entrance and halted some little distance from where he stood.

"Closer."

She obeyed reluctantly.

"Look in my face—in my eyes."

She raised her eyes to his. Nothing terrifying was in them now. They were luminous, compassionate and unaccountably soothing.

"You are the daughter of a young and untaught people," she heard. "Your eyes see nothing but material things. Your ears hear nothing but audible sounds. I am an ancient priest of an ancient people—knowing a little of the wisdom of the ages, but much you cannot understand. Now I, Chang Foo Low, lama of the Peking temple, servant of the high spirit of Buddha, tell you that I have sent for Col. William S. Bradley, of the United States Legation guard." A hand rose out of a yellow sleeve and passed before her face. "Shut your ears and hear. Close your eyes and see. Do you believe?"

Her eyelids quivered and closed. For an instant she was in a dark and soundless chamber somewhere within her own brain. In that soundless chamber she heard an urgent though silent voice: "You believe. You believe."

She opened her eyes and spoke aloud. "I believe."

"That is well," said the lama softly. "Now tell me, why did you leave the legation and go into the streets?"

As he asked the question she became aware that an unaccountable faith in this old Chinaman was growing within her. To this faith was added an eager, trusting friendliness. She had led a life so far of extraordinary repression. However deeply she might require a confidant no one heretofore had been able to break down her reserve. Now in a dim unearthly temple in a heathen land she confronted a withered Oriental on whom she had never laid eyes before, and felt her abiding reticence fall from her like a discarded shell. She took an impulsive step toward him as she answered his question.

"I did it unknowingly. It was quiet around the legation last night. The Boxers had gone to the walls to fight the allies. I couldn't think in the legation. It was so crowded, and I wanted to think."

"Women do not think; they feel."

"In my country they must think too." A little of her impulse to confide in him had its way. "You see, I've been worried about—something. I wanted to go out under the stars and think it all out for myself."

"When a maiden's mother has gone to her ancestors," said Chang softly, "she has only the stars to guide her."

Quick tears sprang to her eyes.

"How did you know my mother was dead?" she asked brokenly. "How did you know I wanted her so these last few days? You are a good man—a great man—I know it now. Tell me, please, father, or whatever they call you—how did you know?"

"Gossip has the wings of the swallow," Chang evaded.

"Gossip?" She thought for a moment. "No," she decided, "I understand how you could have known I am to marry Colonel Bradley—many could have told you that. Only—my pillows know that I need my mother. I've told them softly—late at night. No one heard."

"Someone heard."

"No one," she assured him.

"The spirit of motherhood within you heard and answered. What did it say?"

She gave him a bewildered look.

"I don't understand."

"You heard the message"—his hand curved to his chest—"here. Shall I repeat it?"

She nodded dumbly.

"Oh, woman's heart of you, my daughter you will sicken, you will die if you beat on the breast of an old man."

She flinched, paled, then cried out at him, "You don't understand! You don't understand!"

"I understand this: Colonel Bradley should be your father, not your bridegroom."

"Listen, please listen!" she implored, wringing her hands.

"I listen," said Chang.

Gone, entirely gone, was her habitual reticence. Words poured from her, broken, impulsive. A strange confidant in strange surroundings! For some reason she did not find him strange.

"I was born in Australia," she began. "My parents were Canadians. We lived in Sydney until my mother died. My father was a poet. He taught school for a living. When my mother died it broke his heart and touched his mind a little. He became a wanderer, looking, always looking, for my mother. He died in the Hawaiian Islands. I was with him. He said 'Julia'—that was my mother's name—and smiled a radiant smile and closed his eyes. I was left alone, a child in a strange land, without money, without friends."

"Bitter with salt tears is the cup of the orphan," said Chang.

"They put me in an institute for homeless children in Hawaii—a place with dirty walls, filled with the odors of cooking. At nights rats ran about, squeaking and fighting. I wore a blue denim dress, a pair of sandals, and that was all—no underclothes, no stockings, not even a ribbon for my hair." She paused as her voice began to shake.

"The hand of charity feeds the body and starves the soul," was Chang's comment.

"One day an American officer came to inspect the orphanage," she went on more steadily. "He stood in the courtyard, clean and straight, and asked questions. His boots were polished like mirrors. He wore a shining sword." She was staring unseeingly into the impenetrable shadows which wrapped the Buddha. Now her eyes returned to the lama's face. "To me he seemed like God."

"Poor child, poor child. So turns the wheel."

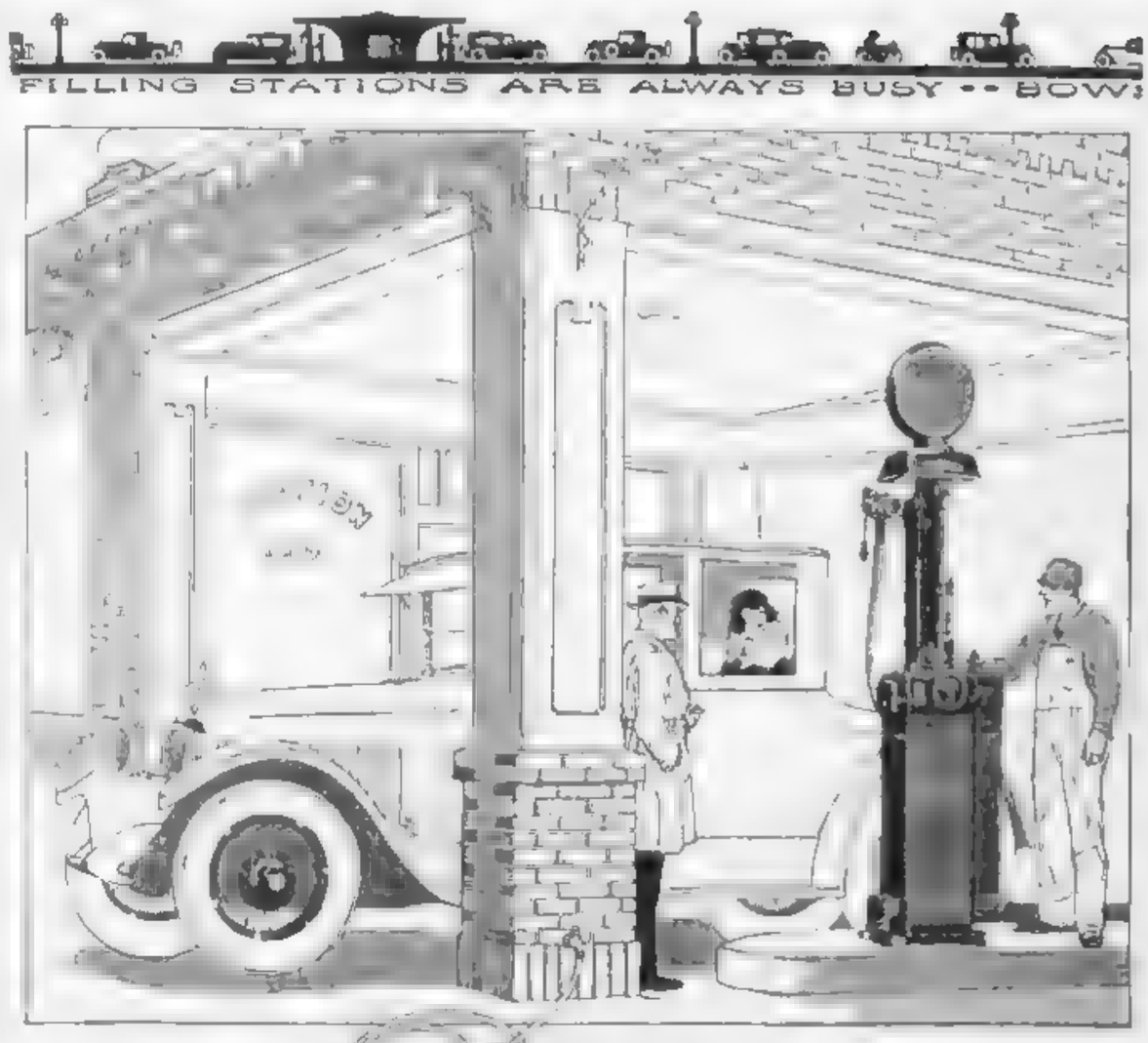
"That officer was Colonel Bradley. I looked at him first through a window as he stood outside in the sunshine. Then I ran out to him and fell at his feet and clasped his shiny boots and asked him to save me."

At no time while she had talked had she detected the slightest alteration in the lama's face. Now there came a change. Quick interest disturbed the serenity of his expression. He leaned slightly toward her as he asked a question.

"What did he do?"

"He said, 'Take her away,'" she answered. "And the matron loosened my arms from around his boots and lifted me up and would have dragged me inside, but suddenly—he had not looked at me before—I saw that he was staring at me."

(Continued on Page 73)



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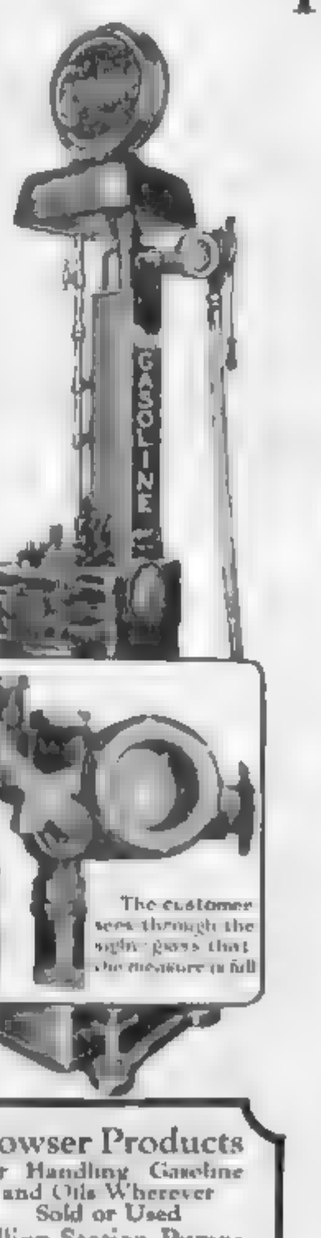

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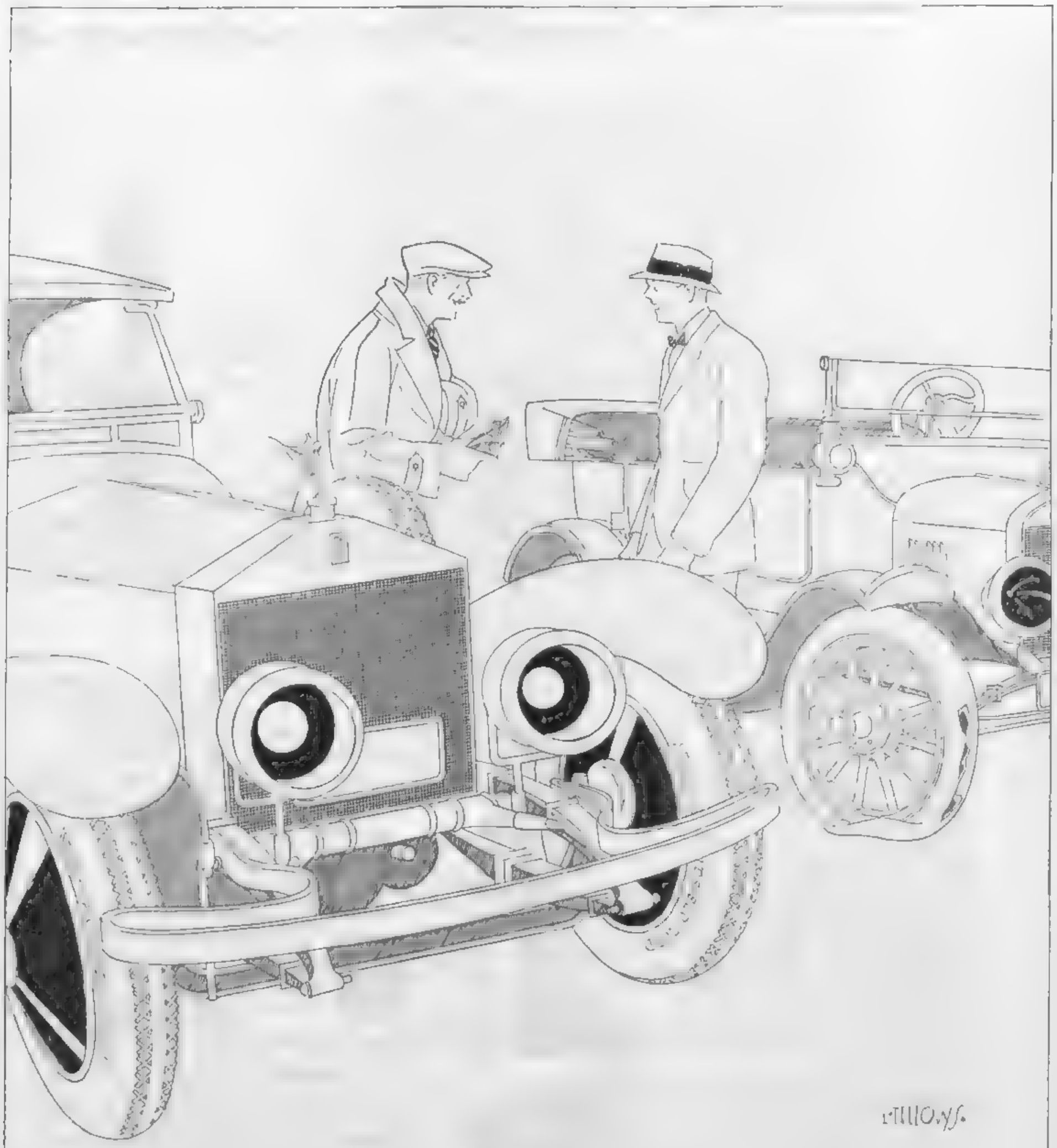

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(Continued from Page 71)

"You were beautiful then as now?" Chang interrupted with the same unaccountable interest.

"Beautiful! I was a thin, dirty, wild-eyed child."

"Ah!" sighed the lama. His face became so deeply meditative that she stood in silence before him for a time, not daring to disturb his thoughts. "Just is the wheel," she heard him mutter. And then at last, "Go on, my daughter."

"That was five years ago. Everything I have had since then has come from Colonel Bradley—food, clothes, education. He took me from that place in Hawaii; he took me back with him to the United States; he sent me to school—a convent school in America. I spent my vacations with him. Last year he was ordered to China. He asked me to come with him as his wife. I asked to be allowed to graduate before we married. He consented. I graduated in June and arrived in China just as the Boxer troubles began. We will be married when the allies relieve Peking."

The somber eyes regarded her for a long moment.

"Fate has spread a cunning net for you, poor fluttering dove."

His tone matched his eyes. Her hand went to her throat.

"Don't frighten me, please. Colonel Bradley is an honorable, generous man. He has denied me nothing."

"Nothing? Think."

"Well, yes," she faltered. "One thing. He never let me meet young men. He never let me go to parties if boys were to be there. They weren't allowed to come to the house. It didn't seem fair. I"—her lips quivered—"that's why I wanted mother so lately," she confessed. "I wanted to ask her about that before I married."

She was silent for a moment. The far thunder of the guns on the plain and the nearer though still distant explosion of shells along the walls had continued without interruption while they had talked. Now there came a lull in the gunfire, and then an explosion at which the temple, the ground on which it stood, all China, in fact, seemed to tremble.

"What was that?" she cried, seizing him by the arm.

He lifted a hand and laid it for a moment on her head.

"The first stroke of your wedding bells," he said. At her bewildered look he added, "They have blown up the Chin Mien gates. The allies are in the city."

Her eyes widened and darkened. From outside came a faint murmur which grew into the sound of many running feet. At last as she listened the sound of them was supplanted by a spiteful crackle like an endless string of ignited firecrackers. Interspersed with the crackling sounds came sudden muffled screams, to which were presently added hoarse unintelligible shouts.

A narrow, sunken window caught her eye. Its inlaid teakwood sill was six feet or more from the floor, but a huge seat of carved black marble was just below it. She went slowly to the window, listening to the growing clamor outside. She hesitated a moment, then stepped upon the seat. Stretching to her full height her chin was just above the window sill.

"I see the soldiers!" she cried. "Gray soldiers with spiked helmets." For a moment she continued to stare from the window into the streets of Peking—Peking, which now was paying the price of ignorant fanaticism. "Oh, the bayonets! How horrible!"

She shut her eyes and turned from the window. When she opened them she gave a sudden gasp, but managed to smother a scream. One of the Boxers, trying to escape a fate which had turned her sick with horror, had stolen into the eastern entrance of the temple and was fleeing across The Room of Celestial Bliss toward an entrance on the farther side. He was a tall coolie with an evil, twisted mouth. His pock-marked face was the color of a toad's belly. Even in his terror he still clung to the long thin knife which had been at her throat earlier that morning.

He was almost to the entrance. He had not seen her! He was gone! A thin stream of fire spurted from the shadows in the eastern entrance. A sound that reminded her of a heavy trunk crashing against pavement whipped at the walls and ceiling. The running Boxer faltered in his stride, his long knife tinkled as it struck the floor. Round he spun and round again, then toppled forward on his face. One of his legs drew up vaguely and as vaguely straightened. A pool which looked like ink crept sluggishly from beneath his body and began to spread over one of the squares of orange marble on which he lay.

The girl stared at the prone, still figure and the torpidly spreading pool. "The shadow of the wings of death upon his brow." The words reverberated through her brain like the tolling of a bell. She looked fearfully toward the lama, still motionless before the altar. Once more she felt afraid of him. Had he in some way caused the shot to be fired? An instant later she learned that he had not. Gray-clad figures with spiked helmets appeared in the eastern entrance. It was a German corporal with a squad of men. A thin wisp of smoke was still drifting from the muzzle of the unterofficier's rifle.

Into The Room of Celestial Bliss they strode without a glance at the dead Boxer. As the corporal saw Chang Foo Low he halted. He was in the act of raising his rifle when his round blue eyes caught the gleam of the golden vessels on the altar. He grunted, lowered his weapon and swung toward the treasure. One foot was on the first of the three broad steps that led up to the altar, one huge hand was already stretched toward the largest of the gold vessels when the lama, pouring forth a stream of rapid German, advanced upon him and with a gesture ordered him back.

The avaricious gleam in the round eyes of the corporal changed to a look of surprise. He lowered his hand to bring the rifle with its long bayonet level at his hip, then drew the weapon back in preparation for its forward lunge.

The girl at the window sprang from the seat and rushed toward the German.

"Stop!" she cried. "Stop!" An instant later she had seized the rifle. "He is a good man. Don't touch him."

The corporal looked doubtfully at her for an instant. Who this wild-eyed young woman might be was totally beyond him, but she was white and of the upper class apparently. His eyes swung to the unmoved countenance of the lama. They took in his impressive robe and headdress. Perhaps there was some reason why it would be better not to stick this old swine whose eyes remained like placid amber lakes as he stood without a tremor before a poised bayonet.

The corporal barked an order. One of his men moved forward and placing a rifle across the breast of Chang forced him backwards a dozen steps from the altar. The corporal again reached for the massive vessel. Again the lama protested in German and attempted to get past his guard.

"Don't move! Don't move!" pleaded the girl. "They'll kill you."

For a moment he obeyed her. Then, as the men followed the corporal in a frantic grabbing of ornaments and rich altar cloths, his lean arms rose above his head.

"Better I were dead!" he cried. "They take the holy things of the Lord Buddha. Woe to China! Woe to China!"

The rifle fire had died to a splutter outside. A shouted command came faintly to the girl's ear. The words were indistinguishable, but they were no longer strange and guttural. She ran to the marble seat and climbed upon it once more.

A column of troops was pouring from a side street into the temple square and pressing on toward the Forbidden City. They were not in gray; they were in khaki, with broad-brimmed hats and a roll of yellow blankets behind their shoulders. On their biscuit-shaped khaki-colored canteens she could just make out the letters U.S.A. She stood on her tiptoes so that her face showed clear in the window. Clinging with one hand to the window sill she waved with the other.

"Americans! Americans!" she called at the top of her voice again and again. And then: "Help! Help!"

There were nine hundred men left in that regiment. Just one of the nine hundred saw that waving arm and caught a glimpse of a white face below it. Not a syllable of what she said reached his ears above the tramp of feet, the creaking of arms and equipment, and the desultory rifle fire. But Acting-Captain James Lee darted from the left flank of a line of men marching in open order and ran toward the nearest entrance of the Peking temple. He had entered Peking numb with the pain of the first great loss he had ever known. He had marched along its streets in a sort of bitter dream. Now, still in a dream, he was running toward the temple alone. He had said no word as he sprang away from the column, and no officer or man had happened to see him go.

Plunging into an entrance he ran down a passageway filled with faint, strange odors. When he came to a huge dim cavern of a room in which vague figures moved he halted suddenly.

"Who called in here?"

"I called," cried a voice—a girl's voice from somewhere in the darkness. "Those men are looting the temple."

Jimmy peered in the direction of the voice, but could see nothing. With narrowed lids he advanced cautiously. At last his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom. The vague figures revealed themselves as German soldiers busy at what looked like an altar which stood before a tremendous idol towering thirty feet or more from the floor. As the nature of the Germans' activities became clear to him he walked over and confronted them.

"What's going on here, Heinie?"

He addressed the man whose insignia showed him to be a corporal. The unterofficier was swathed in embroidered tapestries, his rifle with bayonet fixed was slung by a strap back of his shoulders. Both his arms were devoted to a load of gold vessels and jade ornaments. He regarded the American officer with round, unwinking eyes and made no reply.

"Do you speak English?" snapped Jimmy.

"Ya, I shpeak id."

"What are you doing in here?"

The German nodded at the figure of the dead Boxer.

"We shood dot shvine. Now ve tage dese drinkets."

"Nothing doing," said Jimmy. "Put 'em back."

A dull amazement claimed the heavy features of the corporal.

"Vor vy?" he asked at last.

"Never mind why. Put down that plunder."

The rest of the squad had now gathered about them. The altar was stripped bare.

"Nein," said the corporal positively. "De Cherman Army vill burn und lood und shlay in China. Der order vos gifen py der Kaiser himselluf."

"Huh," said Jimmy. "So I've heard. Well, the Kaiser's a long way from here. Put those things where you got them."

A deep flush appeared on the Teutonic face of the corporal. He said something to his men, who turned angry eyes on the American officer.

"You are nod my officier; I vill nod obey."

His squad, like the corporal, had slung their rifles and loaded themselves with plunder. One only, Jimmy noticed, standing guard over a tall old Chinaman in a long robe and queer headdress, had his weapon in his hands.

As Jimmy's service revolver came out of its holster the sweep of its muzzle carefully included this guard.

"Put 'em back quick," he said.

There followed a slow and sullen piling of treasures and tapestries upon the altar of Gautama Buddha. When all was restored there came another crisp order:

"Assemble your men, corporal."

The order was obeyed.

"March 'em out of here."

"*Vorwarts!*" There was a rhythmic shuffle of reluctant feet.

"Halt your squad," said Jimmy.

The shuffle ceased promptly at the corporal's command. Perhaps the American officier would spare at least one of the golden trinkets in appreciation of the fact that the discovery of the so rich altar had been theirs.

"Take that dead Chink out of here."

To the muttering of German oaths the body of the Boxer, its long queue trailing along the floor, was half carried, half dragged from the temple. Before departing from the spot where it was finally flung the corporal kicked it heavily twice. Mentally he was applying his boot to the person of a never-to-be-sufficiently-damned officier of the United States.

And now, thought Jimmy, holstering his gun, who had called, and what was she doing in a place like this? Before he could attempt to find out, the old Chinaman in the long robe and strange headdress moved forward and spoke.

"Young and honorable soldier, you have saved the altar of the Lord Buddha. In his name I thank you."

Jimmy stared. Rarely had he heard more perfect English. Never had he heard such a voice. And the face! Was there ever such tranquility in a face before? Once while hunting he had been lost in a Louisiana canebrake. Unutterably weary and forlorn he had stumbled upon a cypress-girdled bayou lying like a fairy mirror in the magic light of the high untroubled moon. It was only a stretch of stagnant water. He had known that. Yet its calm radiance that night had slowly filled him until at last he had lifted moist eyes to the everlasting stars, then settled down purged of the egoism of discontent to wait for morning. He had something of the same feeling now in the presence of this Chinaman. He felt inexpressibly young and callow. It showed in his nonchalant, almost flippant acknowledgment of the thanks he had received.

"Don't mention it." Abashed as he heard the tone in which the words had been uttered, he floundered into worse. "You know"—he nodded toward the altar—"I believe I'd hide those things for a while if I were you. You see ——"

He stopped suddenly. What an ass he was making of himself!

But the serene recipient of his advice bowed courteously.

"You are wise as well as brave. I go to see that it is done."

Chang moved across the great room to a pillar on which a bronze gong was hanging. This he struck twice. Almost instantly a group of priests appeared in a doorway behind the altar. At the lama's direction they gathered up the ornaments and tapestries and followed him from The Room of Celestial Bliss.

But Jimmy gave the proceedings only a glance. He was peering at the figure of a girl standing on a marble bench just below the window in which he had seen a blurred white face and a waving arm.

"You called just now?" he ventured.

"Yes, lieutenant."

"What are you doing here at a time like this?" Jimmy was peering, peering.

She stepped down from the bench and advanced toward him.

"I have been cut off from the American Legation by Boxers. I ran in here. I am expecting ——"

She never finished her explanation. Jimmy, for the last time in his life, was still peering as she came to him.

"Who are you?"

She halted abruptly and regarded him with startled eyes.

"My name is Elizabeth Darrow. Why do you ask in such a way?"

He continued to stare at her, to drink in every smallest detail of her with his eyes—her straight slight figure with its suggestion of boyishness, the creamy look of her throat and face, the peculiar swirl of her dark hair as it curved low across her temples and rippled just above the lobes of her ears. And then her eyes—her wistful gray eyes—that seemed to ask a perpetual question.

By now she was more than confused—she was growing angry.

"Why do you stare at me like that?"

"Don't you know?"

"Know what?"

"You don't know," breathed Jimmy. "I've always thought you would."

"Always thought I would?" she repeated in bewilderment. "What are you talking about?"

Jimmy advanced a step and leaned toward her.

"Don't you know me?"

She looked at him intently.

"I'm afraid I don't," she said hesitatingly—"that is, I don't remember meeting you. I don't know your name."

"My name is James Lee," said Jimmy slowly. "I'm a poverty-stricken second lieutenant; twenty-two years old—all that doesn't matter. I never heard your name till now. I don't know who your people are or where you came from, but I know this—I've looked for you all my life. I've loved you ever since I was old enough to think about such things."

She shrank back, the ivory of her face becoming a faint rose. At first she had thought him peculiar, then his insistence and what was possibly a stirring of a long-buried memory as she studied his face, had half persuaded her that she had met him before—perhaps in childhood. But she never forgot faces—and what he had just said settled it. She knew him now for exactly what he was.

"The lama of this temple," she said, "who just thanked you for what you did, is Chang Foo Low, the great prophet of

(Continued on Page 76)

MO

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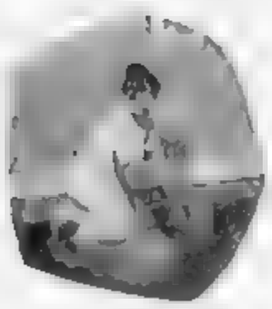

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(Continued from Page 73)

China. He is a very wise and wonderful old man, but he seems to have been mistaken about you."

"Mistaken?"

"He called you an honorable soldier."

"Why do you say that?" asked Jimmy.

"I suppose there are girls," she explained, "who accept advances from strange men. You must have known a good many. But I'm not one of them, lieutenant." Her humiliation drove her to add recklessly, "Thank you for coming when I called. I won't keep you any longer."

"You want me to go?"

The rifle fire and shouts and groans outside had ceased. She looked hurriedly for the lama. He had not yet returned. She heard the reassuring sound of regimental bagpipes somewhere in the distance, but in this ancient gloomy chamber over which the terrifying aloofness of the great Buddha seemed to hang like a pall it took all her pride to say, "We're safe now—I think."

There had been in Jimmy's face something bitter, reckless, hard, when he had first appeared in The Room of Celestial Bliss. It had remained as he dealt with the looters. It had been lessened by astonishment as he had confronted her. Now it left him altogether. He smiled, and Jimmy had a warm and friendly smile.

"Let's put it in the form of a resolution," he said. "Resolved: That James Lee, having found in an old temple in China the girl of all the world, shall now walk out and leave her. All those in favor say aye. Contrary, no. No! The noes have it." He pointed to the broad lower step of the altar. "Won't you sit down?"

She did not return the smile. She did not, although she was almost exhausted, resort to the inviting altar step. Her voice, however, was no longer scornful as she addressed him:

"You persist in taking me for a silly, flirtatious girl. Well, I'm not that. But if I were, do you think I could be interested in a flirtation just now? In the last hour I've run for my life and nearly lost it. I've seen human beings die horribly by the bayonet. I've seen them shot—one fell almost at my feet." She glanced involuntarily at the dark pool by the entrance, shuddered with sudden horror and began to weep. "Oh, I'm frightened. They haven't sent for me. I must get back to the legation. I must."

Jimmy with an effort kept his arms stiffly at his sides and mentally cursed himself.

"You poor little thing," he said huskily. "I was a fool. I thought—well, never mind what I thought—I'll tell you about it later. I'll take you straight to the legation. Now don't cry any more. It's all right. Please don't cry any more."

"Thank you. I'll try not to." And now she did smile. "I—I haven't a handkerchief."

"Here's one." Jimmy's hand started for a pocket, then returned to his side. "I'm sorry," he said shortly; "I haven't either."

"It doesn't matter; they can just drip. Shall we start?"

"If it's safe," said Jimmy. "Wait till I look." He turned and went to the western entrance. "Just how do you get to the legation?" he called.

She followed him to the entrance.

"Let me think," she said, looking over his shoulder. "Five blocks down the street you are looking—four to the right."

Jimmy took his binoculars from his case and leveled them.

"Clear all the way," he told her. "There's an English company in the square by that pagoda thing, Scotch, rather—they've got on kilts." He swung the glasses south. "Japs down this way." The glasses moved a full half circle. "French over there. It looks all right. Hold on." The glasses steadied on a line straight ahead. "Not a chance. They're sniping from the roofs—one—two—three—four—five blocks down. There go some of our crowd into a building below. They'll enfilade them from the roof. That'll make 'em sick." He lowered the glasses and turned to her. "You can't go yet."

"But I must get back," she insisted. "The colonel will be frantic."

"What colonel?"

"Colonel Bradley."

"Oh, yes. I've heard about him. They call him the chicken hawk in the Army. Don't worry about that bird. One woman more or less won't bother the colonel."

She had been looking anxiously down the street toward the sniping he had discovered. She turned quickly and faced him.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, I don't know," Jimmy evaded. "He's a bachelor, isn't he? Old bachelors haven't much use for women as a rule. Now suppose you come on back in here and sit down. You're all played out. They'll fix those snipers in ten minutes and then we'll start."

"I am tired," she admitted. "I'm just beginning to feel it. I think I will go and sit down." As they retraced their steps into the temple she suddenly staggered. "Oh, I am tired. My knees are giving way."

Jimmy threw an arm about her shoulders and got a supporting hand under her elbow.

"Come on," he said. "We'll make it all right. It isn't because you're tired," he explained as they returned slowly to the altar steps. "It's just the reaction after excitement. I've seen fellows get it when they come out of action. There you are!" he exclaimed when she was seated at last. "You'll be all right in a minute."

She rested quietly on the altar steps, wondering about him. She liked him now—tremendously. Why had he said such impossible things at first? He was gazing curiously at the big idol towering above them. His chin was lifted and the straight line of his jaw was clear-cut against a background of purple shadows. She suddenly stiffened where she sat. Somewhere she had known someone who lifted his head just that way. She made an effort to remember who this someone might have been. It was useless. He looked down as he became conscious of her intent gaze, and smiled.

"Feeling better?"

She nodded. What fine eyes he had, and what a kind smile! How comforting and friendly and nice he seemed. An explanation of his earlier wildness came to her. Her legs had given way unexpectedly a moment ago. Perhaps his mind had been affected in the same way in the excitement of fighting. If so, she had misjudged him frightfully. She decided to wipe out the memory of her haughty dismissal.

"You are a rapid young man," she smiled. "You burst upon a girl you've never seen before and say: 'How do you do? I love you.' And five minutes later you—lead her to the altar."

He did not return her smile.

"No," he contradicted gravely, "I didn't say it to a girl I'd never seen before. A wonderful thing has happened. I stopped telling you because you misunderstood. But I can't joke about it. When you understand you won't joke about it either."

Good heavens! There he went again. He had seemed so normal a moment before.

"Yes, I know," she said quickly. "I don't remember seeing you before, but we'll talk it over—sometime. Perhaps they've stopped firing. Won't you look, please?"

"But you have seen me." He said it with such quiet assurance that she wavered.

"Well, I've certainly forgotten if I have. When do you think I've seen you?"

He seated himself on the step beside her.

"You said a while ago that even if you were the flirty kind—God knows I never thought you were—you couldn't do that sort of thing after seeing men die."

She nodded.

"Then you wanted a handkerchief. I told you I didn't have one. I did have one. Here it is." He produced something from the breast pocket of his tunic and spread it out before her.

"Why!" she gasped. "It's soaked with blood. Are you hurt?"

"No," he said. "That's the blood of Bobby Prescott—my pal. We were roommates at the Point. He was shot through the lungs at the wall this morning. He died in my arms."

"Oh, oh!" She touched his sleeve in a sudden gesture of pity. "I'm so sorry."

He stared at the handkerchief spread across his hands.

"He went the best way a fellow can go, I guess; but do you think I want to flirt?"

"No," she said; "I think I made a mistake, but—well, of course, I don't understand."

He folded the handkerchief and replaced it in his pocket. "I don't understand, myself," he confessed. "But I'm going to tell you about it. Bobby's dead—good old Bobby. I'm going to send this handkerchief to his dad. I didn't give a damn this morning whether they got me or not, but now I'm glad I'm alive. I never was so glad to be alive in my life. I'll tell you why."

(Continued on Page 79)

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(Continued from Page 76)

She became aware that he was as sane as she, and that he was in deadly earnest. But her tremendous curiosity as to what he was about to say was conquered by the knowledge that she had no right to let him say it.

"No, no; you mustn't!" She made an effort to rise from the step.

A firm hand fell on her arm and kept her where she was.

"But I must. It's the strangest thing that ever happened. It will be hard to make you believe. It begins with a dream."

"A dream!" She repeated the fascinating word, hesitated, and was lost. "If it's just a dream I'll listen."

"I had this dream when I was a little shaver," he began abruptly. "Seven years old, I think I was. My grandfather had died suddenly and I was taken to his house on the day of the funeral. His death meant nothing to me. I was too young. But my mother took me in to see him lying in his coffin, and that impressed me and frightened me tremendously. I didn't want to stay alone in my room that night, and my old black nurse sat beside me until I went to sleep. The next thing I knew someone was calling my name. I opened my eyes and saw—well, I saw my grandfather standing at the foot of the bed." He paused for an instant.

"Poor little tad!" she exclaimed. "They shouldn't let children see dead people. Were you terribly frightened?"

"Not in the least. I sat up and looked at him. He didn't look as he had in his coffin. He didn't look as he had when he was alive, for that matter. He looked younger, less careworn, and there was a sort of vapor, a sort of pale green light around him or coming from him, I couldn't tell which. 'Why, grandpa,' I said, 'I thought you were dead.' 'No, James,' he said, 'I've just begun to live.'"

She had been listening to him intently, eyes wide, lips parted. Now she broke in softly: "What a wonderful dream!"

"Yes," he said, "it was a wonderful—dream."

She caught up the implication of his pause before the last word.

"You think it was more than a dream?"

He postponed discussion with "Wait!" and went on: "Suddenly my grandfather stepped from behind the foot of the bed and I saw a little girl with her hand in his. 'I've found her, James,' he said. 'You must find her too. Look at her well.' I stared at the little girl. She stared at me."

"What did she look like?"

He took his eyes from her face and regarded a marble square of the temple floor meditatively.

"Well, she seemed very pretty to me. By far the nicest little girl I had ever seen. She had a droop at the corners of her mouth and big, gray, wistful eyes. Her hair was dark and brushed straight back. On the left side of her neck was a long white scar."

Her lips were still half parted. They shut suddenly. The pupils of her eyes contracted until they seemed like the heads of two black pins sunk in gray-green agate.

"What did you say?"

"I said a long white scar," he repeated slowly.

Her hand went to the high white linen stock which concealed her throat.

"But it doesn't show," she said automatically.

"No," he agreed. "That collar hides it. You wear high things to hide it now, don't you?"

"Someone told you."

"No one told me; how could they?"

"I don't know, but ——" She again attempted to get to her feet.

"Please." Once more his hand fell on her arm.

"But it's all so—so absurd."

"Is it?"

"Of course; and you know I must get back."

"I know. I'll take you when it's safe. You might as well hear it all now. There isn't much more."

"Well, if there isn't much more." She remained where she was, but her attitude had changed. All restfulness had left her. She suggested a bird about to take wing.

Jimmy hurried on:

"My grandfather and the little girl grew dimmer then and disappeared. I found myself sitting up in bed staring into the dark, with my heart pounding like mad. I remembered the dream for several years. I kept looking for the little girl. But I never found her, and when I went away to school the dream faded out of my mind. I didn't forget it altogether, but I was busy with studies and games and things. I had no use for girls, I remember. They dawned on me when I was seventeen. It was at a party. They played post office. Have you ever played post office?"

"No."

"Do you know how it's played?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, I was called out by a girl to get a letter."

Her interruption was entirely feminine: "Was she pretty?"

"A peach. She was a blonde, pink and white, with sort of purple eyes."

"Oh," said the ivory-tinted brunette who listened.

"I nearly died of fright when they closed the door and left me alone with her. I was wishing I'd never come to the party. Then she put her arms around me to give me the—letter, and ——"

"A letter is a kiss?"

"One letter—one kiss. I guess she thought she was the postman. All of a sudden I wasn't embarrassed any more. I started in to deliver a little mail myself. I went crazy—sort of. I walked home that night on air. I could still feel her arms about me and her lips against mine. I was terribly in love."

He heard something like a sniff.

"In love—you were nothing but a boy!"

"No," he contradicted. "I became a man with my first kiss. But here's something I've never told anyone else—I've never kissed a woman since—except my mother. Do you believe that?"

She evaded the question with another:

"Why haven't you?"

"Because that very night I went to sleep thinking wild thoughts about Mabel—that was the girl's name—and then I dreamed about her. I seemed to be ——"

"You dream a great deal, don't you?"

"Why—yes," he admitted, puzzled by her interruption. "Well, in this dream I seemed to be in a woods looking for her among trees. Suddenly I saw a garden filled with wonderful flowers, peculiar flowers that were warm, like people. Among the flowers were hundreds and hundreds of little naked babies that laughed and held out their arms to me. In the center of the garden was a fountain. In the fountain was Mabel. She was"—he shifted his glance to a point straight before him—"bathing. She—well, she held out her arms to me too. I started toward her, running. As I came to the gates of the garden someone barred my way. It was another girl and I tried to get past her, and then I recognized her. It was the little girl with the scar my grandfather brought to me. She was older, but I knew her at once."

His eyes returned to her face. He found her lips again slightly parted. Her breast rose and fell at her more hurried breathing. Once more the rose tint was warming the ivory of her face.

"What—what did she look like?"

"Well, she wasn't as pretty as she had been before," he confessed, "but the minute I saw her I forgot about Mabel and my heart began to beat like fury. I tried to put my arms around her but she avoided me. I said, 'Yes, yes, I must.' She said, 'Not now—you must find me.' Then she faded away, and so did the garden and Mabel. I was wide awake sitting up in bed just as before. But I'll swear I heard a voice say, 'Find me.'"

His last sentence had been spoken with slow impressiveness, but she for some reason flew back to his first words and darted upon them. "You say she wasn't as pretty as before?"

"Not that time," he said. "You see she was pale and thin. She looked as if she'd been crying a lot. Her hair was all frowzy and she was dressed queerly."

She had relaxed somewhat as he had talked. Now she became rigid again. Once more the pupils of her eyes swiftly contracted.

"Queerly? What do you mean?"

"She had on a dark blue dress—sort of like a uniform," he explained. "Her legs were bare and she wore sandals."

"Sandals!" It was a whisper. "Sandals!" It was a scream. And now she was on her feet.

"Yes," said Jimmy, "sandals." He got up unhurriedly from the step and faced her. "You seemed about fifteen then. How old were you?"

Her dry lips moved. "Fourteen—in Hawaii. What does it mean?"

"This," said Jimmy, advancing a step.

She shrank away.

"No, no, you mustn't!"

His hands dropped to his sides and clenched.

"Don't say that," he said harshly. "You haven't heard it all yet. Do you know that all my life you have kept me from every other girl? If I looked at one admiringly when I was awake, if I so much as touched her hand, that night you came to me and reproached me."

"I didn't. I didn't," she cried, wringing her hands. "It must have been someone else."

"Someone else?" Overmastering scorn was in the repetition of her words. "I've looked for you for fifteen years. First, in my grandfather's garden and house and attic; then, later, at dances, on the streets, in theaters, street cars, everywhere I went. When you waved from the window I was thinking about Bobby. Something made me look your way. Something made me forget Bobby and everything, and run in here. I'll have a fine time explaining that I didn't dog it in the face of the enemy to look for a girl. That's what I did, as a matter of fact, but I couldn't have helped it to save my life. All the time I was telling the Heinies where to head in I was wondering about you. Then I saw you standing on the bench and you walked over to me and—oh, no one can ever know what it was like. I knew you instantly. I knew every line of your face. I could describe the dress you wore each time you came to me except the nightgowns—they were just—well, nightgowns."

"N-nightgowns?" she stammered.

"Yes," he told her grimly. "You've often come in a nightgown. They've been cut low lately," he added. "You have a mole on your back between your shoulder blades shaped like a three-leaf clover."

He had grown white with emotion. The lines in his face had deepened. He suggested for a moment what he would look like many years later. And she, staring at him, gasped as though struck by a bullet.

"Oh, oh!" she cried. "Am I awake? I can't be! I can't be!"

"I wondered, too, when I recognized you, but you're awake. Oh, you're awake, my dear."

She pressed her fingers to her temples, still staring at him.

"Then I'm insane."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because—because"—a sort of terror was in her voice—"I'm sure I've known you before."

"Of course," he said impatiently; "I've told you."

"I don't mean that," she whispered. "I mean long, long ago—ages ago."

He sprang toward her with a half cry and seized both her hands.

"Girl, girl, I didn't tell you that; but I knew it from the very first. I knew it when my grandfather brought you to me in my dream."

"It came to me just now," she told him, still in a whisper. "It was when you turned so white and looked so much older."

"When was it we knew each other?" he demanded with an imploring tug at her hands. "I can't remember; perhaps you can. Think!"

Her brows contracted in a mental effort while he waited, scarcely breathing. She shook her head at last.

"I don't know. It won't come back. It was—so—long—ago."

"Never mind," he said. "It doesn't matter. Nothing matters now but—this."

He drew her to him unresisting, disembodied. It seemed to her that her naked soul was joining his somewhere in infinite space. His lips on hers reclothed her spirit in singing flesh. The Room of Celestial Bliss for a timeless moment was adequately named.

And then the world—a hideous world—beat at the doors of her mind. She struggled to free herself.

"Let me go! Let me go!"

"Darling girl, what's the matter?"

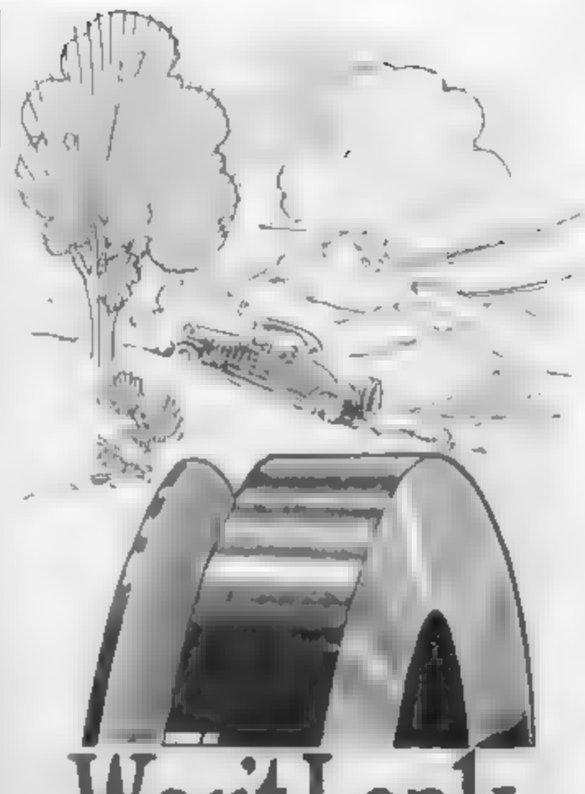
Clear of his arms she was altogether panic-stricken. "Oh, what have I done? I should have told you."

"Told me what, sweetheart?"

There was a sudden clatter in the western entrance as it filled with a squad of marines. At their head was an officer—an old officer.

"Betty!" he cried; and rushed upon them, repeating, "Betty! Betty!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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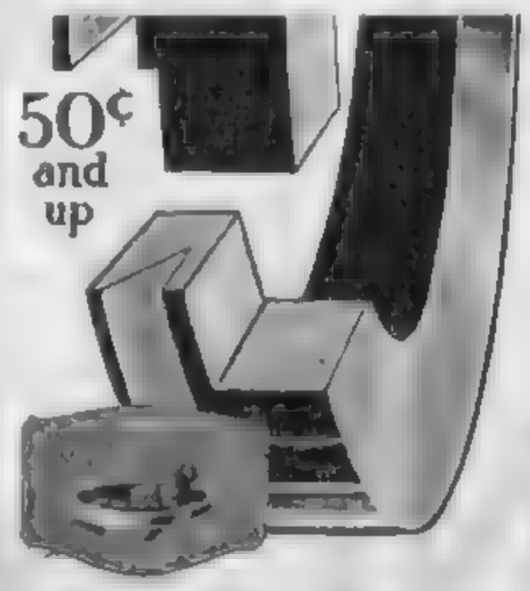

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Over four million housewives already appreciate the reliability, safety, economy and comfort of the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove. This new burner adds quickness and absolute heat control to the sturdy virtues of these New Perfection Models.

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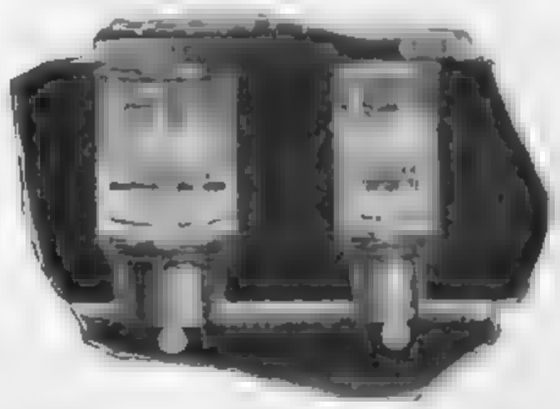

The Giant SUPERFEX Burner is 7 inches in diameter, the largest oil cook stove burner and the most powerful ever marketed.
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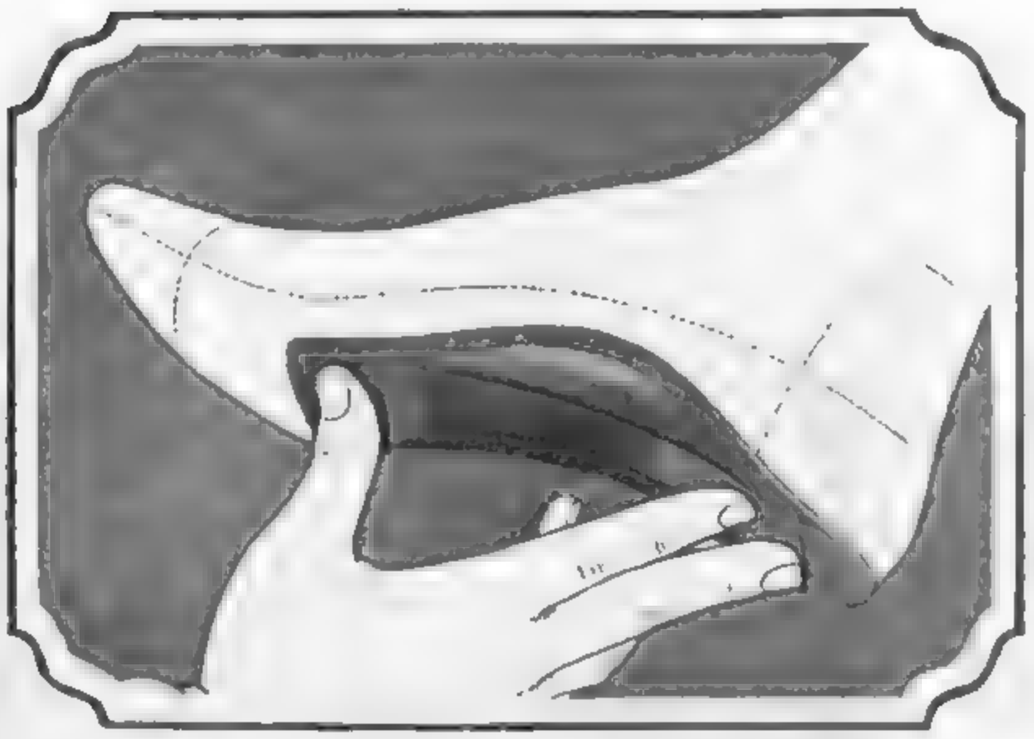

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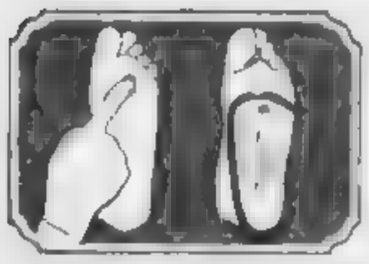

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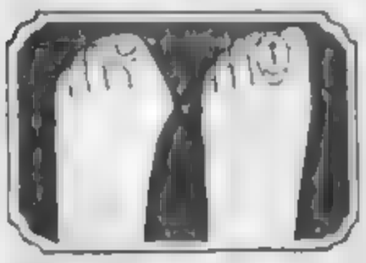

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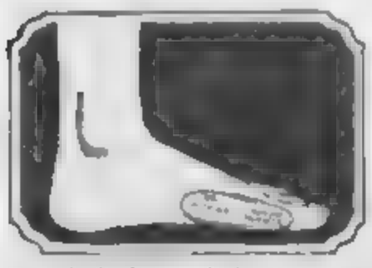

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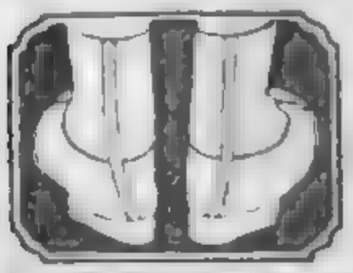

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Small-Town Stuff

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Lessons

IT IS seldom that a boy has good fortune to learn three excellent lessons in one day, and when the three lessons are taught by a person of questionable standing before the law the circumstance is truly remarkable.

While yet in my teens I walked one day along a country road, light of heart and foot, having quit one job that had become a bore to search for another that would afford variety. As the morning wore on I was overtaken by a cheerful, talkative adventurer who drove a sweet bay mare to a buggy. He asked my destination, and having learned that I was merely on my way, offered the hospitality of his buggy and the instructive chatter of his whimsical self.

As we drove on I learned that he was for the time being contriving to get his bread by peddling maps.

"This," said he, "I confess to you in strictest confidence. When you see me go into action you will observe that I am a person of considerable consequence, and not the lowly peddler I now pretend."

We topped a hill and saw in the valley below a nondescript farmhouse flanked by great barns and entirely surrounded by fields of ripening wheat.

"A land of milk and honey," said my companion. "It is my task to milk it. In order that you may fully appreciate the skill required in the process, I shall now give you your first lesson in the art of salesmanship. Always know your customer's name. At the last farmhouse I visited I inquired the name of the fortunate individual who owns this one. I learned that he is Alexander Williams, has money in the bank and is proud of his pure-bred Berkshires. When I call him by name he will feel flattered. When I lead the conversation to the subject of hogs and express regret that so few farmers seem to appreciate the good qualities of the Berkshire he will be my friend. And then I shall take the profit justified by my superior acumen. Meanwhile you will have opportunity to learn another lesson that may serve you well in future."

When Williams had been duly complimented by mention of his name and flattered by reference to his Berkshires the map peddler became grave.

"Mr. Williams," said he, "I have been appointed to show a new government survey of this territory."

Here was no reference to commonplace maps, no hint of peddling, but only words of dignity, suggesting great matters—government, survey, appointment. The engagement launched with so brave a show was developed adroitly until the business was accomplished. The peddler sold a map, inquired the name of the man living in the next house on the road, and swung back into the highway.

"Tell me," I demanded, "what lesson I learned there save the value of a smooth tongue."

"You learned," he replied, "that all men respect the authority of government, and respect does not endure without a reason. I did not claim to be an appointee of the President or of any other official. I told Williams that I had been appointed to show a new government survey. Just between us, I appointed myself, and the appointment was confirmed by me without opposition. This map is in fact the product of surveys made by Federal authority. So much for a New England conscience. The point is that mention of government gains me a hearing.

"As you grow older and travel about you will observe that freedom of speech means license to scold officeholders and all their works. Men curse an administration and ridicule an official, but they have an abiding and wholesome respect for the vague something that is Government with a capital G. They fear it and honor it, and when occasion requires they will fight for it. 'On the King's business' gains the right of way now as it did when the cry was first heard. You may, in future years, see promise of a profit in foolish undertakings, but I adjure you most solemnly, don't you ever monkey with your Uncle Samuel."

The third lesson had to do with ham and eggs. Noon approached. The peddler turned to me with his whimsical smile and asked concerning the state of my finances. I showed him a few coins.

"Keep them," said he. "Useless spending is always foolish spending. This next house is owned by a widow, and we shall be her guests. With her we shall fare sumptuously, and though she doesn't realize it, yet she has a hearty welcome for us. There will be another lesson in this for you."

He drove up to the house, introduced himself and me, and asked if it would be possible to get a bite to eat. I thought the widow's face rather grim, and half expected to be turned away, but the peddler chatted merrily and began to pull the harness off the mare as though entirely at his ease.

"Don't go to any trouble for us," said he; "just ham and eggs and coffee, or any little thing. I'll water the mare and rustle some oats, and then we'll wash up."

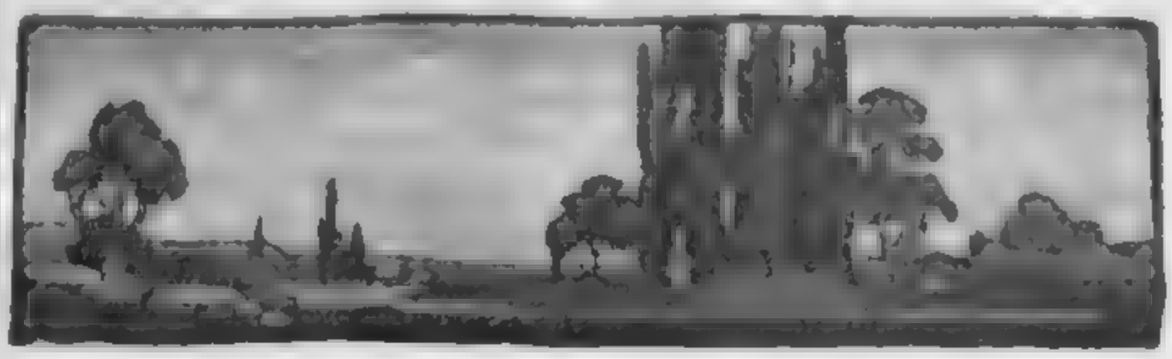
The dinner was not a social success. I felt ill at ease, and the widow refused to unbend. The peddler was undismayed, however. He talked of crops and of business conditions in the county seat. He spoke of his home on North Street, and of the boy he had in school. And when we had cleaned our plates and pushed back our chairs he offered his hand to the widow and said: "That was a delightful lunch, and we enjoyed it hugely. I hope you will repay me by giving me the privilege of being your host when again you visit the county seat. My wife will be delighted to see you. We are old-fashioned folk, and cling to the belief that God sends the guest."

The widow was dazed, but game. She accepted his hand and ventured her first smile. We were no longer nuisances, but guests, and she insisted that we should sit on her front porch and smoke while digesting our dinners.

Soon after we got on our way the peddler gave me directions to reach the next town and pulled up to take a crossroad. We shook hands and expressed a mutual liking.

"Son," said he as he took up the reins, "don't ever forget this last lesson. It is most important of all. There are many, many people in the world, some good and some bad, and all with axes to grind. They will be interested in you only when they see promise of a profit for their purse or their vanity. But mark this: Each of them has great respect for good manners; each wishes to feel that his own manners are good; and few of them will permit you to outdo them in the matter of courtesy. Never dare a man to do a thing. Before he announces his intention of doing it, remark casually that you know he will not because he is a gentleman and no well-bred person would stoop to a thing so unworthy. When you get them on edge to show their good manners you have them on the hip."

He was full of guile and blarney, and, I have no doubt, came to some bad end; but I owe him for three well-taught lessons, and a fourth he was not conscious of teaching. The fourth is that the good have no monopoly of wisdom, and there is profit in the serious speech of the humblest wayfarer.



THE INSIDE STORY OF THE A.E.F.

(Continued from Page 11)

our forces wholly and unreservedly under French tutelage.

"7. I request that a copy of this letter be furnished the French Military Advisory Mission in the United States."

Not the least remarkable feature of the American effort was the suddenness with which it became effective after weary months of delays. In April, 1918, the A. E. F. was still an insignificant factor in the fighting, its value potential. At the end of July the A. E. F. was furnishing the punch for the Allied blows. And from then on the mighty military machine we had built up in France gathered impetus; it drove ahead with resistless power. Once the American forces were concentrated as an American Army, employing American methods, the results surpassed all expectations. Pershing's faith was justified; his tenacity of purpose, his stern patience under every form of pressure and aggravation and political maneuver, were rewarded. In my opinion there was no military leader in the war who upheld the dignity and interests of his country with braver devotion.

He surely needed patience. Watching the slow growth of the A. E. F., our Allies and not a few American observers began to despair of American aid becoming effective in time. There were such endless and maddening delays. The available shipping fell pitiably short of needs; we could not bring men fast enough, let alone supplies for them and equipment for divisions and ports and camps and railroads and lines of communication. The first ten months in France would have brought despair to ninety-nine men out of a hundred.

Here is an instance of our shortages: The first time our troops went into the line I saw a trail of dead horses for miles and miles. These animals had not been killed by shells; they had simply dropped in the road from exhaustion and died there because they were worn out when we got them. Originally these horses had been bought by the French at exorbitant prices from American dealers; they had been used in the war until condemned; then had come our pressing need of animals, and we had been compelled to buy them back at stiff prices because lack of shipping prevented enough being obtainable from home.

And we were clothing our soldiers partly in British uniforms. The doughboys did some of their most punishing hikes in English-made shoes, which may be all right for that kind of feet, but never seemed to fit.

In fact, our purchasing department had able men combing every corner of Allied Europe for supplies of all kinds, and animals. Back in the United States was plenty of everything we needed overseas, but we hadn't the ships to send it. Whoever commands the ocean highways dominates the world.

The Handicap of Humility

Yet another factor hampered speedy development of our overseas forces as a fighting machine: it is undeniable that French and British tutelage slowed American endeavors. Each of these armies had worked out through hard experience methods of warfare adapted to their needs and to the habits and temperament of their soldiers. They got admirable results with them, and it was very natural they should recommend their use and seek to impose them on us. But methods foreign to men's temperament and ways of doing things—methods repugnant to their mental attitude—cannot be successfully imposed on workers in any line of effort. When a horse wants to run he will not do his best when you try to make him trot.

Many of us approached the war altogether too humble in heart. That statement about Americans may stir the risibilities of our friends, who are loath to credit us with humility in any direction; nevertheless it is true. Both the people at home and the younger officers and men composing the first expeditionary units had acquired an almost reverential attitude toward our Allies. During three years of war we had read every morning and evening in our newspapers of the achievements of the French and British; they were heroes to the average American, every man of them. They had passed through the fire and we had not; we felt toward them a great humility of spirit; so when it came his turn to join those paladins in the fight the average citizen of the United States entertained misgivings, doubtful of his capacity to measure up to all he had heard of these soldiers; he went to France meekly deferential to the others' knowledge and experience.

It was in that spirit the first few hundred thousands of our expeditionary forces went at the work of training. I was there and saw it operating—saw, too, what the effect would be. For though humility may be an admirable quality from an ethical standpoint, and the Bible teaches it persistently, it's a sad handicap when the rough stuff starts. Confidence is nearly half the game in war. One has only to reflect where an attitude of humility or deference would land him in a rough-and-tumble fist fight—provided it permitted him to stay in it—to realize the drag this virtue can become in war.

Fortunately a short contact restored the Americans to a sense of proportion. They soon realized that here were men like themselves, except only for their experience. And they speedily decided that experience had taught their associates lessons which hurt their effectiveness. Our troops got fed up with defensive tactics; but meanwhile precious months were consumed in overzealous training in forms of warfare calculated to prolong the struggle as a defensive war until A. D. 9000. And this too careful preparation in stuff he had grown to despise began to take the fine edge off the doughboy's natural spirit of aggressiveness. "Let's go!" was his constant plea. And when at last the leash was taken off him and he could fight in American fashion he showed a superb dash and disregard of punishment. He got results.

Our Numerical Strength

On January 1, 1918, there were 176,665 American troops in France, and none in the line. One division had appeared on the front, but only for a short period of training. A month later we held ten kilometers of front in a very quiet sector—and the Allied front extended from the Channel to the Swiss frontier! A puny, puny effort for a great nation which had been in the war since April 6, 1917, and had had three years' menace of embroilment staring it in the face!

However, I mention these early discouragements simply to show the amazing speed with which our military machine moved once it was organized. Perhaps it was inevitable that progress should be hardly perceptible in the early stages of building.

At the end of January the French held 520 kilometers of front, the British armies held 187, the Americans only ten. By June twentieth the Americans held 105 kilometers, against 579 for the French on that date, and 133 for the British—the front had become extended through the German offensives. We had then 800,000 men in France.

The fighting grew very severe in September and October; the decisive blows of the war were being struck. On October tenth the Americans held 162 kilometers of front, the French held 392, and the British 133. When the armistice came the Americans held 134 kilometers of front and had more than 2,000,000 men in France, being second to the French armies in numbers; the French held 343 kilometers of front, and the British 113.

These immense American forces, with equipment and supplies to sustain them, had been transported across three thousand miles of submarine-infested seas; ports and towns and camps and railroads had been built in France for their handling and upkeep; and all in about fourteen months' time. It is one of the colossal achievements of history.

To get back to the fighting: For difficulties to be overcome, numbers of men engaged and importance of results, the Meuse-Argonne offensive easily takes rank as the greatest battle in American history.

The front on which this series of operations took place had remained practically unchanged since it became stabilized in September, 1914. There had been a few minor fluctuations during the enemy attacks on Verdun in '16 and the French counter-offensives the following year, but the only real result of these activities was

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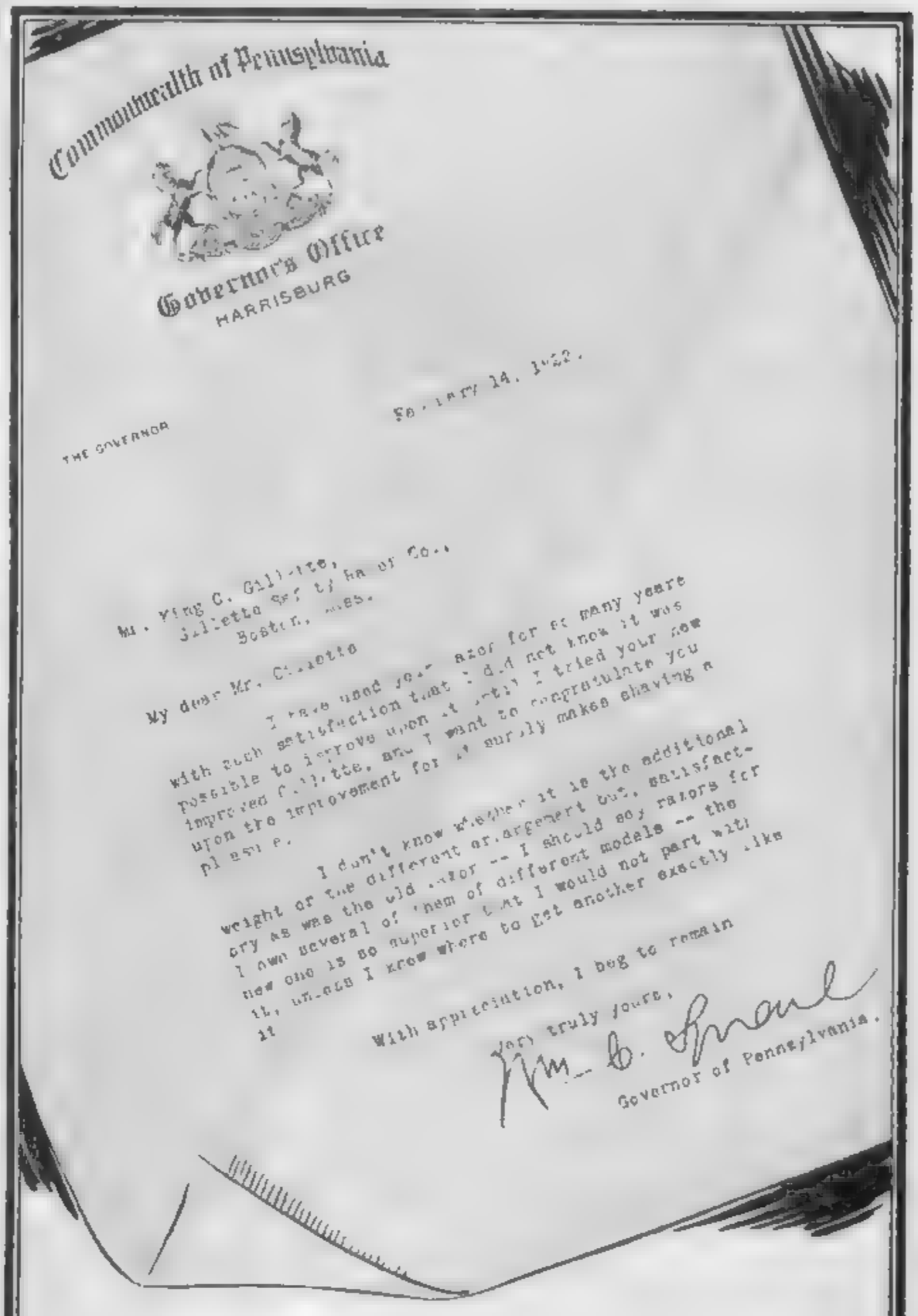
Commonwealth of Pennsylvania
Governor's Office
HARRISBURG

Jan. [illegible] 14, 1922.

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My dear Mr. Gillette

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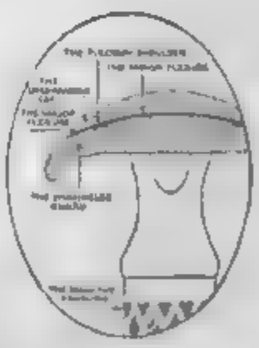
I don't know whether it is the additional weight or the different arrangement but, satisfactory as was the old razor -- I should say razors for I own several of them of different models -- the new one is so superior that I would not part with it, unless I knew where to get another exactly like it.

With appreciation, I beg to remain

Very truly yours,

Governor of Pennsylvania.

What Governor Sproul of Pennsylvania says is endorsed by busy executives and active responsible men everywhere—They have found in the New Improved Gillette *the* solution of their shaving problem.



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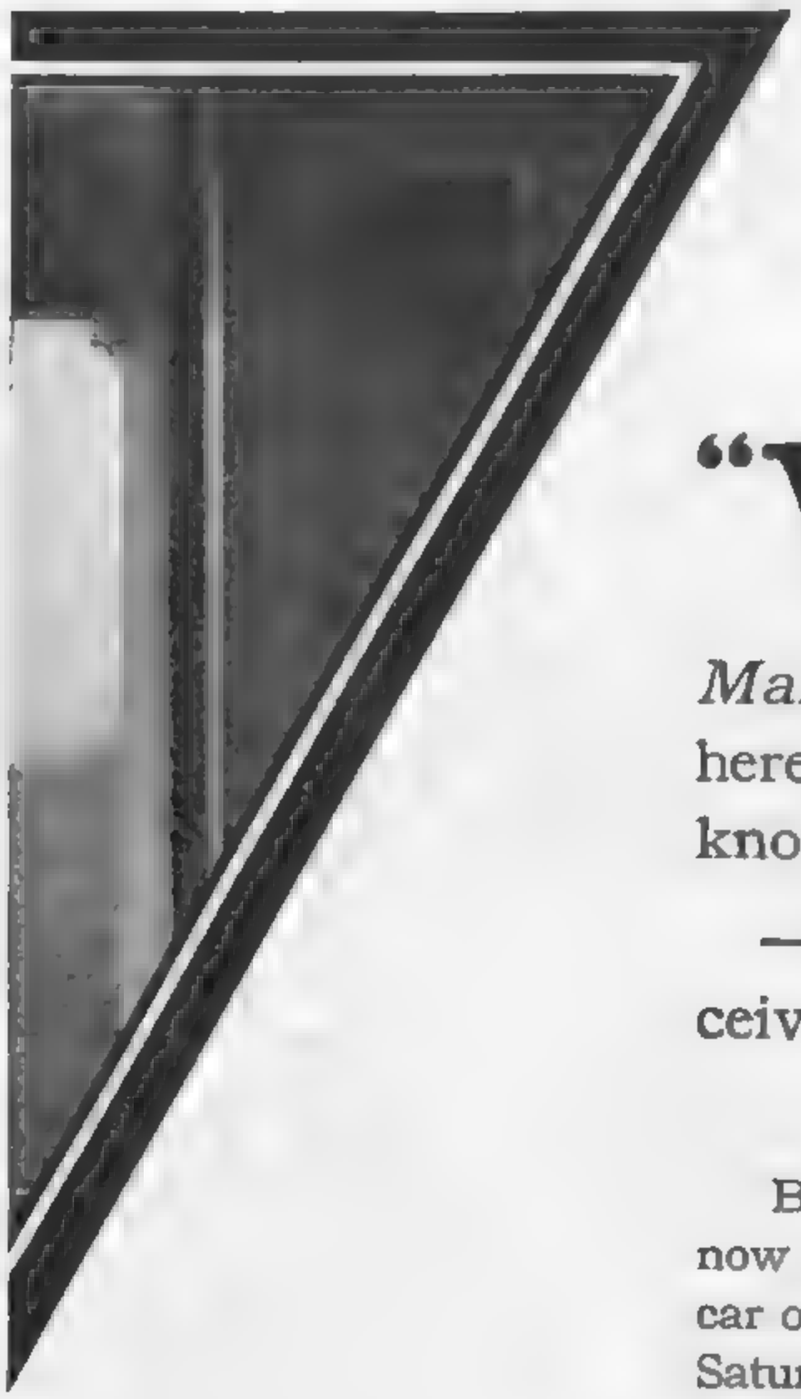

"Where's Bill?"

Man at 'Phone—Has Bill left yet? We're all here and there's a big crowd at the first tee. Lord knows when we can get off now!

—What's that?—left an hour ago! (jamming receiver on hook). Well, I'll be—!

* * * *

Bill's in for it when he arrives—that's certain. But right now he's wondering whether he ever *will* arrive. Just took the car out of the repair shop and here he's stuck again, on the finest Saturday afternoon of the season.

There's a way to avoid many such predicaments as the one Bill is in—ask all the questions before you buy, instead of afterwards.

One of the most important is "Who made the axles?" It may save you from a "dubbed drive" sometime, when you're specially anxious to get a good long one that doesn't land you in the rough.

Axles are not only more important, but more costly than other parts. When a car builder uses Timken you can be pretty sure he doesn't spoil quality by sparing expense in other parts either.

So remember to ask that question: "Who made the axles?"

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You'd laugh if we told you some of the emergency uses for a WALWORTH Stillson that common-sense, hard-headed farmers have reported to us. Dan Stillson invented this wrench to start or stop anything that's round, square or hexagonal, but he didn't figure on its being used to open sardine cans and shake down the kitchen stove.

Still, what a tool has been used for once it can always be used for again, and so long as nobody succeeds in making a better wrench than the genuine WALWORTH Stillson, we don't much care how its reputation increases as a tool of all work.

If you have one of these handy tools already, you'd better get an extra one for that hard-working hired man of yours. It doesn't pay to lend a real Stillson.

Be sure that the wrench you buy has the diamond on it.

Ask your hardware dealer for a genuine *Walworth* Stillson Wrench (look for the trademark). Also write our nearest office for descriptive booklet.

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WALWORTH

STILLSON

If this diamond mark isn't on your wrench, Walworth quality isn't in it

(Continued from Page 83)

the development of a remarkable defense system by the Germans. For a depth of twenty kilometers they had continuous defenses, and to help out this elaborate system there was a zone of devastation an attacking army would have to cross in any move against them.

The job intrusted to the Americans was to break through the successive fortified zones, the Kriemhilde-Stellung, or Hindenburg Line, on the front Brieulles-Romagne sous Montfaucon-Grandpre; having done that they were to press toward Mézières and bring about the fall of the Hindenburg Line along the Aisne River in front of the French Fourth Army. This French army was to attack to the west of the Argonne Forest.

It was a tremendous undertaking, the most difficult on the Western Front, but success would precipitate the crumpling of all the German armies in France and Belgium. This region was vital to the enemy; hence the convergence of successive defensive positions which rendered all that country he held a dense mass of fortified points; hence the steady flow of his divisions to this front from other sectors.

The reasons for this desperate defense are plain enough. The German armies in Northern France depended upon two great railway systems, one passing through Liège and the other having as its vital section the line Carignan-Sedan-Mézières, with lines coming from Luxemburg, Thionville and Metz. No other important railroads were available, and the Germans had to rely on the Carignan-Sedan-Mézières line for the strategical movement of troops. If the enemy could not withdraw his forces through the narrow neck between Mézières and the frontier of Holland before this line was cut his ruin would be absolute.

A moderate penetration on this front meant much more than a deep one on any other. If the American Army could smash through for a gain of eighteen kilometers it would be equivalent to a penetration of sixty-five kilometers farther west; and as for the effect on the Germans, such an advance would be infinitely more menacing. That the enemy realized his vulnerability here had been evidenced by his herculean efforts in 1916 to improve his position through the reduction of Verdun, and by the tremendous labors he had put forth since then in building up defensive positions. If he were driven back here the jig was up, and he knew it.

The terrain also aided the Germans, as there were great natural barriers to an army's advance. The heights east of the Meuse afforded the enemy excellent artillery positions for oblique fire on the western bank, and his right flank was covered by batteries located in the almost impassable Argonne Forest. Midway between this forest and the Meuse were the frowning heights of Montfaucon, which had been strongly fortified. Densely wooded fastnesses and other naturally difficult places offered ideal positions for machine-gun nests. And the Germans certainly utilized them.

So complete had been the success of the St.-Mihiel operation that on the second day of that attack reserve divisions and army artillery units were withdrawn and directed toward the Argonne Front. Things were speeding up everywhere.

An Immense Traffic Problem

"The movement of the immense number of troops and the amount of supplies involved in the Meuse-Argonne battle," says General Pershing in his report, "over the few roads available, and confined entirely to the hours of darkness, was one of the most delicate and difficult problems of the war."

The congestion was terrific. How they ever evolved order out of the maelstrom of marching troops and trucks and wagons and artillery that choked those roads, all moving in the blackness of night, in rain and mud, is a marvel. But they got the tangles straightened out somehow; the artillery reached their positions, the infantry arrived at their jumping-off places and supplies came along for them.

To meet the American attack the Germans had ten divisions in line and the same number in reserve. All signs pointed to an expectation on their part that we would enlarge the St.-Mihiel operation into an advance on Metz, and successful ruses were carried out to encourage the enemy in this belief.

A violent artillery fire of preparation opened at 2:30 on the morning of September twenty-sixth, and three hours later the infantry jumped off, accompanied by tanks. The nine divisions which led the attack were the Thirty-third, Eightieth, Fourth, Seventy-ninth, Thirty-seventh, Ninety-first, Thirty-fifth, Twenty-eighth and Seventy-seventh. There were six divisions in reserve, and the First Army had 2700 guns, 189 small tanks and 821 airplanes. Americans manned 142 of these tanks and 604 of the airplanes—in our previous actions these arms had been largely manned by the French and British.

The Americans encountered a critical problem at the very outset of this battle—the restoration of communications across No Man's Land. Only four roads were available and during the bitter fighting earlier in the war the artillery fire had virtually destroyed them. The soil was spongy; we lacked materials. But engineers are a hard breed to stump; they fixed up communications somehow and made possible the movement of troops, artillery and supplies.

The fighting was fierce and dogged. On each side it seemed to be felt that the end was near, and each army put all it had into the effort, straining for a knock-out. So bitterly was every foot of ground contested that in many cases no quarter was asked or given. Men fought until they dropped, without thought of surrender.

With No Thought of Quitting

The ground over which the Americans advanced was exceptionally rugged and difficult—steep heights, dense woods, farmlands intersected by ravines and streams, with fortified villages commanding all the approaches. It rained, and there were heavy fogs; they struggled through the thick mud and the blackness of night against terrific machine-gun fire and a crashing inferno of shells. They moved in waves up the slopes of plateaus whose ridges were a living flame of enemy fire, and stormed the positions. They charged machine-gun nests and bayoneted the gunners. With rifle fire and hand grenades and the cold steel they cleared the Germans out of farm buildings and villages. And all the while the world rocked and quivered under the thunderous clamor of thousands of guns, red-hot from the furious speed.

Sleep was something to be snatched when a man could get it. Men grew so utterly weary and sick at heart, from cold and hunger and lack of rest, that death held no terrors for them. They would ignore bursting shells to take a nap. Yet, aching, worn out, hungry, and desperate as they were, they fought their way forward and never dreamed of quitting. Human fortitude can rise to wondrous heights.

"Continuous fighting was maintained along our entire battle front, with especial success on the extreme left, where the capture of the greater part of the Argonne Forest was completed."—Pershing's report. "The enemy contested every foot of ground on our front in order to make more rapid retirements farther west and withdraw his forces from northern France before the interruption of his railroad communications through Sedan."

At this critical time the First Army was confronted by an insufficiency of replacements to build up the worn divisions. The combat units required about 90,000 replacements early in October, but not more than 45,000 would be available by November first. Pershing had kept the cables humming with appeals to Washington, but results were meager.

With the British were two American divisions, and there were two more with the French. In this predicament Pershing decided that the American troops with the French armies must be recalled.

He held a conference with Marshal Foch and General Petain about this matter on October tenth. Both were of opinion that the American divisions were essential to the French effort, and that this was so became speedily evident, for before Pershing could effect the release of the two divisions in question he had to send the Thirty-seventh and Ninety-first divisions from his own hard-pressed army to the assistance of the Sixth French Army, which was in Flanders.

The American First Army was now fighting along a front of 120 kilometers and its strength exceeded 1,000,000 men—far

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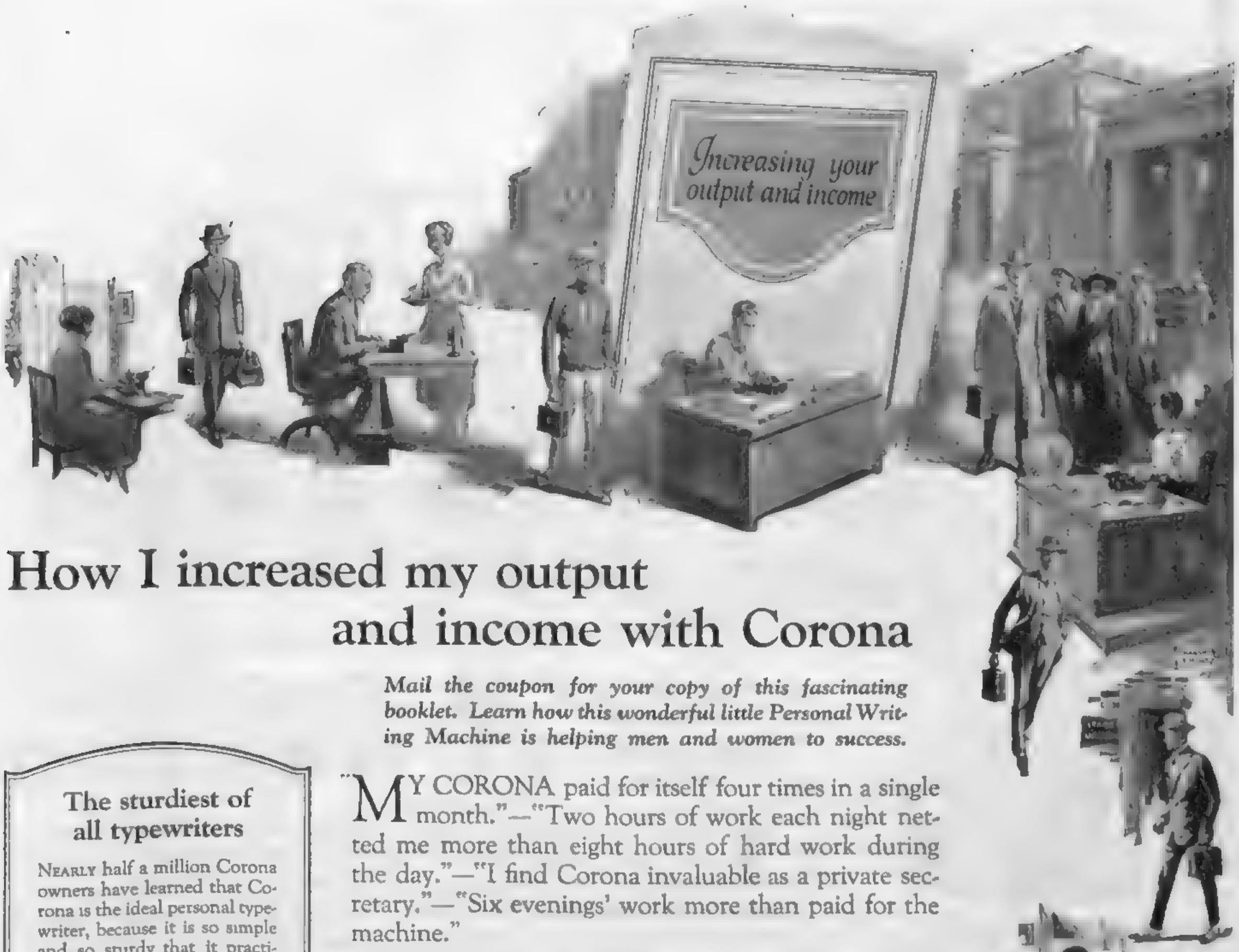

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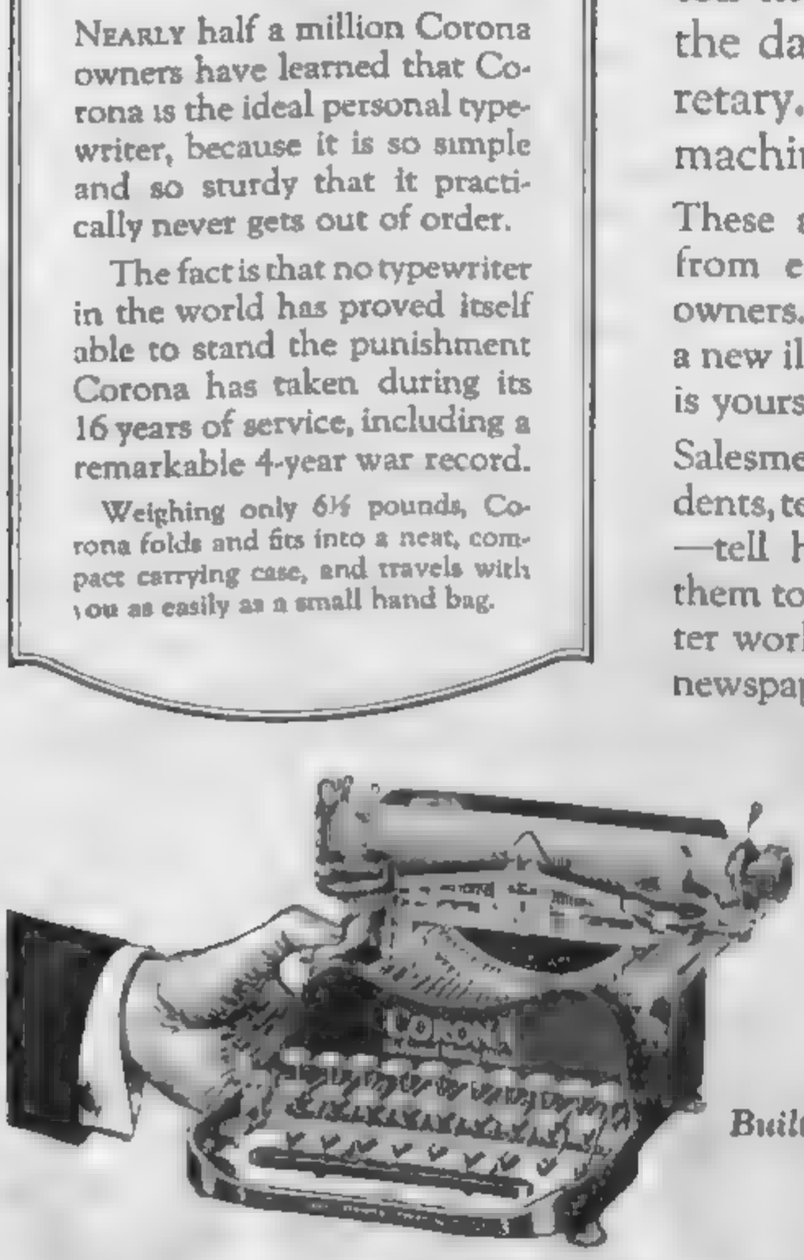

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You should give it serious consideration.

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READING IRON COMPANY

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World's largest manufacturer of Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe—100% Pure

READING WROUGHT IRON PIPE

(Continued from Page 86)

and away the greatest combat force ever assembled under the American flag. It became necessary to relieve some of the exhausted divisions preliminary to another general assault.

In an attack along the whole front, launched on October fourteenth, the stronghold on Cote Dame Marie was captured and the Hindenburg Line was broken. Cunel and Romagne-sous-Montfaucon were taken; an advance was made north of Sommerance. The maximum gain since the offensive opened on September twenty-sixth was seventeen kilometers, and the enemy had been compelled to throw into the fight fifteen of his reserve divisions. Thus ended one phase of the battle.

In local operations during the remainder of the month the First Corps, under Dickman, advanced through Grandpre; the Fifth Corps, under Summerall, captured the Bois de Bantheville; the Third Corps, under John L. Hines, completed the extremely difficult occupation of Cunel Heights; and the Seventeenth French Corps drove the Germans from the main ridge south of La Grande Montagne. By the end of October the enemy's elaborately prepared positions, including the Hindenburg Line, had been broken; the Argonne Forest was in American hands; an advance of twenty-one kilometers had been made; 18,600 prisoners, 370 cannon, 1000 machine guns and a great mass of material had been captured; and the Germans had increased the number of their divisions on this front from twenty to thirty-one. The vital railway artery through Carignan to Sedan was now imperiled.

"The demands of incessant battle which had been maintained day by day for more than a month had compelled our divisions to fight to the limit of their capacity. Combat troops were held in line and pushed to the attack until deemed incapable of further effort because of casualties or exhaustion; artillery once engaged was seldom withdrawn and many batteries fought until practically all the animals were casualties and the guns were towed out of line by motor trucks," reports Pershing. "The American soldier had shown unrivaled fortitude in this continuous fighting during most inclement weather and under many disadvantages of position. Through experience, the Army had developed into a powerful and smooth-running machine, and there was a supreme confidence in our ability to carry through the task successfully.

"While the high pressure of these dogged attacks was a great strain on our troops, it was calamitous to the enemy. His divisions had been thrown into confusion by our furious assaults, and his morale had been reduced until his will to resist had well-nigh reached the breaking point. Once a German division was engaged in the fight, it became practically impossible to effect its relief."

While the First Army was battling in the Meuse-Argonne, American troops were participating in attacks on other portions of the front. The Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth divisions under Major General Read were with the British, and coöperated with the Australian Corps in breaking the Hindenburg Line at Le Cateau, the two American divisions capturing 6000 prisoners and advancing twenty-four kilometers.

A Purely American Effort

The Second and Thirty-sixth American divisions aided the French in their advance between Rheims and the Argonne. The veteran Second Division took by assault the wooded heights of Mont Blanc, the key of the German position, and then by forging ahead into the village of St. Etienne, forced the enemy to fall back before Rheims and yield positions he had held since September, 1914.

In response to Marshal Foch's urgent request General Pershing sent the Thirty-seventh and Ninety-first divisions in the middle of October to help the Sixth French Army in Belgium, although at that time he did not know which way to turn for replacements for his own battered divisions. The Sixth French Army was having a hard time of it, being unable to advance as desired.

By November third the American divisions had driven the enemy across the Escaut River and had firmly established themselves on the east bank; they also captured Spitaals Bosschen, reached the Scheldt and entered Audenarde.

Marshal Foch made many changes in the detailed plans for the operations of the Allied Armies as new conditions arose, but the mission of the American First Army remained unaltered. Accordingly General Pershing issued orders for a general attack on October twenty-eighth which would be decisive.

This attack was to be made simultaneously with one by the French Fourth Army, and its execution was delayed until November first. Buzancy and the heights of Barricourt were the immediate objectives; then the gain was to be exploited into a drive for Sedan.

"By strenuous efforts all available artillery had been moved well forward to the heights previously occupied by the enemy, from which it could fully cover and support the initial advance of the Infantry."—Pershing's report. "On this occasion and for the first time the Army prepared for its attack under normal conditions. We held the front of attack and were not under the necessity of taking over a new front, with its manifold installations and services. Our own personnel handled the communications, dumps, telegraph lines, and water service; our divisions were either on the line or close in rear; the French artillery, aviation, and technical troops which had previously made up our deficiencies had been largely replaced by our own organizations; and our army, corps and divisional staffs were by actual experience second to none."

In other words, our forces had really found themselves.

The battle opened on the morning of November first with two hours of violent artillery fire. "The Artillery acquitted itself magnificently, the barrages being so well coördinated and so dense that the enemy was overwhelmed and quickly submerged by the rapid onslaught of the Infantry"—Pershing. Maj. Gen. E. F. McGlachlin, Jr., commanded the American artillery in this offensive. "Our heavy artillery"—this was later—"was skillfully brought into position to fire upon the Carignan-Sedan Railroad and the junctions at Longuyon and Conflans."

The Race for Sedan

The Americans had taken the heights of Barricourt by nightfall of November first, had advanced to the Bois de la Folie, had captured Aincreville and Andevanne. They had broken through the Germans' last defense, overwhelmed their artillery positions and precipitated a retreat of the enemy forces about to be isolated in the forest north of Grandpre.

By the evening of the fourth the American forces held La Neuville, opposite Stenay, and had swept through the Foret de Dieulet to the outskirts of Beaumont; to the left they were eight kilometers north of Boult-aux-Bois; and on the following morning the advance toward Sedan continued at top speed.

Pershing wanted Sedan. At a conference with General Maistre, who commanded the French group of armies on the American left, the French general conceded that the military importance of the capture of Sedan was so great the Americans ought to occupy it if they could, regardless of the political and patriotic considerations which made a French occupation so desirable. Accordingly, memorandum for commanding generals First and Fifth Corps reads as follows: "General Pershing desires that the honor of entering Sedan should fall to the First American Army. He has every confidence that the troops of the First Corps, assisted on their right by the Fifth Corps, will enable him to realize this desire."

In transmitting this message Gen. Hunter Liggett drew attention to the favorable opportunity for pressing the advance. Mr. Junius B. Wood, of the Chicago News, wrote of this memorable event: "All roads leading into Sedan were registered by the German artillery. That means that from the new positions which their batteries took in the successive stages of the retreat they knew the exact range for every turn in the few roads possible to use in the American advance.

"The enemy had lived in that country for four years. It was all mapped, with the distance figured down to inches. In addition to this, though the German artillery had retired across the Meuse to the heights east of Sedan, German machine gunners remained on all points of vantage, contesting every foot of the advance. The race for Sedan was not only a race, but a running battle as well.

"Against this opposition men fought their way forward with endurance which was almost superhuman. The march, alone, which some of the regiments made was such as men are rarely called on to endure, even without constant death stalking every footstep. It was raining. Packs were soaked until they weighed nearer 100 pounds than the regulation 72.

"Shoes went to pieces on the rough road. Bloody tracks from bleeding feet marked each passing company. All the food they had was what they carried on their backs, and that was soon gone. The roads, jammed with troops, could not handle even the artillery and ammunition, which was given first place, while supply trains never reached them. At the hourly halts, oblivious to the shelling, men fell asleep in their tracks, only to be awakened to start plodding onward."

The French were also straining every muscle to reach the goal. "At the same time," says Mr. Wood, "the Twenty-sixth regiment, commanded by Lieut. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., which had been eating up the kilometers throughout the night, had left the main road at Chehery, moved to the left across the Ardennes canal, and advanced up the west side of the canal and La Bar River, attacking the machine-gun nests and batteries. Eventually the Twenty-sixth captured those on the heights beyond St.-Aignan sur Bar.

"The Twenty-sixth, after it crossed the canal, was in the sector of the French Fortieth Division under General Laignelot. The sudden appearance of the columns of dripping Americans in the darkness caused a hurrying of French officers from dugouts, and much questioning and many exclamations.

"In a few minutes came an order to halt. It was not much longer before a French commanding officer and Lieut. Colonel Roosevelt were together. . . . The French officer explained that the Americans were in his sector. The American officer explained that he was on the route given him to reach Sedan.

"'But my orders come from the Marshal of France.'

"'And mine come from my commanding officer, sir,' said the American lieutenant colonel.

"'If you try to pass my men they have orders to fire on you,' was the ultimatum of the officer.

"'My orders are to advance, sir, and the only way your men can keep ahead is to march faster than mine,' was the reply, and the advance continued."

No shots were fired. Probably the French officer's reference to his orders was inspired by the following from General Laignelot to Lieutenant Maudet for transmission to the American infantry and artillery brigades: "The limit given by the high command between the Fortieth infantry division and the American brigade is not the national highway, but the road Chehery-Bulson-Thelonue, after leaving Chehery. I am compelled to make my artillery intervene there. I pray you, my brave neighbors, to call this to the attention of your artillery commander, who is making a mistake."

The Appeal for an Armistice

No Americans entered Sedan. They could easily have done so, but orders from the Allied High Command prevented. Nobody captured the famous stronghold. Under French and American artillery fire, the Germans evacuated it, and after the armistice French forces made a peaceful entry, with fine effect. But the First and the Forty-second will argue together until kingdom come as to which won nearest to the goal.

Colonel Reilly, commanding Eighty-third Brigade: "I went over the hill, and the dead of the Forty-second were three hundred yards beyond any dead of the First."

Private James L. Strow, Twenty-eighth Infantry, First Division: "I went up that hill more than once that day, and could not find any other soldiers than those of our own battalion on it. None could be found ahead of our men."

So there you are.

By November fifth the Americans forced a general withdrawal of the Germans from the strong positions they had held so long on the hills north of Verdun. Two days later the enemy was being driven out into the swampy plain of the Woevre; our troops held the heights dominating Sedan; we had advanced forty-one kilometers in five days and had cut the Germans' main line of communications. In this desperate extremity the German High Command appealed on November sixth for an immediate armistice.

Foch's orders were explicit: "The enemy, disorganized by our repeated attacks, retreats along the entire front. It is important to coördinate and expedite our movements. I appeal to the energy and initiative of the Commanders-in-Chief and of their armies to make decisive the results obtained."

Accordingly the Second American Army pressed the enemy along its entire front. Foch had requested the use of six American divisions for an attack which the French were preparing in the direction of Château-Salins. Pershing agreed to furnish them, but stipulated that they should operate as an American army with General Bullard as commanding officer.

"In the face of the stiff resistance offered by the enemy," reports Pershing, "and with the limited number of troops at the disposal of the Second Army, the gains realized reflected great credit on the divisions concerned."

Weakened French Morale

The armistice went into effect at eleven o'clock on the morning of November eleventh. The guns hushed. A sudden eerie quiet fell over that far-flung front. The stillness was so intense after the quivering thunder of months that veterans gazed at one another uneasily, tingling with apprehension.

East of Beaumont some desultory fighting occurred after that hour, owing to the fact that the Americans had advanced so rapidly at that point they got out of touch. The Germans complained bitterly about this.

"Between September twenty-sixth and November eleventh," says Pershing in his report, "twenty-two American and four French divisions, on the front extending from southeast of Verdun to the Argonne forest, had engaged and decisively beaten forty-seven different German divisions, representing 25 per cent of the enemy's entire divisional strength on the western front. Of these enemy divisions twenty had been drawn from the French front and one from the British front. Of the twenty-two American divisions twelve had, at different times during this period, been engaged on fronts other than our own. The First Army suffered a loss of about 117,000 in killed and wounded. It captured 26,000 prisoners, 847 cannon, 3000 machine guns, and large quantities of material."

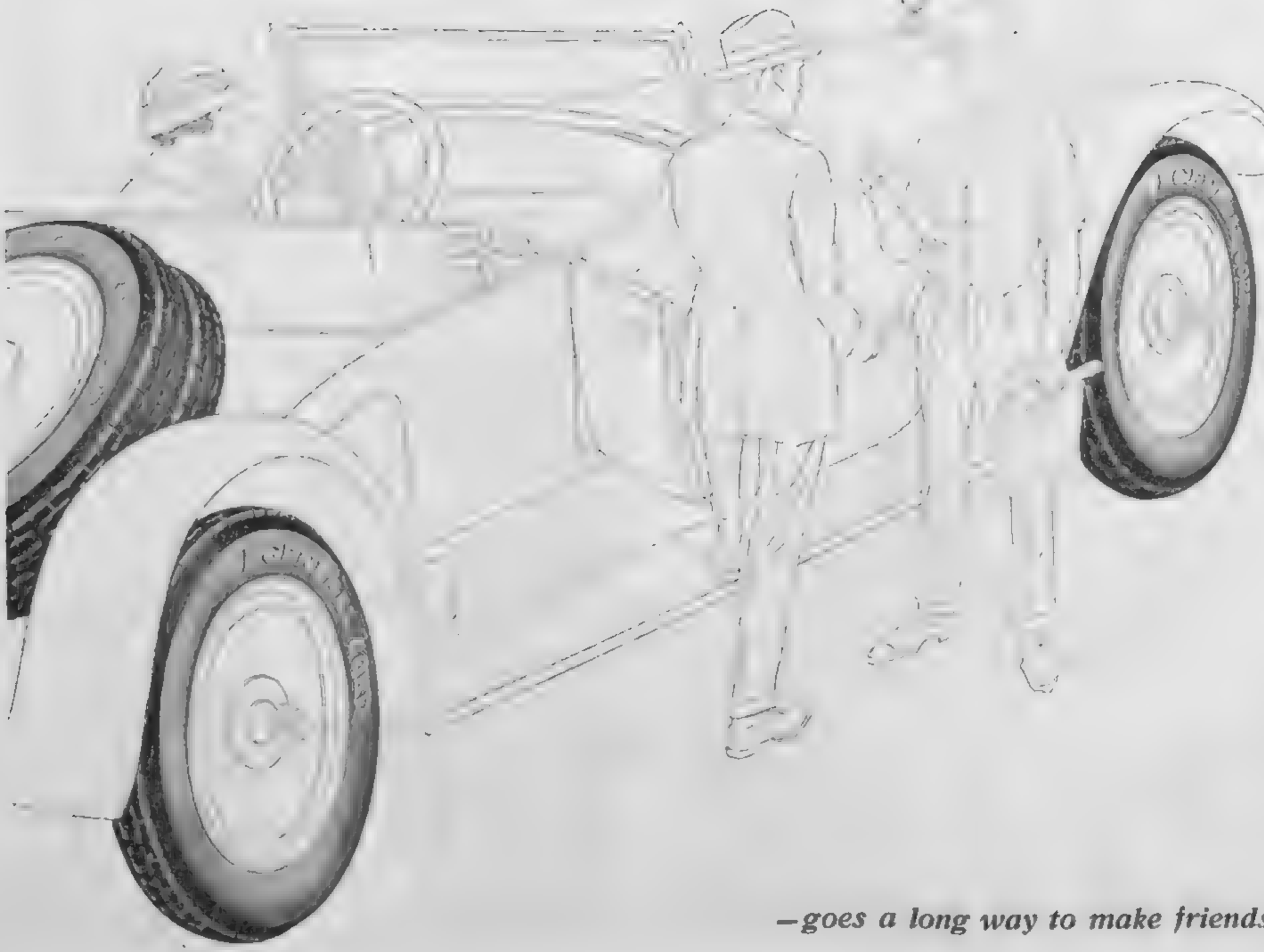
That the French armies would have found difficult any real offensive without the support of our troops was proved throughout all the operations of the summer and fall of 1918. Even with victory crowning the Allied arms, French troops did not seem equal to a great attack without American help. On November fifth, with the Germans eager for an armistice, Foch wrote to Pershing: "In order to avoid any let-up in the constant pressure upon the enemy and to surprise him by a new attack on an unguarded portion of his front, I have had General Petain prepare a surprise offensive in Lorraine to be made with fifteen or twenty divisions, which is all that French resources now make available. This is not going to be enough to give sufficient amplitude to the enterprise. Under these conditions, I request you to place six American divisions"—about 180,000 men—"in readiness to be added. You would take these from your reserves. They would have to make their movement by marching."

And that the French had not even now abandoned their plan to break up the American forces and thereby get the benefit of their incorporation in the French armies is proved by Marshal Foch's reply to General Pershing's request that the six American divisions be asked for the Lorraine operation should be employed as an American army under General Bullard, who would act, however, under orders of the French.

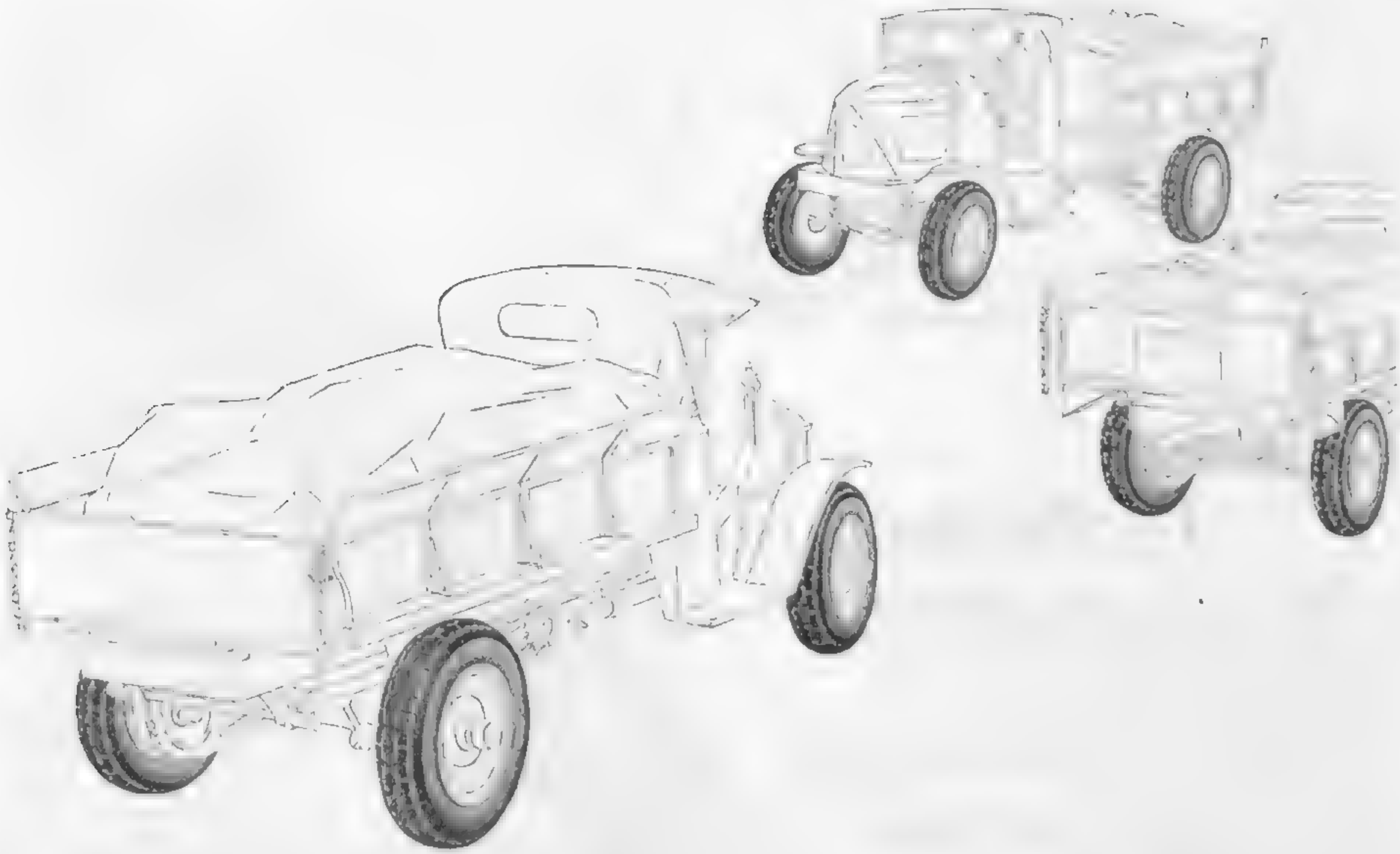
"It is at the present time impossible to consider the grouping of these six divisions in an American army," Foch replied on November eighth. "In the first instance, such a disposition would delay the operation as a consequence of the obligation of

(Continued on Page 92)

THE GENERAL CORD TIRE



—goes a long way to make friends



General achieves new leadership in sales of cord tires

Is not the success of a tire maker—the manner in which the sale of his tire increases—a good indication of the character of the tire? May it not be a reliable guide for shrewd tire buyers—those who seek the utmost in service and tire mileage?

In 1921 General's dealers sold one-third as many Cord Tires as the dealers of each of the two largest tire-making concerns and one-half as many as the dealers of the next largest; thus gaining new place among the leaders.

In forty-three of the hundred largest cities, the most successful tire dealer—the one with the largest and most successful business—is the General dealer.

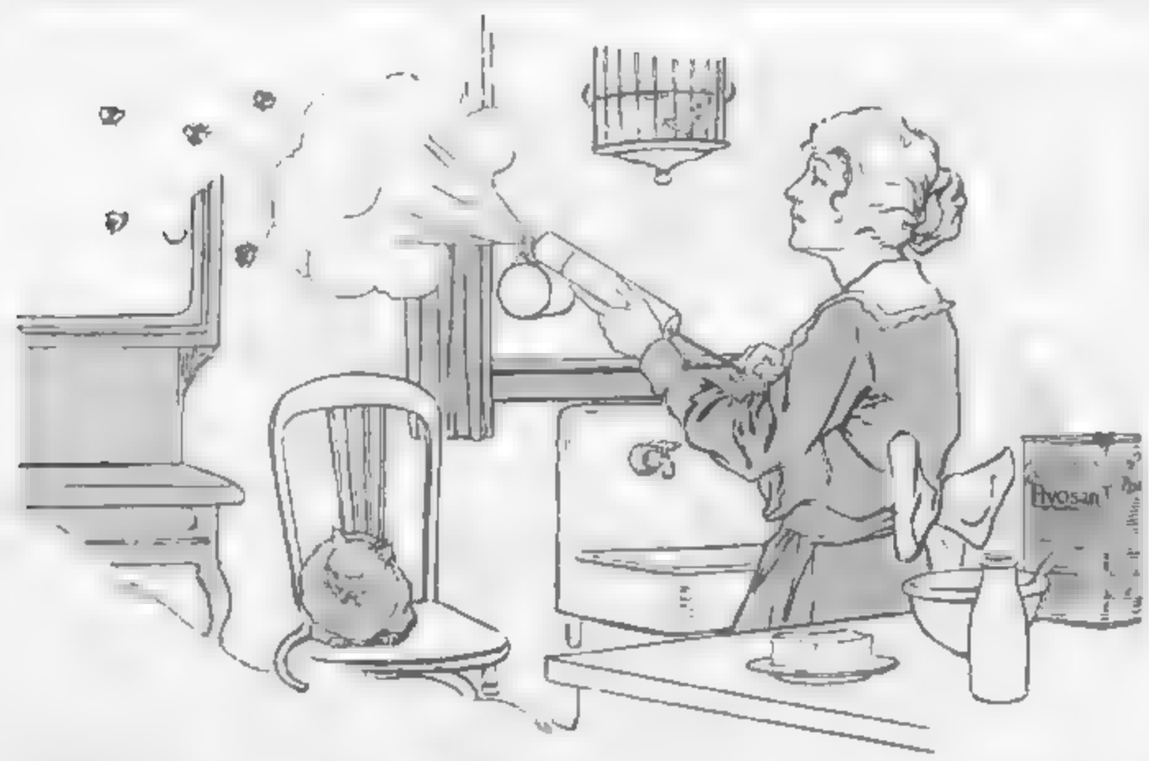
In fifteen more of the hundred largest cities, the General dealer shares leadership or stands second.

While in the seventy cities next in size (from 25,000 to 65,000 population) the General dealer leads in twenty-six.

The most astonishing fact, to some, is that all General Tires are bought for cars in use. Generals are not sold to automobile manufacturers for "original equipment." Generals are sold only through dealers. Thus, each purchase of a General represents the mature judgment of an experienced tire user. And the General factory is today operating 100% capacity.

To profit by the experience of seasoned tire users, put a General on your car—*and watch it*. The General dealer nearest you has a tire exactly suited to your needs.

Built in Akron, Ohio, by
THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY



Kills flies by the roomful

SUPPOSE there were 106 flies around your kitchen—lighting on the meat platter, buzzing near the milk pitcher and getting mired on a freshly frosted cake.

Suppose, inside of five minutes every one of the 106 flies were dead and you merely had to sweep them up in a dust pan.

Wouldn't you say "Well, this *is* a miracle!"

Yet this is exactly what happens when you use harmless Flyosan.

Flyosan is a non-poisonous liquid which you apply with an ordinary garden sprayer.

A can of Flyosan and an ordinary inexpensive sprayer are all you need. Getting rid of flies is as easy as using a feather duster.

Most remarkable of all, Flyosan is harmless to everything except insects.

Flyosan is equally effective against flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, bed bugs, ants, lice, moths, fleas and all other insect pests.

If your drug, grocery or hardware store does not have Flyosan send us a dollar and we will mail you an introductory package containing a pint of Flyosan and a sprayer.

COLONIAL CHEMICAL CORPORATION
Reading, Pa.

to
dealers!

Last summer in Hazleton, Pa., J. M. Fey with a little local advertising sold $3000.00 worth of Flyosan in three months.

Flyosan repeats! Send us your jobber's name and we will send you a dealer's price list.

PRICES:

Pint	$ .75
Quart	1.25
½-Gallon	2.25
Gallon	4.00
Introductory Package (pint and sprayer)	1.00

Flyosan
INSECT EXTERMINATOR

KILLS FLIES BY THE ROOMFUL

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(Continued from Page 89)

requesting plans and orders from a new commander, but the Commanding General, Tenth French Army, who would have those divisions under his command, will make his disposition to have those divisions operate as far as possible on his left, and I will for my part issue orders for those divisions to be speedily replaced under the American High Command. The accomplishments of American divisions under your orders are too fine for me not to look forward for every means of leaving them under your command. The question to-day is above all to act very speedily in the organization of the Lorraine operation."

Others than the military leaders continued anxious for the employment of the American forces in the French armies. The French political chiefs also bestirred themselves to that end. As late as November fourth they still clung to the hope that their plan might be adopted, for on that date M. Albert Thomas, member of the War Committee and ex-Minister of Munitions and Armaments, submitted to a member of the American General Staff a letter which he, M. Thomas, had written to Premier Clemenceau as far back as August 22, 1918. M. Thomas wished the information contained in it to find its way to the proper quarters.

"If we wish to maintain these 100 divisions," said the letter to Clemenceau, "which I beg leave to say are incomparable among the Allied troops, we naturally fall back on the expedient of completing their effectives by American troops. One American regiment of 3000 men per division would make 300,000 men—that is the number that arrives from America in one month.

"And then, I wonder if the idea of amalgamation, on which we have insisted so strongly, is definitely abandoned. I wonder whether it is possible that President Wilson and the American authorities will persist in not understanding the advantage there is in maintaining the 100 French divisions, whether they will not finally understand the advantage there would be for the American troops to receive their training in such divisions as ours. As soon as it is understood that the American Army is constituted as the United States desires to have it, the utilization of the 300,000 men of this army in French divisions might easily be accepted by them."

On the margin of the letter is this notation: "The idea dies very hard."

French expectations of what the United States ought to do for France did not abate; victory seemed only to fan them. Early in November, M. André Tardieu, French High Commissioner to the United States, made certain statements publicly which virtually assumed that the restoration of France, both by American money and by the labor of American troops, was incumbent upon the United States. The French press eagerly seized upon these statements and played them up to stimulate hope and keep the French people from realizing their true situation.

A fortnight after the armistice a report was made to the American General Headquarters that the French had served notice they would move no more large American troop units by rail until further notice. This report stated that several efforts had been made to obligate the Americans to the restoration and maintenance of certain roads. "I have been struck by the fact," reported Colonel Connor, "that the French appear to be acquiring the conviction that, in expecting American labor and money to bear a large part of the burden of restoring France, they are but demanding their just dues."

On November 23, 1918, Marshal Foch wrote to General Pershing:

My dear General: The reconstitution of the soil and the means of habitation of the devastated regions will necessitate considerable labor and effort. It will be impossible for France to furnish, within the time limit set for restoring the country to the economic condition which is indispensable to it, this labor and effort after she has been reduced to her own resources.

The French Army in the zone which it occupies will, from the present moment, coöperate in the work of reconstitution by furnishing to the civil authorities who are charged with it, the assistance of units at rest, and the available material resources.

The American Army has, like the French Army, a great part of its units at rest. Those units which are stationed near the devastated regions, or near those which are encumbered by trench systems, and so forth, could render precious service to our population.

I do not doubt that your sentiments will lead you to continue to give France, during the period of the Armistice, the aid which you have so generously given her during the war. I am equally convinced that your troops will put all their soul into repairing, so far as they are able to do before leaving France, what has necessarily been destroyed during the course of operations.

The work which would be asked of these troops would be of the same nature as that to which they have become accustomed during the campaign. The nature of the various classes of work and the methods of execution are set forth in the note herewith.

I would be very much obliged if you will be kind enough to inform me as to what extent and in what manner it appears to you possible to assist in this work by the coöperation of the troops and of the services under your orders.

Very sincerely yours, F. Foch.

The note on method which he inclosed provided for the work of reconstitution under direction of the French civil authorities. This work would consist of filling up trenches, removing barbed wire, cleaning up cities and villages, sorting and storing material of all kinds, placing roads and other means of transportation in proper condition, removal of a lot of barracks, and construction of some they needed; working of quarries, sawmills, and so on, and repair of buildings.

I have not been able to find that Pershing ever replied directly to this letter, but he said in a cable to the War Department in Washington: "It would be unjust of them to use our soldiers as laborers." He also stated at the same time that the temper of the American soldiers precluded any possibility of such employment, not to mention sentiment at home. Pershing recommended that the Government should announce a clear, definite policy in respect to the return of our troops which would admit of no misunderstanding by the French.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Pattullo. The next will appear in an early issue.

Beehive Basin From Madison Plateau in Yellowstone National Park

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OF
SHEAFFER'S
"Propel—Repel—Expel"
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Our Special Iridium Tipped Pen Point Unconditionally Guaranteed Forever

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AT THE BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

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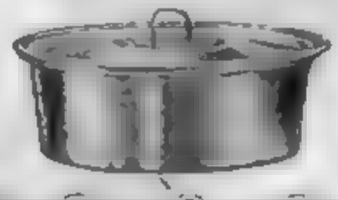
Prove "Wear-Ever" Quality in Your Own Oven!

THE five million **"Wear-Ever"** two-quart pudding pans, seven-inch fry pans and one-quart stew pans distributed at special introductory prices are proving to the women who bought them that it pays to have **"Wear-Ever"** in the kitchen. These women are buying additional

"Wear-Ever"
Aluminum Cooking Utensils

because they now know that **"Wear-Ever"** utensils *do* save fuel, time and trouble, and are made of such hard, thick sheet aluminum that they *must* give enduring service.



In order that many more women may prove in their own ovens **"Wear-Ever"** QUALITY, SERVICE and ECONOMY, we are continuing for a limited time the following special introductory offer:—

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
Dept. 18, New Kensington, Pa. (or if you live in Canada)
Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Enclosed find (60c (in stamps or coin) for which send me prepaid a 2 quart "Wear-Ever" aluminum pudding pan. (Enclose 80c for pudding pan and cover.) Money refunded if you are not satisfied. Offer expires August 31, 1922. Good only in U. S. and Canada.

Name

Address

60c
And Coupon
(Pan and Cover 80c)

"Wear-Ever"
Two-Quart Pudding Pan
Regular Price $1.10
(except in West and South where price is higher)

For a limited time, dealers are hereby authorized to sell this two-quart Pudding Pan for 60c and coupon. Cover 20c additional.

If you are unable to obtain one of these pans at your dealer's, mail us the coupon together with 60c (or 80c for pan and cover) and we will send you a pan postpaid and tell you the name of the nearest store where you can see a complete equipment of "Wear-Ever" utensils.

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
Dept. 18 **New Kensington, Pa.**

The **"Wear-Ever"** trade mark appears on the bottom of all genuine **"Wear-Ever"** utensils. Look for it.

WEAR EVER
ALUMINUM
TRADE MARK
MADE IN U.S.A.

PROTECTING THE SMALL INVESTOR

(Continued from Page 7)

promotions fostered by others and men who, like oil operators, use their own capital in enterprises which they themselves conduct and which nevertheless are often conceived in ignorance and foolishness.

The losses are large and serious enough without exaggerating them, and nothing is to be gained by falsely minimizing the extent to which the American people save and invest their savings securely. Certainly the millionaires are not the only men and women who own the $20,000,000,000 of Liberty Bonds, the billions of dollars of state and municipal bonds, the $56,000,000,000 of life-insurance policies, and the billions of dollars of savings-banks deposits, sound mortgages, bonds and stocks.

The statement that we are not a nation of savers and investors should be made with care and discrimination. If it is made for the purpose of inducing people to save more it may be laudable enough. But the fact is quite commonly overlooked that Americans provide for their families and to no little extent for themselves by means of life insurance. Many a man feels that if only he buys enough life insurance and provides for his family in this way it is all right for him to gamble with the rest of his money or with a part of it. What may be called the thrift and investment side of his nature goes into life insurance.

But this is not the whole story. Having bought life insurance the man has made a secure investment. But something fatal seems to happen when he dies and a lump sum of $5000 or $10,000 is paid over to his wife or children or nephews and nieces, or in case he has purchased an endowment policy, when it is paid, to himself. There is no doubt that a large part of all the unwise investments follow upon the receipt of life-insurance money. Americans do not distinguish between principal and interest after the fashion of Europeans. A young American who receives $50,000 in insurance money from an uncle or as any part of the latter's estate would say that he was worth $50,000, whereas the young European would consider himself worth only the annual income or annuity upon the same.

Insurance companies attempt to sell as far as possible policies the proceeds of which shall not be paid in a lump sum but in the form of an income. But though such insurance has no doubt increased in popularity it has not been adopted widely enough to make more than a dent in the unwise investments which follow upon the receipt of the proceeds from the ordinary form of insurance. Most people want the money all at once, and if the insurance company attempts to advise them to the contrary there is likely to be resentment and suspicion. The recipient knows that if the money is left with the company it will be safe enough, but will not pay more than 5 per cent at the outside. The beneficiary is confident of placing it to better advantage than that, and the natural reaction is something like this: "What are you trying to hold my money back for, anyway? What ax have you to grind in trying to keep my money?"

Treasury Savings Certificates

Most of the recipients are women, the majority of whom have relatively little business experience, and who are often suspicious of advice from legitimate sources although ready enough to listen to the lure of the stock salesman who promises an income large enough to maintain them in comfort.

Possibly in time a system will be worked out by which insurance will be bought only in connection with a trust deed in a bank or trust company. In other words, the money will not be turned over unconditionally to the beneficiary but will be administered in her or his behalf by a sound banking institution. But anything as sensible as this exists at present only in a tentative and fragmentary form. Meanwhile, one life-insurance company alone out of many hundreds pays out during each minute of each business day of eight hours no less than $630.16 in cash to people, more than half of whom are almost totally ignorant of all financial and investment matters.

It cannot be stated with too much emphasis that anyone who really wants a safe investment with a good interest return can secure the same without the slightest difficulty. On December fifteenth last the wife of the President of the United States purchased from Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, the first Treasury Savings Certificate sold by the United States Government. These are now on sale at all post offices and many banks and can be had by mail direct from the Treasury Department. They pay 25 per cent on the money invested for a five-year period. They are guaranteed by the Government to pay this figure, and guaranteed against any decline in price. They are beyond question the safest and surest investment available to any American citizen, and if they are not good, then nothing in the world is.

There has been a lot of talk and cheap platitudes about the necessity and advantages of thrift and savings, but a man cannot dig a garden without tools and he cannot save without a secure place to put his money. A splendid work is done by the savings banks, but they do not cover the entire country by any means. There are millions of people whom they do not reach. Life insurance covers an even wider field, but it is only partially a savings and investment proposition. The Government is the one agency that can appeal to everybody, and at last, after much experimenting during and following the war, it has devised a permanent form of small investment which is simple, convenient and which meets the needs of all except the wealthiest classes.

An Ideal Investment

These certificates are always sold at the same price, $20, $80 and $800. In five years they are paid off at $25, $100 and $1000 respectively. This is 4½ per cent interest compounded or 5 per cent simple interest. It is 25 per cent in five years. There is no state or local tax on these certificates and no normal Federal income tax. Any individual can buy as much as $5000 each year, and the same amount is available to any member of his family. They can be redeemed at any time before the five years are up, at the full amount paid, plus 3½ per cent interest, by sending them to the Treasury Department. Since the name of the owner is registered at Washington the loss of the certificate does not mean the loss of the investment. There is no risk, depreciation in value or promoter's or broker's commission to pay, there is liberal interest and an immediate cash withdrawal value.

People were asked to buy Liberty Bonds during the war on patriotic grounds. Although the bonds have now recovered in value they declined severely for a time and many people lost heavily. Though the Government is selling Treasury Savings Certificates partly because it still needs money, another reason is to give people something in the way of an investment that cannot decline in price to make up for the losses sustained during the war.

If the attention of the public can be drawn widely enough to these certificates the stock swindler should fall upon lean times. He fattens of course from the recipients of the various state soldier bonuses and will take advantage of any Federal bonus which may be paid. Even without considering the proposed Federal bonus something like $42,000,000 is now being paid out each month in the form of 600,000 checks to veterans. All veterans who have any form of government allowance are sought out, not only by stock swindlers but by every salesman who has goods to sell on the installment plan. To the extent that they can be reached first by the Treasury Savings Certificates a lot of money will be saved in this country.

Many people are not in a position to study or analyze investments. Many have no time for such study. There is the country doctor who works day and night and does not have time even to keep up with the most important developments in his own science. Most town and city doctors are little if any better off. Quite often their incomes are relatively large, and too often they fall victims to the get-rich-quick lure. But the doctor can put his money into this form of government security without any worry for the future.

When it comes to the direct purchase of the general run of securities offered to the investment public it must be recognized that one almost insuperable obstacle to the public's greater success is the high cost of bringing to their attention the legitimate offerings. The American people have bought life insurance on a vast scale because the insurance companies found a way of selling through solicitors to even the smallest buyers, and yet making it pay.

With sound securities unable to pay the cost of small-lot distribution the attention of the small investor is rarely called to the legitimate agencies for their distribution, and he hesitates to approach them on his own initiative. It is right here that the get-rich-quick dealer comes in, the chap who talks all profit. Not only is the field wide open to him but he has a great natural advantage in that his commission or margin of profit is from the very nature of the case far larger than is earned by those who handle high-grade securities.

For there is no more generally recognized rule in all the financial markets of the world than that the more solid, conservative and staple the character of the security, the smaller the commission. On government and municipal bonds it is reduced to the smallest fraction of 1 per cent, whereas on a semifraudulent oil-stock promotion it may run up to 60 or 70 per cent.

No wonder the reputable investment banker cannot send salesmen out to sell ten-dollar New York City bonds. A large firm that makes a specialty of dealing in municipal bonds once figured that it cost $7.50 every time it handled one of these ten-dollar pieces, and decided that it could not charge less than two dollars for the service, but customers complained after this charge was put on that they were being stung.

Competition between the reputable investment banker and the fake stock promoter is so impossible that the former is obliged to leave the field almost entirely to the latter, except where the sale is large enough to make it worth his while. This is the literal fact, but what the fake stock promoter usually says is that the big financial interests have made all their money from stocks, and consequently he has now organized this particular company for the benefit of the man of small or medium means, so that he, too, may clip coupons or draw dividend checks and make more money in a day than he has been accustomed to make in a week.

Small Business Accepted

But though the reputable dealer in legitimate securities cannot search out the man with $100 or $500 it is indeed rare that such business is refused when it comes of its own accord. It will be recalled that in a previous article President Cromwell, of the New York Stock Exchange, said in his opinion an investor should keep his money in the bank until he had $500. President Howard F. Beebe, of the Investment Bankers Association, said that he would place the minimum at $1000, and had advised hundreds if not thousands of persons who had less than this amount to put their money in a savings bank instead of trying to buy securities, although he is in the business of selling securities himself.

Although many of the most experienced authorities agree with this view, there is plenty of difference of opinion on the subject. But whatever the views of experts may be there will always remain great numbers of individuals who wish to invest less than $1000 directly in bonds or stocks. And here another difficulty appears. It is almost impossible for the inexperienced small investor to choose among the tens of thousands of available securities offered for sale or among the complicated agencies which offer them.

There are ordinary commercial banks and trust companies with investment, bond or security departments; there are dealers in investment securities technically and as a rule incorrectly known as investment bankers; and there are brokers who belong to recognized stock exchanges. All three classes overlap and duplicate to a considerable extent, and from all three bonds and stocks of every variety of excellence, or the lack of it, may be had. Then, too, there are concerns which are entirely reputable that combine the work of security distribution with promotion and even

(Continued on Page 98)

The Big Surprise of the Industry

EVERYWHERE, outdoor folks predicted this surprise would come. They knew Ole Evinrude's determination to reach the ultimate in outboard motor development. They knew his hopes had been centered on that achievement from the infancy of the industry. They were confident the Elto Light Twin would be the fulfillment of his ideals.

But they didn't look for such a marked advance in outboard motor engineering. Even those within the industry were taken by surprise when the many distinctly original features of Ole Evinrude's latest motor were announced a year ago.

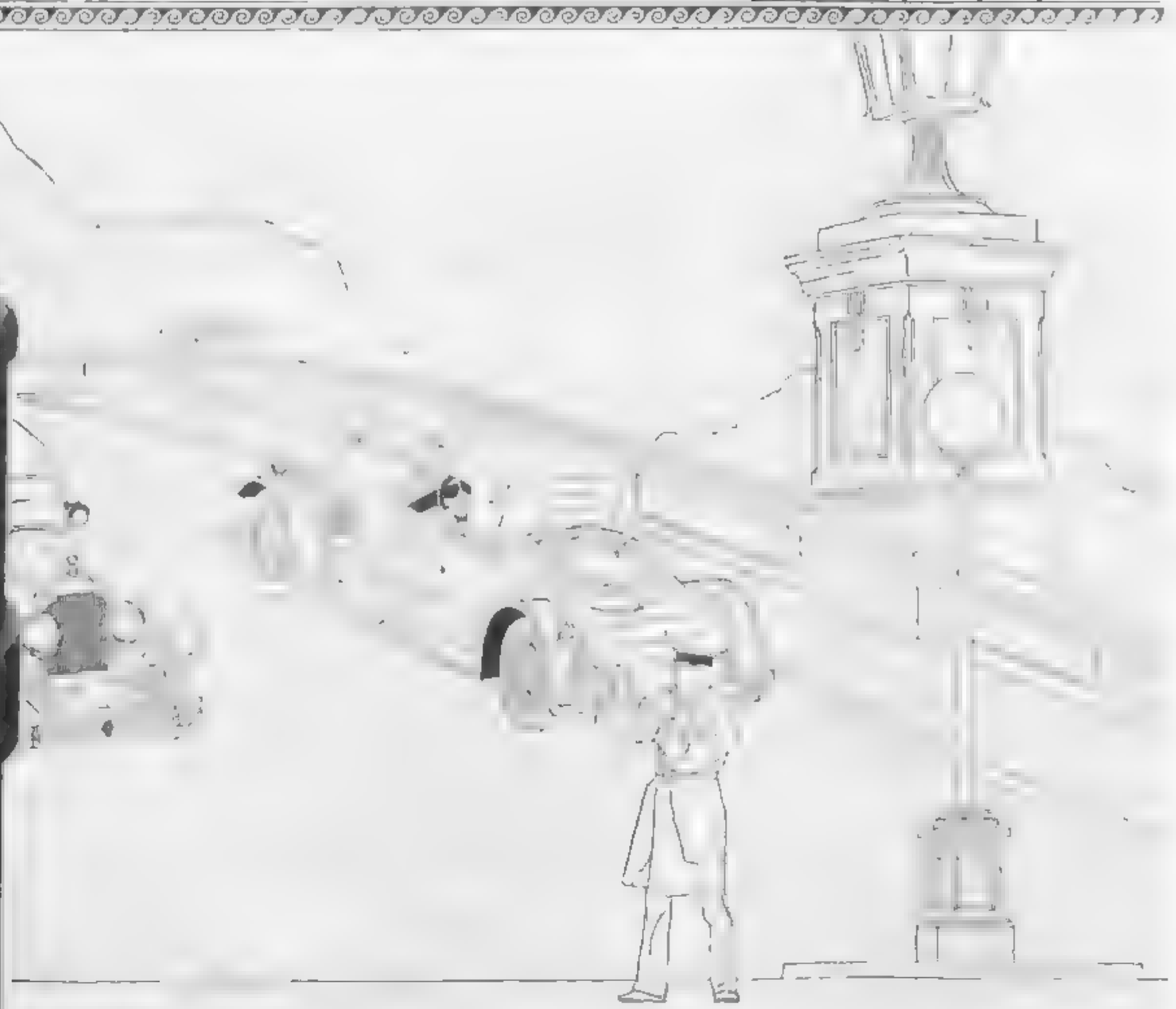
The Elto weighs but 48 lbs. It develops full 3 H. P. Has improved ignition—instant and easy starting. Twin cylinder construction—smooth, quiet running. Tilts automatically—a big safety factor. Steers comfortably from any part of the boat. Operates at perfect trolling speed. Rudder folds for carrying. A rugged light-weight. A beautiful motor.

Write to Ole Evinrude's *new organization* for descriptive literature and name of the Elto dealer nearest you.

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO.
OLE EVINRUDE, Pres.
Dept. M, Mfrs. Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

Elto
Light Twin Outboard Motor

The Stewart Vacuum System and the Stewart Speedometer. Giants of the Automobile Industry.



THE car buyer of today is equipment wise.

That is why manufacturers of motor cars are giving great thought to the selection of their equipment, and why practically 90 per cent of them have selected Stewart equipment.

When a manufacturer uses Stewart Products, his equipment is a selling point—not a ground for apology. Stewart Speedometers and Vacuum Tanks have been selling points for motor cars for years. They represent the peak of perfection in automotive equipment.

Furthermore, with Stewart equipment, you get Stewart Service. There are 86 authorized Stewart Service Stations in principal cities all over the world—53 in the United States alone. Each station is manned by a corps of factory-trained, skilled mechanics, who thoroughly understand Stewart Products. Only Genuine Stewart Parts used in replacement.

Car manufacturers are proud to advertise their cars as Stewart equipped. It means a great deal to an equipment wise motoring public.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Stewart
PRODUCTS
Used On 7 Million Cars

LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES IN THE WORLD

WARN-O-METER

A beautiful, electrically operated instrument that protects against overheating. Registers motor temperature taken from the motor *direct*—not from the water in the radiator. It gives you *facts*. A green light shows at a safe, efficient motor temperature. Should overheating commence, it flashes immediately to a brilliant red. A spotlight is not required to read its signals at night. They are always perceptible. The Warn-O-Meter will beautify your car.

De Luxe Model.....$12.50
Standard Model....$10.00
Ford Model, including a special radiator cap.$10.00

AUTOGUARDS

For absolute protection, your car needs full width, double-bar Autoguards. No danger of another bumper slipping above or underneath them. Collisions in which a careless driver crashes into the back of a car are very common. You need Autoguard protection front *and* rear. The Stewart design is distinctly beautiful. It adds an elegance to your car that gives it manifest individuality. The fastest selling bumper on the market today.

REAR VISION MIRROR

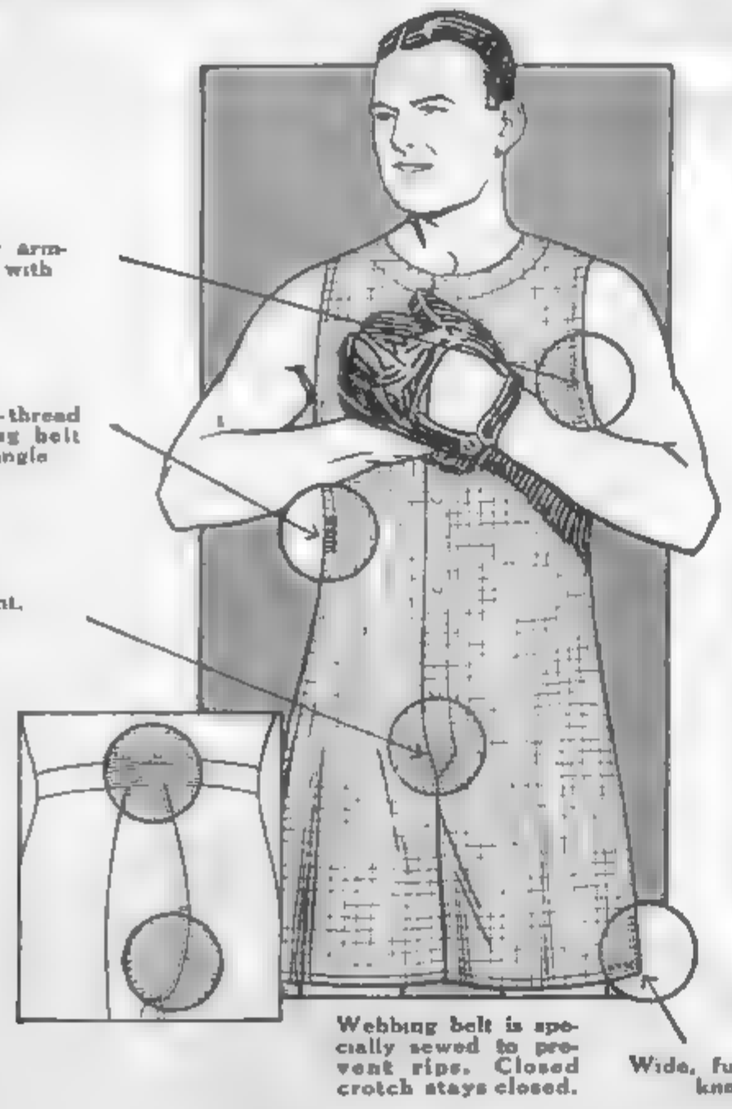
The minute a driver takes his eyes from the road ahead to look to the rear, he invites Disaster into his car as one of the passengers. A Stewart Rear Vision Mirror eliminates unnecessary risk. You know what is taking place behind you without turning your head. It makes your driving safer and more pleasant. Furnished in models for fender or windshield installation.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Stewart
PRODUCTS
Used On 7 Million Cars

LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES IN THE WORLD

This summer underwear is *comfortable* as well as cool


Large, roomy armholes, faced with tape.
Guaranteed 2-thread elastic webbing belt instead of single thread.
Special reinforcement.
Webbing belt is specially sewed to prevent rips. Closed crotch stays closed.
Wide, full-length knees.

THAT'S why men ask for Hanes Athletic Union Suits by name. They've a carefree, out-in-the-open, ease-and-freedom feeling you never forget once you've worn them. That's because "Hanes Extra-Features" have done away with tightness that masquerades as "fit"; bagginess that trades as "fullness"; and the wrinkles and puckers that nag at moist, perspiring skin. Hanes Athletic Union Suits are studied garments—snug where snugness is essential to comfort; *over size-full* where arm-play and body-play should go the limit. **They are only $1.00, so why pay more?**

Get these "Hanes Extra-Features"!

ARMHOLES taped instead of turned under. Never a chance for curl or rip—but a friction-free surface that wears as long as the garment.

NECK "V" or circular style, strongly reinforced with nainsook. Stays up on the shoulders without a hint of chokiness.

CLOSED CROTCH stays closed. (See illustration above.) Crotch lap buttons sewed on the seam—**4** thicknesses of material instead of **2.** No patch used.

WEBBING BELT guaranteed two-thread elastic webbing instead of single thread, gives more elasticity and greater strength. Specially sewed to prevent tearing or ripping.

PEARL BUTTONS specially selected, sewed on to stay put.

REINFORCEMENTS at every point of strain safeguard against all chance of seam-rips.

Register a summer comfort pledge today—your dealer is authorized to accept your initiation fee of $1.00 and enroll you for a season membership.

The youngsters can also have Hanes comfort and wear. Hanes Athletic Union Suits for Boys—sizes 20 to 34; ages 2 to 16

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

$1.00 A SUIT

$1.15 west of the Rockies

Hanes Guarantee

We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

TRADE MARK HANES

Full Cut ATHLETIC UNION SUITS

(Continued from Page 95)

management; and there are great corporations, especially the public utilities engaged in the electrical and telephone business, which sell their own stock direct to employes and customers.

The movement toward customer ownership of public-utility corporations has progressed very rapidly in the last few years. For the most part, the sales are of preferred stock, rarely paying less than 6 per cent and generally 7 per cent. The great advantage to the investor is not only that he gets a fairly high rate of return in a company whose operations are familiar to him and in regard to which he can secure ample information, but that the whole proposition is simple and direct. The man who uses a telephone a dozen times a day or turns his electric light on and off knows that the company supplying these services is something real and fairly substantial, never a mere paper, get-rich-quick or fly-by-night enterprise, even though in some cases, of course, it may be mismanaged.

As such stock is usually sold by local employes already on the pay roll the item of expense, although by no means negligible, is not at least wholly prohibitive when it comes to reaching the small purchaser. One of the subsidiaries of the Bell Telephone system in the Northwest sold $5,000,000 of 7 per cent preferred stock in ten days' time to 11,000 persons. A gas-and-electric company on the Pacific Coast has more than 15,000 owners of its preferred stock, many of them made investors through the efforts of the employes.

Of course a company of this kind cannot induce its subscribers to buy stock unless it is reasonably popular with them and has a fairly clean record. It is said that at least one powerful but very unpopular gas-and-electric company utterly failed to sell any large amount of its stock to customers even though the greatest pressure was brought to bear upon the local employes to act as canvassers. However, people who have money to invest and no great knowledge of the subject would generally make no mistake in asking the local manager of their gas and electric or telephone company if the company's bonds or stocks are on sale and at what terms.

The great obstacle in the way of small investors getting into touch with reliable investment dealers is that few of them, relatively speaking, will take the initiative. Anyone who writes to the New York Stock Exchange or to the Investment Bankers Association, in Chicago, can get a list of members. Membership in such an organization does not guarantee the wisdom of the advice offered by the members or the unfailing excellence of their securities. Indeed, it does not always guarantee their honesty. But there is constant vigilance to weed out dishonest and unreliable members. The proportion of outright fakers and swindlers is exceedingly small, and as the years go by should become even smaller.

Advice of Local Bankers

But the investor in far too many cases buys from the salesman who gets to him; he does not himself hunt out a reputable dealer. A large bank which sells immense numbers of bonds advertises extensively in all parts of the country on a similar scale. A country merchant in California wrote to the financial editor of a newspaper in New York City for the name of a reliable bond dealer in California. The editor replied that the investment department of this particular bank had a branch there and advised the merchant to call upon them. As a result he purchased $25,000 of bonds, although he had never seen any of the advertisements.

This concern, with scores of branches, reaches thousands of investors every day, and it is only one of many engaged in similar work. But such efforts are only a drop in the bucket, which fact often leads to the opinion that our whole scheme of distributing investment securities in this country is entirely inadequate to meet the needs of the people. Probably it is done much better in such countries as England, Holland and France, where banks, investment trusts and similar institutions play a great part. As a banker who has studied the subject closely said to the writer:

"When we are able to reach more people with sound investments it may reasonably be expected that there will be less tendency to purchase the unsound, and I have no doubt that that will be one of the developments of the future, although it presents many problems in the way of expense, organization, and so on."

But it will only bore the reader and afford him no practical help to discuss the many schemes for improved security distribution. This is a large country, with a great variety of people and forty-eight different states. Taking conditions as they exist the most practical statement that can be made to the great majority of small investors is to consult their own local bank before believing what the stock salesman or stock circular has to say.

There are dozens of objections which may be raised against such advice. The local banker is not always the most popular man in his community. He is sometimes regarded as a note shaver or skinflint. In many cases his knowledge of securities is limited in the extreme. In other cases he dislikes to tell even what little he knows for fear the depositor will withdraw money from the bank and invest it elsewhere. He is often too narrow and ignorant to realize that any investment in sound securities which a customer makes tends to increase business in general and reacts to the bank's advantage. Even if he is willing to advise and assist, it is often in the most perfunctory and guarded manner.

Mr. Sisson's Opinion

There are a few cases where the stock swindler has paid a banker a commission to stimulate sales. A fairly common practice in Middle Western rural districts is for a stock salesman to approach a director in a local bank, who holds his position not because of any knowledge of banking or finance but simply on account of his having a little money, with a proposition like this:

"Mr. Smith, we want to do the people of this state a good turn. We want to keep Iowa money in Iowa and we are forming a new insurance company. We have heard that you are a leading citizen and capitalist of this town and we want you to become one of our stockholders and possibly a director, if you think this proposition is all right. All we ask of you is that you give us letters of introduction to some of the people around here, and you will get a commission on every sale of stock. But you of course get in on the ground floor."

With letters from the local bank director the stock salesman goes to other people in the neighborhood and says that Mr. Smith has invested in the proposition and knows all about it. "If you want to know anything about it go and ask him." Most of them never even take that much trouble. The mere fact that the bank director has looked into the matter is enough for them. They do not investigate any further.

But after the local banker has been damned in every way that can be thought of, the fact remains that most careful students of investment subjects concur in the opinion that more loss would be avoided if investors universally consulted their local banks than in any other way. The case is well put by Francis H. Sisson, vice president of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York:

"While no advice to this effect will be 100 per cent good, nor will the experience of those who follow it be 100 per cent satisfactory, it is the best advice that can be given, and the local banks are the best agencies to suggest for the guidance of prospective investors. The situation, in my mind, is analogous to that of advising a man when he is ill to consult a doctor. In following that advice many men would suffer from an inaccurate diagnosis, unscientific treatment and, perhaps, even malpractice; but on the whole it is the proper advice for us to give for our physical demands, and the average of service return will much more than justify it.

"So I think we can honestly claim that, on the average, prospective investors who seek the advice of their bankers will profit, and, inadequate as the system may be, it is the only one broadly available and must be relied upon for such service as it can render. While bankers at large are not 100 per cent competent or even 100 per cent honest, there is enough competency and honesty among them as a class to justify the general reference of investors to them.

"Bankers are in the nature of things, as a rule, cautious on credit matters and skeptical about new ventures. These are exactly the elements which are needed in advising investors. If the banker does no more than to make them stop and question, he may have rendered a great service.

(Continued on Page 100)

Westinghouse

RESIDENCE AND COMMERCIAL FANS

Don't waste a hot day hoping for a cool night

— *Phone for a Fan!*

There is a simple way to make every evening cool, and every day comfortable: Phone for a Fan.

An easy way to avoid wilted collars, wrinkles, and ruined dispositions: Phone for a Fan.

Thus will you escape lowered vitality; sleepless, enervating nights; restless, inefficient days. Your nights will be full of rest, and your days of pleasant living.

So, for comfort and health and enjoyment, Phone for a Fan.

If you would like attractiveness, economy, quietness, and many years of service, *Phone for a Westinghouse Fan!*

Reliable electrical dealers everywhere sell Westinghouse Fans. Watch for the window displaying a large reproduction of the above drawing. Go into this store and ask about Westinghouse Fans. Learn how really inexpensive summer comfort is.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Offices in all Principal Cities • *Representatives Everywhere*

$1000.00 in prizes

What is she saying

YOU can win a prize! Use your imagination! What do you think this woman is saying to the clerk? She is evidently buying underwear—probably for her husband—and she is evidently saying something about Sealpax Athletic Underwear.

What is she saying?

Figure it out. There is no set answer to guess. Yours may be the winner! Study the facts about Sealpax given below—then decide, in not more than twenty words, what this woman is saying.

Send your answer to the Prize Department, The Sealpax Company, Baltimore, Md. Competent, neutral judges will award prizes. The contest closes July 29th, and the winners will be announced in The Saturday Evening Post, October 28th, 1922. Think about it—and win a prize!

Best answer .	$500
Second Prize . . .	$200
Third Prize . . .	$100
Fourth Prize . . .	$50
Next Best Five . .	$15
Next Best Five . .	$10
Next Best Five . .	$5
Next Fifty (each) — one suit of Sealpax	

(In the event of a tie for any prize offered, the full amount of such prize will be awarded to each tying contestant.)

Sealpax
Athletic Underwear

Men's Sealpax $1.25 (Union Suit)

"Lady Sealpax" $1.00

Children's Sealpax $1.00

IT ought to be easy to frame a prize-winning answer to the Sealpax "What Is She Saying?" Contest. Suppose *you* were buying underwear. What would *you* say to the salesman—

—if you knew there is no other underwear quite so cool for hot sultry days, quite so comfortable for active people, as Sealpax.

—if you knew that the athletic cut, the light-and-breezy fabric, the double crotch, the wide, roomy armholes and other comfort features make Sealpax the finest underwear a person can slip into.

—if you knew that Sealpax comes to you packed in individual sanitary envelopes, fresh and crisp and clean!

Think it over—write it down—and win a prize!

Women and children may also enjoy the cool comfort of Sealpax. Lady Sealpax is "Just as Comfortable as Brother's" athletic underwear, daintily made in a wide variety of feminine fabrics. "Little Brother" and "Little Sister" Sealpax bring "Dad's Comfort to Dad's Kids" an athletic underwear for children as long-wearing as it is cool and comfortable.

Sealpax for all the family! Sold everywhere!

Send your contest answer to
PRIZE DEPARTMENT
THE SEALPAX COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD

(Continued from Page 98)

"I appreciate the limitations of this suggestion fully, but to my mind it is a good deal like discussing democracy as a scheme of government; in spite of its shortcomings and miscarriages, it is the best scheme so far devised, and we have to fall back upon it to meet our political needs, and always live in the hope that the processes of education will constantly raise its standards and produce better results."

If the farmer or school-teacher does not trust the local banker there is always the near-by town or city of greater size whose banks are perhaps better informed. Then there are the chambers of commerce which can be appealed to, and the newspapers in the large cities. Workmen who have no time to visit bankers in their office hours can usually find someone connected with the management of their own company who will help them get information and advice.

There is always some reliable, experienced and disinterested business man who may be consulted if the investor really wants to take the trouble. Besides, there are about forty states which have blue-sky or security commissions which at least will warn the investor if the offering is actually a fraudulent one.

The fact is that the majority of investors who lose do not even attempt to secure information in advance. Actual surveys covering thousands of individuals in selected areas of the country show that close to one-half of the people who invest consult no one. What they really do is to buy blindfolded, with a laxity and carelessness they would not dream of showing in the purchase of a house, an automobile or even a suit of clothes or a pair of shoes. Until the psychology of hurrying up, buying from strangers and failing to investigate beforehand can be broken down, losses will continue at about their present rate.

A practical suggestion made to the writer by the vice president of a large securities concern was that investors should get three different people to suggest a list of securities and three others to criticize the list and scratch them. "People often take brokers' suggestions as final," said this man. "That is foolish. What the investor should do is to submit suggestions to brokers and get them to make their criticisms, which are often useful."

Edward A. Woods, of Pittsburgh, who, as the head of what is said to be the largest life-insurance agency in the country, has dealt in a practical way with many thousands of beneficiaries of life-insurance policies, makes this statement: "I have often advised widows who have asked me about investments to take this up with three competent, careful advisers and make no investment that all three did not concur in advising her to buy."

Blue-Sky Laws

Finally we come to what, in the opinion of the writer, is the least important and effective method of preventing investment losses, namely, the operation of laws specifically designed for that purpose. It is physically impossible for any government department or bureau, Federal or state, to pass upon the soundness or merit of all securities offered to the investing public. Obviously the Government should prevent, as far as possible, actual fraud and misrepresentation, and the best type of law and administrative machinery for this work should be under continual discussion and experimentation. But the Government cannot be held responsible for errors of judgment or for unforeseen developments which result in loss. The idea that it should guarantee securities is at once an absurd and a pernicious fallacy.

Yet it is remarkable how widespread a dependence the investing public places upon the approval of a security issue by a Federal or state commission. The same thing is true of a listing on the stock exchange. All these forms of recognition have their value, but they do not and cannot guarantee perpetual success, and the most foolish thing an investor can do is to be lulled into a false sense of security by these stamps of approval. In the end, no one but the investor himself can determine what is a good and what is a bad security.

About forty states have blue-sky laws in one form or other. These laws differ widely; they are of every degree of severity; and relatively speaking none of them have been in operation very long. That the blue-sky commissions have driven out many frauds and saved great sums of money to ignorant or credulous investors is generally agreed. But on the other hand frauds have flourished as never before. For one thing, the fakers have learned to operate in or from states where there is no such commission or where it is not especially efficient. By being very quick in their clean-up and get-away the swindlers have pretty largely escaped through the meshes of fifty different jurisdictions. Even more important is the fact that the state authorities cannot reach interstate commerce and the use of the mails.

In course of time the post office usually gets the swindler who for a long period misuses the mails. But this department of the Government is overloaded with such work and cannot keep up with the thousands of petty stock swindlers who operate for only a brief period. As H. N. Duff, president of the National Association of Securities Commissioners, has said:

"In my own state of Michigan our commission has frequently turned down securities as fraudulent, only to find within a very short time that the state was being flooded with them. It was an easy matter for the promoter to rent an office in Toledo, Ohio, or Chicago Illinois, and, armed with a few city directories and general mailing lists, unload upon the people of the state securities which the state officials had barred."

Boycotted States

Much of the swindling or loss is due in the first instance to the laxity of state incorporation laws. There are a few states that will allow anyone to form a corporation for almost any purpose and at a cost so nominal that absolutely no check is placed upon the promotional tendencies of crooks or crazy visionaries. Corporations are formed almost as easy as bacteria, and it is easy money for the states that permit it. It is believed that a strict Federal incorporation law to take the place of the state laws would prevent thousands of worthless promotions. But under our dual form of government it would seem practically impossible from a political standpoint to bring about this reform.

Then there are students of the subject who urge the adoption by the Federal Government or all the states of a law like the British Companies Act, which requires all promoters or distributors of new securities to file with the Government complete information regarding commissions paid to promoters, and other pertinent facts. It is argued that "Just as the Pure Food Act does not attempt to tell people what is good for them to eat, just so must we avoid in security regulation trying to guide the public as to what they should buy and what they should leave alone." The idea is to give complete publicity and let the investor judge for himself.

This sounds very well in theory, but it probably would not work out in practice in a country as big as this. "It would be little more than a joke," says G. S. Canright, of the Wisconsin Railroad Commission. "Imagine what protection it would be to persons in California to have filed in Washington information in reference to all these enterprises." The slick salesman would sell the farmer on a ranch in California before the farmer could write to Washington and get an answer back.

There is the further difficulty with all legislation for the protection of investors that if it is made strong enough really to work there is always danger of injuring legitimate business. It is a well-known fact in financial circles that many of the most reputable investment houses will not offer their securities in numbers of the states which have severe blue-sky laws.

"We not only won't comply with all the diversified, complicated, contradictory and often confusing requirements of many of these states," said the manager of a house of international standing, "but we won't ask the corporations of high standing whose bonds we sell to subject themselves to such indignities. Whenever we put out an offering we simply ask our lawyers which states we can advertise in and which we had better stay out of."

Now there may be parts of the country where a certain satisfaction is felt in keeping out the great banking houses and corporations whose headquarters are in Wall Street. But many a financial swindle has been floated in the last few years on the basis of appealing to local pride, and many an investor in states far removed from Wall Street would have his money now with

accumulated interest in the place of vain regrets if he had bought stocks and bonds in corporations of national standing instead of listening to the wily promoter who pretended to hate Wall Street.

A couple of years ago the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey sold through a banking syndicate $200,000,000 of 7 per cent preferred stock—stock which has proved profitable to its purchasers because of an increase in price. But there were a number of states where the banking syndicate refused even to advertise the stock because of the blue-sky requirements. These great offerings of standard securities must be sold quickly to meet market conditions, or the losses which fall upon the bankers are often very heavy.

Advertisements must be telegraphed to newspapers at distant points and the whole affair carried through in a few days or hours. This does not mean that the investor must buy immediately; the change of price in a few weeks' time is rarely enough to make much difference to him on his small holdings. But it means much to a banking firm which is responsible for perhaps $100,000,000. State commissions, however, may want weeks to investigate the proposition.

One of the best-known banking firms in the world refused to offer in a certain state whose laws are most stringent. Probably the newspapers, which of course lost the advertising, brought pressure to bear upon the politicians. In any case, the attorney-general telegraphed the banking firm that he was willing to overrule the law in this particular instance. The bankers replied after consulting their lawyers that they were taking no chances. It might be all right with this particular official, but if a new administration came in, a new attorney-general might subpœna every member of the firm and require them to go thousands of miles and spend weeks at some hearing.

A minor but curious complication is that though advertisements of securities cannot be offered in many states without first getting permission from the authorities the newspapers, of course, are at liberty to run news articles concerning them. Thus a clever publicity man may in this disguised form announce the offerings and often secure many purchasers in states where his firm is not legally entitled to offer the securities for sale.

It is not to be supposed that blue-sky commissioners are unaware of these defects, complications and inconsistencies. To an increasing extent the state laws are exempting many recognized and legitimate groups of securities. But as these exemptions become broader and broader there will always be a number that turn out badly, and the citizens of the state will blame the blue-sky commission as bitterly as if they had lost their money in concerns which were frauds from the beginning.

Mr. Callbreath's Testimony

Blue-sky commissioners have admitted freely enough that if legitimate business is entirely free, then the door is open too wide to fraudulent securities; and if the law is stringent enough to prevent these, then it is sure to interfere with legitimate business.

James F. Callbreath, secretary of the American Mining Congress, recently told a committee of the House of Representatives that D. C. Jackling, the mining engineer, could not have gotten a permit under any blue-sky law in the country to raise the money necessary for the development of the porphyry copper mines without which the prosecution of the war would have been impossible. "I say to you, gentlemen, that two-thirds, I think all, of the developments of the wonderful Cripple Creek district also would have been pronounced frauds by any blue-sky commission in this country."

On the other hand, it may be that blue-sky laws have saved capital which otherwise might have been entirely wasted, and thus it has been released for legitimate new promotions. No one really knows where to draw the line, or to what extent restrictive laws do more good on the one hand by preventing losses or harm on the other by preventing legitimate promotions.

There is no doubt that blue-sky laws have been passed partly because frauds were not prevented by the laws already in existence. But it is a question whether more good could not be accomplished by the arousing of public opinion to the enforcement of existing laws than by the constant piling up of complications involved in the creation of new statutes. A lawyer who has successfully prosecuted and put out of business several of the worst stock swindles, made this statement to the writer:

"In my work I have found in every state I have ever visited sufficient laws to convict anybody of anything that any well-wishing legislator might possibly label as a crime. The trouble is they are not enforced. To speak plainly, prosecutors generally pick out for enforcement those laws which reflect the greatest political advantage, and you will find it difficult to interest them in the others unless you first interest some publication in publicity which will assure the prosecutor that the public will know he has done something when he acts.

"Every state in the Union has laws covering embezzlement, grand larceny, petty larceny, and the act of obtaining money by false pretenses, and it is difficult for me to think of a case which these statutes do not cover at this time.

"What the country needs is an awakening to the possibilities of enforcing laws already on the statute books. A few years ago we looked upon automobile thieves as joy riders, and at the same time the man who stole a horse was apt to be hung if he was not lynched before the court got to him. That was entirely due to the viewpoint of the prosecutors, who were convinced that horse stealing was a crime. We are going through the same thing with the prohibition act, and until its enforcement becomes more popular we shall continue to be troubled along that line."

Slow-Footed Justice

"Right at this time the United States courts throughout the country are jammed with untried cases brought under Section 215. The reason for this is that there are not enough judges nor enough prosecutors to try them. Of course that is not saying that the judges we have, and the prosecutors available, could not have done more. But we found grand juries to indict, post-office inspectors to prepare cases, and I think it is the duty of the Department of Justice to find judges and district attorneys to clear the dockets. Incidentally I believe that such a move would do more to put a stop to the wave of crime going over the country, and to instill respect for the law, than anything else they could do. And I am equally certain that the delays encountered in the trial of cases do more to encourage criminals in the belief that they can commit the crime and take a chance on ever being convicted. It gives politicians an opportunity to pretend, at least, that they have influence with the court.

"Personally, I would advocate that the American Bar Association make a strong showing to the Attorney-General for action along this line, and that they encourage local bar associations to do the same thing in local communities, and that there be an insistence that criminal dockets everywhere be cleared, and that thereafter punishment of crime be made swift and certain. That is what we need, and that will do the job.

"I am perfectly willing to take the credit which you pass on to me for my work, but, frankly, my work was never permanent in any particular; it was aimed to educate the public to an insistence for the things I advocate above, and to convince public authorities that their handling of matters on this basis would be wise, politically and otherwise."

It is only fair to say that the present tendency appears to be toward a standardization of the blue-sky laws, and the investment bankers and blue-sky commissioners show an increasing tendency to work together instead of pulling apart as in the past. Many bills providing for one or another form of Federal control are now before Congress. One bill, which has rather wide support, contemplates a Federal law which would tie together the state blue-sky laws to the extent, at least, that securities illegal in one state could not be sent in from outside. Many minds are working on the problem of closing up the meshes.

But the question remains whether each new proposal if enacted would not merely add more laws and machinery to remain idle; or if enforced strictly, whether it would not still further disturb the delicate mechanism of credit and capital accumulation. The problem if not insoluble is extraordinarily difficult and delicate. Progress must necessarily be made slowly.

"*This* will protect you against ignition trouble!"

YOU would not think of starting off on a motor trip without a spare tire or a full gasoline tank. Neither would you drive in the rain without chains or with the top down.

Then why start off without protection against trouble in the most vital part of the power plant—its very nerve center, the ignition system?

At any time a plug may become fouled, a porcelain cracked, an oil-soaked wire shorted—or some one of the many elusive minor defects may crop up—all meaning trouble and delay.

In the mountains, or on a lonely road, far from a garage—no matter where you drive—you will be protected against ignition trouble if you have an

Airco IGNITION GAUGE

The Watchdog of the Ignition System

For All Internal Combustion Engines

Instantly spots the plug that's missing

—Enables anyone to locate the slightest defect anywhere in the ignition system.

—Unerringly detects short-circuits, breaks and leaks in the high-tension wires.

—Handy size—not cumbersome—fits the vest pocket. Small enough to reach the most inaccessible part of the ignition system.

—Blunt contact cap cannot slip off plug or wire while testing.

—Cannot get out of order—no wires to connect—no shocks—no danger.

—Directions printed indelibly on the shell.

The Airco Ignition Gauge has a hard rubber shell enclosing a tube of Neon—a gas which flashes orange-red when electrified. These flashes are visible through a window in the shell. The nature of the flashes tells what and where the trouble is.

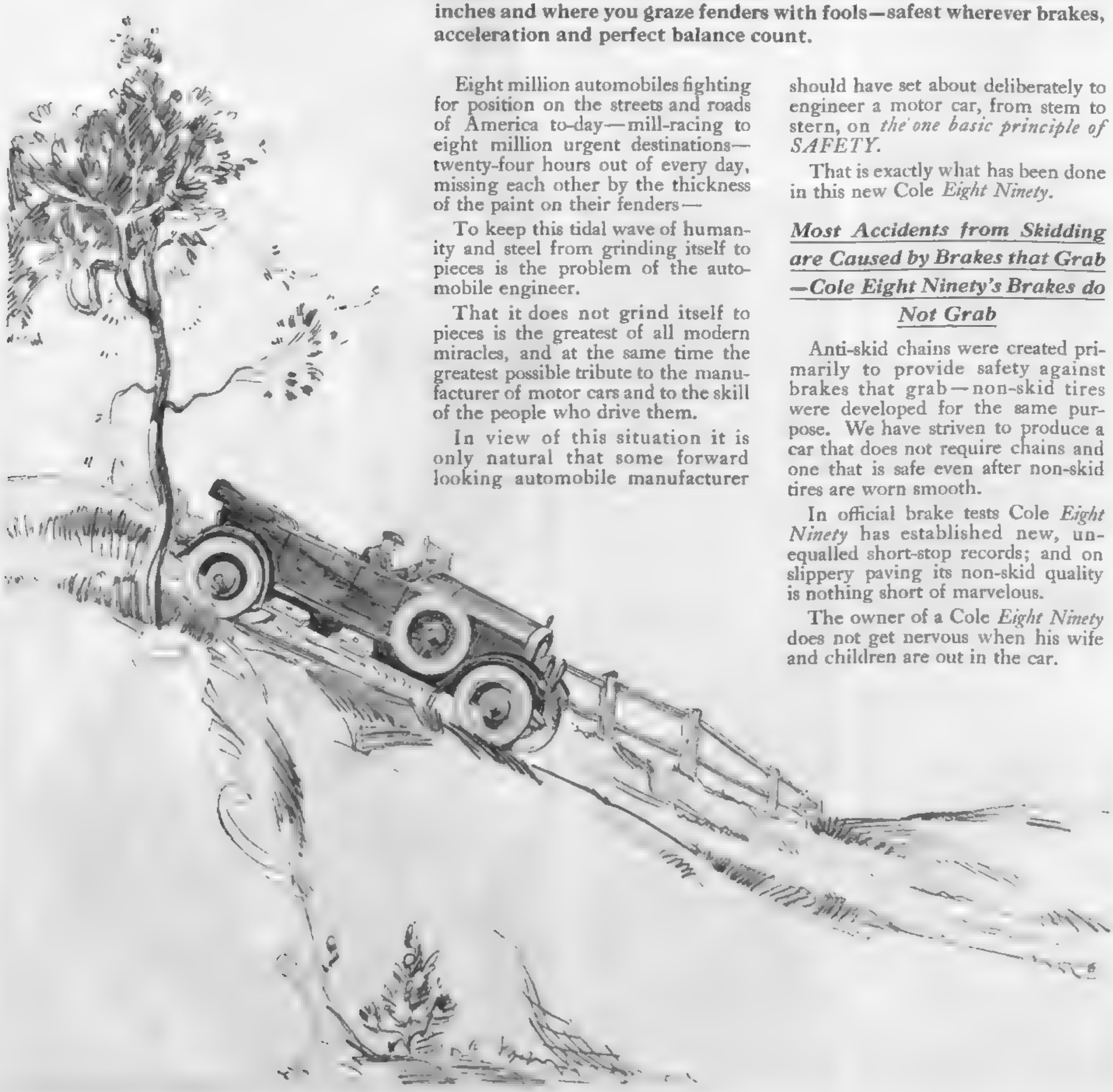
Be sure you get the Airco—the original ignition gauge—you can buy it at your dealer's, or fill in and mail the coupon.

AIR REDUCTION SALES CO.

The name Airco on this ignition gauge signifies that it embodies all the high standards characteristic of the twenty-one other products of the Air Reduction Sales Company, pioneers in commercializing the elements of the air and large manufacturers of oxygen, acetylene, apparatus, etc., for the oxyacetylene welding and cutting industry. It is most logical that an instrument relying solely for its functioning on Neon—a rare gas of the air—should be built by an organization of such specialized experience.

This is the World's *Safest* Motor Car

WE ARE prepared to show that this new Cole *Eight Ninety* is the safest car on slippery paving—the safest car on sharp turns at high speed—the safest car on the precipitous climb or on the even more dangerous descent—the safest car in traffic where life is a matter of inches and where you graze fenders with fools—safest wherever brakes, acceleration and perfect balance count.



Eight million automobiles fighting for position on the streets and roads of America to-day—mill-racing to eight million urgent destinations—twenty-four hours out of every day, missing each other by the thickness of the paint on their fenders—

To keep this tidal wave of humanity and steel from grinding itself to pieces is the problem of the automobile engineer.

That it does not grind itself to pieces is the greatest of all modern miracles, and at the same time the greatest possible tribute to the manufacturer of motor cars and to the skill of the people who drive them.

In view of this situation it is only natural that some forward looking automobile manufacturer should have set about deliberately to engineer a motor car, from stem to stern, on *the one basic principle of SAFETY.*

That is exactly what has been done in this new Cole *Eight Ninety.*

Most Accidents from Skidding are Caused by Brakes that Grab —Cole Eight Ninety's Brakes do Not Grab

Anti-skid chains were created primarily to provide safety against brakes that grab—non-skid tires were developed for the same purpose. We have striven to produce a car that does not require chains and one that is safe even after non-skid tires are worn smooth.

In official brake tests Cole *Eight Ninety* has established new, unequalled short-stop records; and on slippery paving its non-skid quality is nothing short of marvelous.

The owner of a Cole *Eight Ninety* does not get nervous when his wife and children are out in the car.

Five minutes in this Cole *Eight Ninety* through any traffic or on any road will convince you that the Cole Motor Car Company's effort to engineer a car on the one basic principle of safety has completely succeeded.

This Car Eats Nobody's Dust

Make no mistake about this car's performing ability. No car on wheels is more capable of giving a real account of itself. It has the POWER, the SPEED, the ACCELERATION and the BRAKES to get more miles in less time over give and take roads. If this does not check up with your impression of Cole—you simply do not know the car, and you should permit the nearest Cole dealer to complete your education. Don't be prejudiced—be FAIR—get at the FACTS. If this car, after a complete demonstration, out-performs any car you ever drove, be a good sport and admit it.

Twenty Thousand Miles on a Set of Tires

is the Cole average. If you don't want this statement proved to you, don't challenge it—we are loaded for you. We have so many letters from owners who have actually got that much mileage out of Cole tires that there can no longer be any doubt whatever about this great Cole economy factor. It's hard for a man who has learned to congratulate himself on 10,000 miles out of a set of tires to grasp such unusual tire mileage.

Twelve to Fifteen Miles on a Gallon of Gas

Considering that this is a powerful, eight-cylinder engine, such economy can not be brushed aside without comment. Many Cole owners *claim* far more mileage, but 12 to 15 miles is what average drivers get out of this car under average conditions. We know of no other car in the quality class that can equal Cole's economy.

You Never Bounce Out of Your Seat in a Cole Eight Ninety

The only way to learn what we mean by Cole "road action" is to give the car the third degree over a rough stretch of road, and compare what *doesn't* happen to its passengers with your past experience under similar conditions. Don't be afraid to go into the bumps head on—you don't have to be cautious—nobody ever yet cracked his head or broke his nose against the top bows of a Cole *Eight Ninety*.

This car is the first to equip regularly, and at no extra charge, with that superb motoring luxury—Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers.

Notice How Their Eyes Follow the Cole

These "different looking" Cole *Eight Nineties* are putting a new aristocratic atmosphere into American boulevard traffic. Wherever they appear, people crane their necks after them. Notice, too, the class of people who are riding in Coles—and if you get an opportunity, ask a few of them how they like their Coles. You will find one thing—that these people, many of whom can afford any kind of car regardless of price, are delighted with their Coles and are proud of the fact that they have "cut down" on their automobile operating expense "without sacrificing anything."

Bear in mind that this strictly high-grade EIGHT cylinder car is only $2485.

Your Cole Can Never be an Orphan

Behind your Cole to the last mile there will remain one of the strongest factories in the entire automobile industry—your Cole can never be an orphan. You know where to go for service, if you own a Cole. There is somebody always responsible for every Cole car in existence, and the Cole Motor Car Company's interest in its cars on the road never slackens or abates. This dependable Cole service can not be ignored by any man. No factory serves its owners more faithfully or cheerfully.

NOTICE TO DEALERS

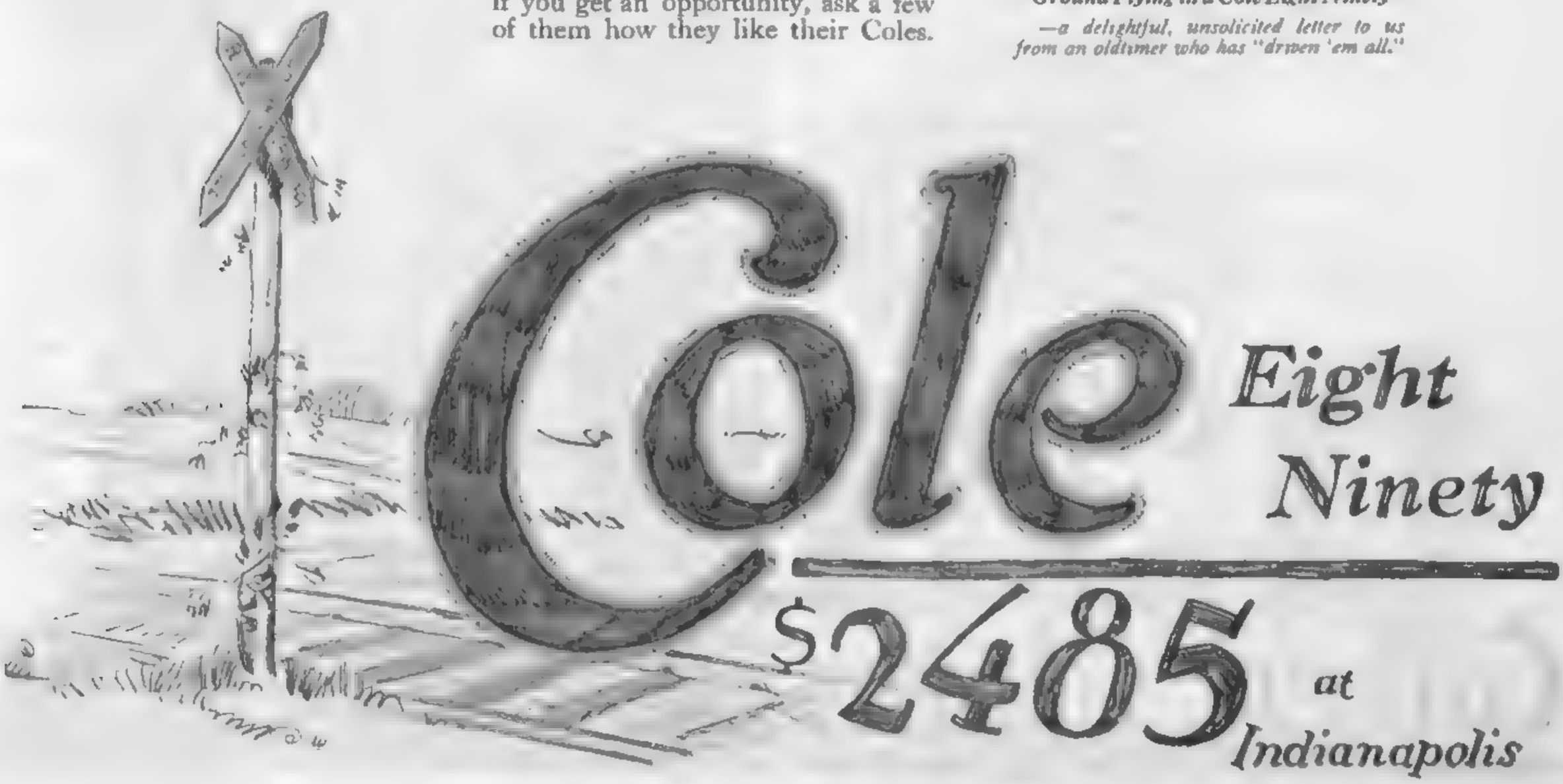
This company and its product are entitled to cream representation everywhere. Our new contract is liberal and fair.

RIGHT NOW is the time to get "all set" on the right basis with the right people.

It is easier to sell this car than to compete with it. *Wire today.*

COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS, U.S.A.

Write for
"Ground Flying in a Cole Eight Ninety"
—a delightful, unsolicited letter to us from an oldtimer who has "driven 'em all."



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THIS beautiful Gilbert Normandy Chime Clock is *more* than a timepiece. Its soft, melodious, two-tone chime, joyfully proclaiming each passing hour and half-hour, adds the finishing touch of harmony to the happy home circle.

The rich mahogany case, exquisitely made and hand-rubbed to a softly glowing, satin polish, reveals the handiwork of a master designer and conceals the fine Gilbert movement, which tells the tale of fleeting time with unfailing accuracy.

Every Gilbert Clock is a triumph of beauty and precision. Generations of faithful, honest workers have built into these masterpieces of refinement and dependability their own sterling qualities of character and service.

Gilbert Normandy Chime models now cost little more than an ordinary gong clock. The prices range from $18.00 upward.

If not sold by your dealer, write us

William L. Gilbert Clock Co.
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"Makers of good clocks since 1807"

No. 2046—Illustrated—Solid Mahogany case 20 in wide 10 in high 5½ in dial with convex glass, Normandy Chimes. Choice of silver or porcelain dial. Price, U.S.A. $30.00 (War tax extra)

No. 1166—Same design, with Cathedral Gong. Choice of silver or porcelain dial. Price, U.S.A. $25.00 (War tax extra).

Gilbert Clocks

WHEN AMERICA GOES EAST

(Continued from Page 15)

"Well," said the other, "it's time we had a talk, and this will save me going out to your house to see you. Have you got any offer to make me?"

His very voice had an inflection that chilled. It was no more than the accent of New York, but Ferid Bey was hearing it for the first time.

"Listen!" he said. "You are not in America now. Be careful, then! I tell you, I must have more money—ten thousand piasters at least. Do you understand?"

The young man smiled, and it was apparent that many of his teeth were stopped with gold. He made a movement with his hand as though he brushed something away from before him.

"Too well," he answered. "Tell me now—what is that house and garden of yours worth? I reckon it would go a long way towards clearing you."

"Eh?"

The stallion bounded at Ferid Bey's unconscious touch of the spur and nearly unseated his rider. The brutal Turkish curb fetched him up, trembling and sweating. When he was still again there was also a slime of sweat on the face which Ferid Bey turned on his tormentor.

"My house!" he gasped. "You mean ——"

The young man nodded. "Seems to be all you've got," he answered calmly. "I'm going to write it off at a hundred and fifty thousand piasters. You'll still owe me about a hundred thousand."

"My house!" repeated Ferid Bey.

His face was white. The words had evoked in him a vivid picture of all that he had looked upon that morning—the city in the sunlight, the waters at his feet, the whole frame that encompassed and contained his languorous and lovely wife. They would be homeless; it meant parting. The blood surged back into his face and drummed in his temples.

"My house!" he roared.

The stallion wheeled at the urge of knee and rein. Old Izak ben Ibrahim cried aloud; he had seen the Turk in his mood of massacre before; but the young man on the shop board moved only when the long cutting whip thrashed down across his face, rose and fell again in a devilish slash across his neck and shoulders. He was cut twice again ere, with his one arm and his crippled leg, he was able to drag himself into the shelter of the shop. Along the alley from both directions the crowd came running.

Ferid Bey wheeled his horse again and hesitated. He had thoughts of dismounting and following the young Jew into the shop, but abandoned them.

Instead, he put the stallion to a canter and went smashing through the shouting, screaming crowd till he was clear of the Kalé Quarter.

He returned to his home late that afternoon on foot. He came limping through the gateway with that in his face which made the scared servants dodge before him. His wife was, as usual, in her long chair in the courtyard, her face lustrous in its unchanging pallor under the jet of her hair. He walked across and stood looking down at her. She smiled half sleepily.

"Well?" she asked, and stretched forth her hand for him to take. "Is it victory, my knight? And why do you return on foot?"

He took her hand and pressed it. "No," he answered, "it is not victory—yet! And I found a buyer for the stallion. That is all! Let us go in; I am thirsty and I should like some brandy."

But that night, of course, he told her all, and they debated the situation till daylight. Only one ray of hope was discernible to either of them: The pasha, Fathma's father, must come to the rescue; if not with money down, then with power. Few things could be easier to the pasha than to silence a Jew; in his time he had profitably silenced a good many forever. To organize a little local riot, with a harvest of just two corpses; it was a small thing to ask of one's father-in-law.

They decided in the end to wait for a week before acting—it comes as naturally to a Turk as to a Spaniard to postpone action. They have not grasped the fact that a thing left undone will sometimes do itself. Upon the sixth day of the week they had granted themselves before going to the pasha, the pasha came to them.

He came without ceremony too. They were together in the courtyard when his carriage clattered to a standstill outside the arch and he himself came foaming through upon them. Ilderim Pasha was an old man; he was great in girth and plethoric in the face; at his mildest he gave an impression that he might at any moment explode. Now he seemed positively to emit fumes.

"Ah, you!" he roared at the moment when he laid eyes on Ferid Bey and his daughter. "Is it not enough that I should father a daughter who bares her face like a harlot? Must she also be married to a piece of defilement like you? May Allah ——" But here the pasha lapsed into a perfect hysteria of Oriental imagery that is barely translatable and not at all printable. Ferid and Fathma had come to their feet in disorder.

"But what—what is it?"

"What is it, nameless thing!" howled the pasha. "Who was it that flogged a crippled American soldier with a whip in the presence of his family? Was it not you, shame of Islam? And this when there is an American commission at Stamboul, to whose whip cracking and money jingling the Sultan himself dances like a performing ape! It was not you who have brought upon me alarming letters from the government, and an American officer to see strict justice done? No, it was not you; it was a devil in your shape. Abomination! Stain upon the face of creation! Infidel! Now, to-morrow, at the opening of the divan, you come before me. And these Americans and these Jews and the rest—they shall see how swift goes justice in a Turkish court!"

Ferid Bey preserves to this day only a vague general recollection of the proceedings that made him homeless. The evidence, the formality, the production of his notes of hand, the crisp voice of the young Jew as he made his claims good—these are only mistily in his memory. The words "American citizen" occurred more than once; he recalls that. But what endures pungently is the picture which his mind guards of the American officer, trim as a new doll in his uniform, and his face, pleasant enough to look upon, which was granite to all appeals, to all considerations other than his clear duty, his eye, lively as a bird's, and something contemptuous in it as it ran over the fine figure and stature of Ferid Bey.

And at last it was over. All that he possessed was stripped from him, and the others left the room. He was alone with the pasha, who sat, regarding him balefully.

"But," broke out Ferid Bey, seeming to awake from a dream, "this is impossible! The fellow is a Jew!"

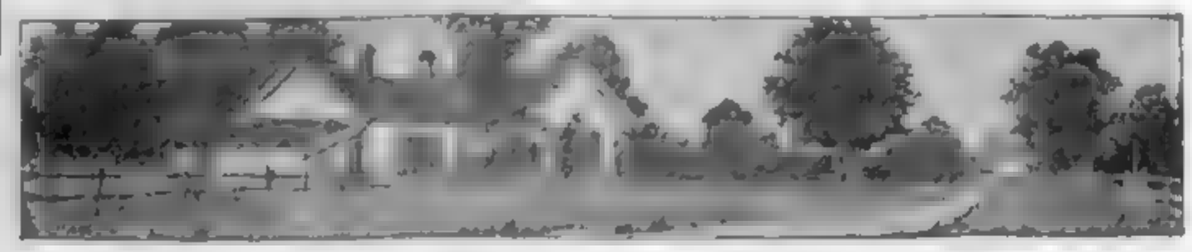
"Oh, fool!" cried the pasha. "Have you not yet understood? He is an American. They are all heathen together over there. There is neither sultan nor slave; they walk together on the one level—may Shaitan claim them for his own!"

Ferid Bey shook his head. "But that officer ——" he began.

The pasha interrupted. "He is just one of them," he said impatiently. "And now! My daughter, of course, will return here and we will endeavor to teach her better and seemlier ways of living—with a stick, if need be. But you—what will you do? You have nowhere to go; and I cannot have you here. You had better ——"

Ferid Bey cut him short. "Do not trouble about me," he said coldly. "I know what to do. I shall go to America!"

And in due course he went!



For those *queer* engine troubles

—try buying lubrication—not just "oil"

Perhaps it's a knock—or oil pumping, overheating, fouling of the spark plugs, poor compression, sticking of the pistons, loss of power. Whatever the trouble—it's costing you money, spoiling your temper and stealing the pleasure from driving.

And you've done about everything—had your engine overhauled, cylinders rebored, new pistons installed, valves reground, bearings tightened and oil leads cleaned.

But you have overlooked FAULTY LUBRICATION. And it's responsible for more than 75 per cent of all motor ills.

You can't keep a good engine in good shape with a poor oil—or even a good oil of the wrong type.

Poor oils break down under heat. And their sticky, gummy residues—plastered over the vital parts of your engine—carbonize and cause trouble. Wrong types of good oil are just as bad. Cylinders are not sealed—compression escapes—power is lost—too much oil gets into the firing chambers and too much gas into the crankcase.

Why not buy SUNOCO Lubrication—not just "oil"—use it exclusively and eliminate these troubles? Here's the way to do it:

Drive your car to the nearest SUNOCO dealer. He's a lubrication specialist—not a "peddler" of oil. He will clean the dirty, contaminated oil from your crankcase and refill with the type of SUNOCO scientifically refined for summer use in your car.

Then watch results. You'll be astonished how much better your car runs—at your freedom from trouble—at the greater power and mileage you get from gasoline.

Every motorist should read our new booklet, "Lubrication or Just Oil." Ask your dealer for a copy or write to us.

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THE inside of baby's bottle, of preserve jars, cruets, pitchers, etc., quickly becomes sweet and fresh under the deft touch of the Fuller Bottle Brushes. Into the farthest corners, down under the neck they go, leaving perfect cleanliness in their wake. The Small Bottle Brush and the Test Tube Brush assist their big sister, the Fuller Bottle Brush, in making this important task easy and satisfactory.

These brushes are typical "Fuller Necessities"—members of a great family of forty-five brushes for personal and household use.

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Fuller Brushes are never sold in stores. They are brought to the home, demonstrated and explained by experts in the science of modern housekeeping. The Fuller Man is courteous and accommodating, and lives right in your vicinity. We picked him out in the first place because he was a gentleman. Identify him by the Fuller Trade-Mark Button he wears, and by the Fuller Red Tip Tag on every brush he shows.

There are hundreds of little short-cuts that reduce the labor of housekeeping. The Fuller Man knows them all and will explain them to you.

May we send a Fuller Man to see you—and also send you a copy of "The Handy Brush Book"? Write us.

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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

RITA COVENTRY

(Continued from Page 19)

him—J. N. Burlingham, president of the Cuyahoga Car and Foundry Company?"

"I know that company," said Parrish.

"Well," George went on, chuckling, "Burlingham has taken a great fancy to me just lately, since Alice came. He doesn't come around my office very much, but he can't keep away from me evenings. For about a week Alice thought he really did come here to see me. Almost any other girl would have caught on sooner, but that's one of the dandy things about her—she doesn't seem to realize that anybody could be interested in her. When she did get wise to it I had a deuce of a time getting her downstairs at all. And, Lord, how she did hang icicles on the poor cuss! She doesn't want to be mean to him—in fact she likes him—but he's not going to get a chance to propose to her if she can help it."

And he went on: "I don't think it pays a woman to be too honest and straightforward. She does herself out of a lot of fun. That kind of woman treats men too well because she thinks they're as sensitive as she is. But you and I know that's not so. If a woman won't have us it may be a hard bump, but we get over it. We have our business to keep our minds occupied. But if a man should trifle with a woman like her I don't believe she'd ever get over it, do you?"

As he talked he had been watching the smoke of his cigar, but now, with the question, he turned.

Parrish reached slowly out and knocked the ashes from his own cigar into a bowl.

"Perhaps not," he said.

There was silence between them for a time.

"Of course it has often struck you, as it has me," George said presently, "that in any relation between two people one of them always has the upper hand." And as Parrish nodded he continued: "Even in so-called equal partnerships one of the partners is always the stronger. In business one partner will dominate because he is more of a person than the other, but in domestic partnerships the man will generally dominate even when the woman is more of a person. It isn't only that he controls the purse strings but that his position is stronger because he is freer, has more outside interests and is less sensitive. That has always seemed to me a rank injustice. What I mean is that men, instead of getting the upper hand of women because they deserve it, seem lots of times to get it for exactly the opposite reason—because they're so much more selfish than their wives. Or if the wife happens to be the more selfish one—of course that sometimes happens too—then she gets the upper hand. It puts a premium on selfishness.

"I suppose," he pursued reflectively, "there is no better gauge of a man's quality than whether or not he imposes on a woman because of his advantage over her. It's pretty hard not to do it sometimes. Take the case of a man with a wife like mine. I try to be on my guard against imposing on Margaret, but I guess I do impose on her most all the time. There's our parlor out there, for instance." He gave his little laugh. "When we moved in here she bought that furniture because she knew it was the kind of stuff I liked. Alice says it's not in good taste, but Margaret sticks up for it because it's my style. It isn't what she'd have for herself at all though. I didn't realize that in the beginning, but I've got wise to it since, and I'm going to remedy the matter when business picks up a little more. That's one of the things I've thought about while she's been away." And after a little pause: "Their going away does give us men a chance to think some, doesn't it?"

"I imagine so," Parrish answered, feeling, as he spoke, the inadequacy of the reply.

He liked George. George was being extraordinarily friendly. He had a feeling that George was trying to make him understand that he wished to help him, and he knew that he needed help, yet here he had sat as uncommunicative as a Buddha.

"Look here, Brooks," he said, leaning forward, "you've been bully to me and I appreciate it. The fact is, I'm afraid Alice is thinking of refusing to see me at all."

"I gathered that there had been a misunderstanding of some kind," returned George, "though she hasn't said a word. She's been awfully downhearted—she didn't want me to know, but I could tell—and last night, when you telephoned, I got out of the room in a hurry, but of course I couldn't help knowing she was crying. I don't mind telling you I was pretty sore on you last night."

"And I don't mind telling you," Parrish answered, "that I'm pretty sore on myself. Do you think perhaps you could get her to come down and see me just for a minute?"

"Well, I got her down to see Burlingham," said George quizzically.

"I'm afraid that was easy compared with what this is going to be. The plain truth is, I don't deserve to see her."

George dropped the end of his cigar in the ash bowl and rose.

"I suppose not," he said.

"Of course," said Parrish, "if she's really sick I don't want to bother her. I'll come back."

"Oh, she can see you all right—if she wants to." He moved toward the door. "I'll go up and ——"

"Wait!" cried Parrish; and as George turned: "Tell her I've *got* to see her!"

"I'll do the best I can, old man." He moved on again.

But as he was starting up the stairs Parrish, following, caught him by the arm.

"Tell her," he said in an eager voice, "that it isn't going to do her a bit of good to say she won't see me—because I'm going to stick around here until she does!"

XXXI

THE den was not a room suited to the needs of one nervously waiting. Small, with bulky furniture, it afforded but scant space for promenading: the only straightaway was the passage between fireplace and desk, and even that was abridged at one end by an armchair, so that four long steps covered the entire distance.

For a time Parrish paced back and forth over the cramped course, smoking a cigarette which he had lighted after discarding his cigar; then, annoyed by the restrictive walls and furniture, he dropped again into a chair, and finding his cigarette burning to a stub lighted a fresh one.

When his second cigarette was consumed he flung it in the bowl, and opening his case to get another found it empty.

He looked about the room for cigarettes or cigars, but could discover only pipes and pipe tobacco.

Strange she did not come. He had hoped that George would be able to persuade her to come down at once. He wished he had noticed what time it was when George left him, and that the latter would return, if only for a minute, and give him some idea how things were going on up there.

For lack of other occupation he wandered about inspecting the contents of the room. In three group photographs of football teams of the Ohio State University he had no difficulty in recognizing George, and he gathered from inscriptions on several silver cups standing on top of the bookcase that his host had also shone at shot putting and trap shooting. The books upon the shelves below dealt with hunting, fishing and natural history, and the magazines upon the desk were sporting periodicals.

What could be the matter up there? He went to the door and listened, but the house was as silent as if it had been uninhabited. Perhaps Alice had been lying down; perhaps she was dressing. In that case, though, George could easily have come and told him what was causing the delay. Surely he would have done that. A nice fellow like George would not leave him down here in this horrible suspense if he could help it. He must be staying because he had to stay. He must be having a hard time with her. Suppose she wouldn't come? Or if she did, what chance had he of obtaining her forgiveness when so persuasive a person as her brother-in-law had such difficulty in inducing her merely to come and listen to his plea? He took out his handkerchief and wiped the palms of his hands.

Oh, for a cigarette! George must have cigarettes. Again he looked for them, this time going so far as to search desk drawers, but to no purpose.

He had resumed his animal-like pacing and was trying to concentrate his thoughts upon the formulation of an effective appeal to Alice, when through the slightly opened door he heard from above the squeak of a hinge and the faint sound of steps. The tread was not George's. It was a woman's. She was coming down the stairs. Coming slowly. He could hear each muffled footfall on the carpet.

Now that the moment when he would see her, the moment he had waited for so anxiously, was imminent, a wave of fear swept over him. Had it been George coming to tell him that Alice would not see him his suffering would have been acute, but hardly more acute than was this panic at the thought of facing her. He dreaded to look into her eyes.

By the difference in sound he knew when she stepped from the last stair to the floor. Now she was in the hall, coming directly toward him. He stood a little back from the door, waiting, gazing at the place where she would appear.

The door swung slowly. As their eyes met he saw in hers the look that he had feared. It was a look that he had never seen before—how, then, had he known what it would be? There was no question now of what she knew. She knew! He understood it instantly and as definitely as if she had spoken out and told him.

With her hand on the knob she paused. He was struck by the fact that she looked taller, and for an instant that thought stood forward in his harassed mind. How curious that she should look so much taller!

He waited for a moment, hoping she would say something that would help him to begin. Perhaps if he could once get started it would not be so hard. The things he wanted to say to her seemed to be revolving in his mind at terrible speed, like a huge flywheel in a power house. He must seize hold of that dizzying wheel. When he spoke it was as if he had leaped blindly at it.

"Why, you look taller!" he said, and wondered why he had begun with such a fatuity.

She stood motionless, silent, her hand upon the door knob as if at any moment she might turn and go. Was it perhaps the lines of her soft dark dress that made her look so tall?

"Please come in and sit down," he pleaded; and as still she did not move he repeated, "Please—come in and sit down."

She closed the door and, advancing, seated herself in the nearest chair; and there was something in the way she sat that gave him a feeling of her impermanence there.

"Alice, won't you forgive me?"

"You broke your word," she answered without inflection.

"My word?" He was not sure to what she was referring.

"You promised you'd tell me if you ever—Clara said you wouldn't, but I believed you."

Now he caught her meaning. The promise had meant so little to him that it had slipped his mind. Another black mark against him.

"If that were only all I had to ask you to forgive!" he brought out in a low voice. "How am I ever going to explain? I can't explain it to myself. I feel as if I had been out of my mind. That's the only shred of defense I have to offer—and it isn't a defense. There's no justification for any of it, from beginning to end. You couldn't hate me more than I hate myself. I loathe myself! I'm wretched. I'm sick. I never deserved you, and now I deserve you less—but I never wanted you so much. I used to imagine I appreciated you, but—why, I didn't at all! Not at all. If I had you and I would have been married long ago. But I had selfish delusions about the advantages of being free—just as now I have a selfish desire not to be free. Oh, Alice, if ——"

"I used to wish you wanted to marry me," she said, still in that uninflected tone. "Now I thank God you didn't want to. If we had been married this would have happened just the same."

"Oh—no!" he cried.

"Yes, it would. If I had been your wife you would have been sly about it—you wouldn't have told me—you'd have got me out of the way just exactly as you did. But I didn't come down to discuss this with you. I came because George said you wouldn't go away until you saw me. Well, you've seen me—so now you can go."

"Go?" he repeated. "With you hating me like this? I can't! I've got to try to make you understand something. I've had

(Continued on Page 109)

How $2 Re-Powers Your Ford

A new lease on life for tired Fords! More power to buck Spring's muddy roads. Snappier starts, smoother pulling, faster pick-up. That's what a Milwaukee Timer will give. Just put one on and see how your car responds!

Cost? No more than a tankful of gasoline! Hard job? 15 minutes with pliers does the trick. In fact, the Spring overhaul of thousands of Fords means only cleaned spark plugs and a new

MILWAUKEE TIMER for FORDS

No other replacement makes a Ford car, truck or Fordson tractor so much more efficient. The Milwaukee's hotter spark puts more *drive* into each explosion.

The Milwaukee Timer's smooth-running design, highest quality materials and workmanship, and faultless performance have made it the standard replacement timer of the world. Over a million users.

Each Milwaukee Timer is rigidly tested, mechanically and electrically, before packing. It fits perfectly, runs freely and quietly—and its durability is famous. *Ask any garage mechanic about the Milwaukee Timer.*

$2.00

Milwaukee Motor Products, Inc.
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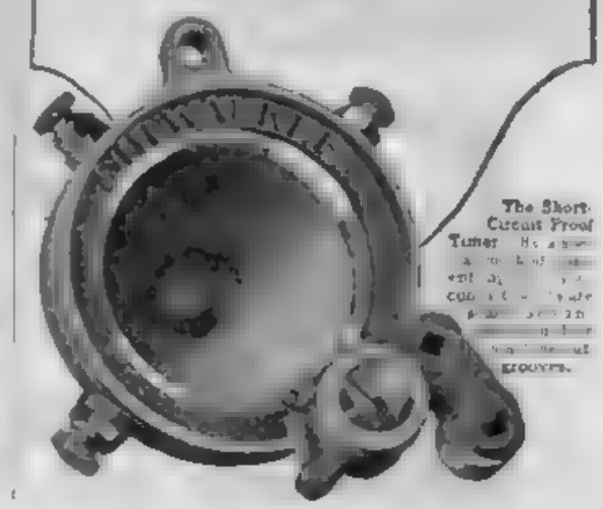

QUIET

SI-WEL-CLO

Price as shown . . . $108.35
Or with Mahogany Seat 99.60
F.O.B. Trenton

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FOR EVERY PLACE AND PURSE

THERE are times when you cannot even pretend not to notice the sound a noisy closet makes. Why let such a water closet stay in your house, disturbing you, embarrassing your guests? Install a Si-wel-clo, the quiet-operating closet that flushes thoroughly with a minimum of sound.

The Si-wel-clo is the leader of a group of water closets which The Trenton Potteries Company has developed to meet the needs of every building, from the big hotel to the modest bungalow.

While water closets may look alike to the layman's eyes, there are, as a matter of fact, several different types, from the simply constructed washdown to the superior syphon jet closet with its instantaneous flushing, large water surface, protection against sewer gas and passageway that minimizes chance of clogging. Naturally the better types, being of complicated construction, are more expensive to manufacture and not within the means of everyone.

We, of course, consider the Quiet Si-wel-clo the most desirable. For those who cannot afford it, we make other good closets. Into our "Welling," "Merit" and "Saxon" we have merged as many of the excellencies of the Silent Closet as possible. Each in its class and at its price is the best the market affords. Each is equipped with a tank of glistening white china, with surface unaffected by stain, acid or soil, and *trouble-proof* working parts.

We have priced these four closet outfits fairly, f. o. b. Trenton, and are shipping them completely crated to the plumbing contractor. We *know* it will pay you to insist upon your plumber's furnishing them.

BOOKLETS—So that you may learn why some closets cost more than others and are worth it, we have prepared booklets showing the difference between the types. We want you to send for them, also for our bathroom plan book—"Bathrooms of Character," Edition D.

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Price . . . $65.65
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THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY

Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A.

BOSTON NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF ALL-CLAY PLUMBING FIXTURES

(Continued from Page 107)

an aberration—but it's over with. The thought of it is sickening to me. Even if I never win you back I'm going to try to live it down because I must win back my own self-respect."

"Yes," she said.

He clutched at the small encouragement afforded by that single word.

"When I've won back my self-respect," he went on, "is there no chance of my winning back your respect too?" And before she could speak he continued: "Don't answer now. Don't take that hope away from me—I couldn't stand it! I'm not asking you to promise anything; I'm only begging you not to efface me. I'm not asking you to marry me—because I don't dare. But won't you put me on probation? Won't you let me try all the rest of my life to make myself worthy of you? Don't answer that either. I know how you feel now. Right now it doesn't seem possible that either of us can ever get over this; but if we can be patient, some day the wound will heal, leaving perhaps only a slight scar. That's the way the world is; if it weren't so life would be unendurable.

"Probably you will resent the idea—but I must tell you: I am actually a better man to-day because this thing has happened to me. It has humbled me, and I needed that. And it's given me a new sense of values. It has marked me away down and you away up. It has shown me the absolute falseness of the standards I used to believe in. Sophistication! Lord, what rot most sophistication is! It took something like this to make me see straight. But I do see straight now. I'm really changed. Changed inside. Oh, I wish you could see how it has changed me!" He beat upon his breast with one clenched hand.

"Don't I seem different to you? Don't you sense it? Don't you get something - I mean something like—well, like a man who used to come into our office—he was a hard drinker, and every now and then he would say 'I've gone on the water wagon,' and Bement and I would laugh because we knew it didn't signify anything at all—just temporary. Then one day we heard that his wife had left him. The next time we saw him he didn't say he was on the wagon—didn't even speak about drink until somebody offered him one; then he said 'I don't drink any more,' and there was something about the way he said it that made us know that this time it was final."

He had been talking rapidly, but now he paused. Since entering the room Alice had looked at him steadily. Though she gave no sign of relenting, it seemed to him that the expression of her eyes was less forbidding. It heartened him.

"And don't overlook this," he went on: "When his wife left him she thought she was through with him forever. But after a while she saw that he was really different and came back. They're happy now."

For the first time Alice lowered her eyes. Her hands had been clasped in her lap; now he saw that they were clenched, the knuckles showing white in the lamplight.

"I wish you'd go," she said, but her tone lacked the cold resolution it had held.

He longed to touch her but was afraid. He felt that if he could take her hand the something he was powerless to express in words must flow into her, charging her with an understanding of this profound revolution in his soul. And because he feared to touch her physically he was impelled by instinct to recall to her the days when they were happy.

"I've been having a ghastly time lately, all alone," he said. "Night after night I've been sitting in my apartment longing for you, wishing I could go to you for comfort as I used to. Last evening when I was in the depths of despair, just before I telephoned, I got to thinking of the time when I had the grippe and how you came in every afternoon. You used to fix my pillows for me so much better than the nurse did. All day long I had you to look forward to, and I used to ——"

"I wish you'd go!" she broke in, wringing her hands.

"But I don't want to leave you, dear! Where is there for me to go?"

She stiffened in her chair and raising her eyes looked at him savagely. It was as if some memory all but dismissed had returned stealthily and stabbed her.

"Don't ask me where to go!" she cried with cold fury. "So far as I'm concerned you can go anywhere!" And as he stood astounded at such an outburst from her, she continued: "Why don't you go back to Atlantic City! Back to Rita Coventry! Back to – to where ——"

She stopped, gasping as if suffocated, and there was a moment in which he felt himself quailing before her. Then quickly she turned away from him, sank her face in her arm on the back of the chair and wept.

Her weeping frightened him. He had never heard such tearing sobs. He dropped to his knees beside her, flung an arm about her, and drawing her to him, pressed his cheek against hers.

"Oh, don't! Alice! Don't cry like that! I can't bear it! Oh, please don't!" He was pleading passionately without knowing what he was saying.

But the awful tearing sobs continued. With his arm about her he felt the impact of each shock. Never had he so desired to comfort anyone, and never had he been so powerless. He snatched out his handkerchief and with a trembling hand tried to dry her cheek, as if the stopping of her tears could stop her sorrow. He felt desperate about it, like one endeavoring to stanch a wound. Her sleeve was wet. He pressed the handkerchief into her hand.

"Oh, Alice! Dearest! Dearest! I feel like a murderer! Don't cry like that! Oh, please don't! There's nobody else that matters to me at all! Alice! I'll go—I'll do anything—if you'll only stop! Please, sweetheart! Oh, please!"

Again he put his cheek to hers, tightening his arm around her to fortify her body against the successive, racking impulses; and when at last she became quieter he knelt there, thankful, almost happy, holding her, pressing her face to his, stroking her hair, her shoulder, her arm, as if to smooth away the pain.

She relaxed against him with a sigh.

"Dearest!" he whispered.

She gave up.

"It's no use," she breathed despairingly. "I love you. I can't help myself."

"Thank God!" he murmured. "You love me. That means I've only got to make you glad you love me."

As he knelt there with his arm around her and his face pressed to hers there came to him a memory at first seemingly unrelated—the memory of the time when he had almost drowned.

It was in Maine in the early fall. He had arrived from New York just before twilight and had hastened to the deserted bathing beach. Off shore a sloop was anchored and he made it his objective, swimming rapidly through icy water. While he had some distance yet to go he became conscious of fatigue, but the space between him and the boat was now shorter than between him and the beach, so he kept on. The last few strokes brought him to the verge of exhaustion. He clutched at the boat's side, missed it, went down. Coming up he had to swim a stroke or two to reach it again. He put all his remaining strength into the effort, feeling that should his grasp fail this time he was lost. But now he managed to get his finger tips over the low wooden rail at the edge of the flush deck. For a long time he hung there in the frigid water without strength to lift himself aboard, facing the fear that he could never do so. But at last, a little rested, he mustered the remnants of his energy and managed to clamber up the side to safety. Never would he forget the feeling of relief that came to him at the moment when he lifted himself gasping to the deck. Until now he had known no emotion like it.

In the moments following that jeopardy, when he lay in the lee of the little deckhouse recovering his strength, life had seemed sweeter to him than ever before; he experienced a sort of vision of the coming years spread out like a lovely landscape for him to wander in. And now, confident that Alice was to be restored to him, love seemed sweeter than ever before, and his landscape vision of the coming years was made beautiful by the thought of Alice with him.

In the past he had experienced many pleasures, vivid but short-lived—selfish pleasures, glittering little pleasures, ornaments pinned onto life; but about this new-found happiness there was a reaching out, a sweep which seemed to make it integral with life; and the thought struck him that this quality of largeness was in some way connected with the fact that now he was not thinking of himself but of Alice—of making Alice happy.

The three harmonizing notes of a Chinese gong echoed through the house. Alice stirred.

A BETTER IRON

TONCAN

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Toncan—the better iron, while not entirely rustless, is rust-resisting to an exceptional degree. It gives the greatest durability that can be obtained at reasonable cost.

Toncan is abreast of a new era dawning in this industry. Inquiry invited.

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Toncan is also obtainable in

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Illustrated is the 50 E. 42nd St. Building, New York City (Jardin, Hill & Murdock, Architects)—one of many prominent buildings in which Toncan is used.

Toncan Enameling Stock assures unblemished surfaces of lasting brilliancy when used as a base for porcelain enamel.

Ethics of Credit

By means of hard work, courageous enterprise and economy, society accumulates capital, a considerable portion of which is entrusted to banks.

This surplus capital, as a basis of credit, becomes a great public utility. It should be employed in such ways as will be of the greatest benefit to the community. That is the moral responsibility of those who deal in credit.

It serves most fully the common good in stimulating productive enterprise—in balancing production with consumption—in moving goods from the producer to the consumer with the least cost and waste of effort.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York believes that the beginning of a new business cycle is near at hand. It is impressed with the necessity of economic business practices if the foundation of enduring prosperity is to be created. It believes that the soundest individual credit is that into which enters the recognition of these broad general principles.

National Bank of Commerce
in New York

Capital and Surplus Fifty Million Dollars

"Dinner," said she. "I ought to have put the children to bed long ago." She sat up, turning her face from him.

"It won't hurt them to stay up a little bit later this once, will it?" he asked as he rose.

"Anyway, I must go see. You'll keep George company at supper? It won't be much—the maid goes out to-night—but he'll be glad to have you."

"And you?"

"I can't come down—the way I look."

"But you must eat. I'll carry a tray to you."

He followed her to the foot of the stairs. He wished to stand there looking after her as she ascended, but knowing that she preferred not to be looked at, turned to the parlor, where presently George joined him.

He tried to express his gratitude.

"Oh, that's all right," said George, checking his stumbling speech of thanks. "Come on in and have something to eat." He led the way to the dining room. "I guess by the looks of you a drink wouldn't hurt you either."

"Thanks," said Parrish; "but first I want to carry some supper up to Alice."

"Oh, I'll do that," the other said.

"Not if I can help it, you won't!" Parrish answered, mustering a smile. "It's the only thing I can think of to do for her right now."

Together they prepared the tray.

"No, we've got this wrong," said Parrish when the tray was set. "We ought to have put a napkin on first. We must make it look dainty."

"All right," said George tolerantly. "Here's a napkin. You go ahead and make it look dainty while I get you that drink."

The tray having been made ready before George returned, Parrish carried it upstairs, but at the top of the flight, not knowing which was Alice's room, he hesitated. He called her and was guided by her answering voice to the door.

"Come in," she said, and as he entered the dimly lighted chamber she warned, "Look out for that chair."

He looked for a place to set the tray, and finding a small table appropriated it for his purpose, carrying it over to the couch where she was lying.

As she sat up to inspect her supper he suggested: "Wouldn't you like a little more light?"

"I suppose I'll need it. That one over by the dresser, please."

Turning on the light he saw his photograph, and hoped that it had remained there ever since she came to Cleveland.

"Pictures like this are too big to lug about," he commented. "I must have a miniature of you to carry with me when I travel."

Then returning to her side, eager for approbation of his handiwork, he asked: "Well, how do you think the tray looks?"

"Very nice."

"You might just make sure you've got everything you want," he suggested. "George and I tried to think of everything, but—oh, I forgot the salt, didn't I!"

"I won't need it," she protested.

But already he was leaving the room.

Returning with the salt he placed it on the tray, and maneuvering to the foot of the couch sat down.

"I hope you feel a little better?" he asked anxiously.

She nodded.

"That's good!"

After a little silence, during which she drank some tea, she said, "Now you'd better go down to George—and have your own supper."

Reluctantly he rose.

"You're sure there isn't anything more I can bring you?"

"No, thanks; I have everything I want."

He longed to embrace her.

"Oh, my dear," he began, "how I wish ——"

But he was interrupted by George's voice booming from below: "Hey, you, Dick! How long does it take you to carry a saltcellar up stairs? Come on to supper!"

"Right down!" he called back, but he did not move from her side.

"May I come up and see you afterwards?"

"I'm sorry—I'm afraid I'm too tired."

"Yes, of course," he said quickly, his voice full of solicitude. "May I see you to-morrow?"

She nodded, asking:

"But when are you going back to New York?"

"Oh, I haven't thought about that. I'll have to go pretty soon—in a day or so—but I must wait until you're better. You'll be a lot better to-morrow, won't you?"

"No doubt," she answered. "Now you really must run along."

"Yes." He looked at her hungrily.

Passing by the back of the couch on his way to the door, he ventured to bend and kiss her hair.

As he reached the hall she stopped him. "Dick."

"Yes, dear?"

"This lake climate is so changeable—did you bring plenty of warm clothing?"

XXXII

BEFORE Parrish left for New York he had a long talk with Alice. He begged her to marry him as soon as possible, and although she would give him no assurance he took with him on his journey three thoughts to comfort him: She had assented to his coming back to Cleveland a week hence. George, a matrimonial enthusiast because of his own happy experience, was his supporter, and this, he felt, meant that he would have the support of Margaret also. And most encouraging of all, Alice was worrying about his health again, God bless her!

That she would finally marry him he could not doubt. His fear now was that she would make him wait. What if she kept him waiting six months—or a year! The mere thought of such delay appalled him. A terrible waste of precious time! And he wasn't growing any younger—that ought to be considered too.

Among other arguments presented to Alice in his letter to her from the train, he made a point of his increasing years.

"In a couple of years," he wrote, "I'll be forty—practically middle-aged. Youth is going. I can feel myself aging. I can't stand this waiting. It's going to make an old man of me if you don't look out."

However, he overlooked the fact that in this argument he was exhibiting a quality anything but old: His impatience was that of a young lover.

In the evening after his return to New York he telephoned to Alice, and finding conversation with her highly satisfactory called her up again next night, and the night after. Telephoning to her became a daily habit with him; the contact thus established made him less lonely; he knew what was going on out there day by day. For example, when little Georgie, looking out of the window at a storm, remarked that the rain was combing its hair, the *mot* reached Parrish on the evening of its utterance. Again, on the night of Margaret's return, he was introduced to her over the wire; her voice was sweet, like Alice's. And again on one occasion when, Alice being out, he talked with George, he was in position to gather such satisfaction as a lover might from an exact knowledge of her whereabouts: She had gone with the president of the Cuyahoga Car and Foundry Company to see John Barrymore.

Parrish went to Cleveland the next week-end. Upon the occasion of this visit he did not neglect to point out to Alice that, however she might have passed her evenings during the preceding week, he had invariably remained alone at home for the purpose of telephoning to her. And he had almost finished reading Carlyle's French Revolution. Later in the same evening he managed to give her his estimate of John Barrymore as an actor. In his opinion Barrymore was overrated.

To Margaret he was drawn at once. She was like Alice, though not so beautiful. Her face, however, held that same sweetness, and there was a poignant loveliness in her eyes when she looked at George and the children.

Among Margaret, George and Parrish there was no concealment as to his aspirations; when Alice was absent they would discuss the topic frankly.

"She ought to marry," Margaret said. "She is a born wife and mother. I suppose being a bachelor you haven't noticed her tact and judgment with the children. Marriage will do a lot for her. It will give her more poise."

George, sitting on the arm of her chair, looked down at her affectionately.

"Yes, dear," he said.

And she glanced up at him and smiled and nodded.

This aspect of the matter had not hitherto struck Parrish, but he realized instantly

(Continued on Page 113)

Sweeping Slavery Ended by the Wonderful Vacuette

No Electricity

Science and mechanical ingenuity have scored another triumph.

No longer need the housewife wear out her strength and waste time with old fashioned methods.

The invention of the wonderful Vacuette has made sweeping merely an incidental part of housework, to be done so quickly and so easily that it ceases to be work.

Already nearly 200,000 women have found in the Vacuette freedom from sweeping slavery. And every woman who has not yet found this easiest of all ways to keep rugs and carpets bright and clean and new looking should ask our local representative for a free demonstration of the Vacuette in her own home or write direct to us.

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No wires, no cords, no plugs, no attachments at all with the Vacuette—and *no cost of operation.*

The Vacuette is a purely mechanical sweeper in which you have the combined advantage of a swiftly revolving gear driven bristle brush and a powerful air suction. These are put in action simply by your push on the handle—and the effort is no more than you give to an ordinary carpet sweeper.

In the Vacuette you have no complicated mechanism—it is the last word in simplicity. Its body is polished cast aluminum. It has "Parkerized" rust proof parts. It runs on noiseless rubber wheels. It is rubber cushioned—it will not scratch the furniture. The mechanism requires practically no oiling. It weighs only 7½ pounds. It is so light that a child can use it—so strong that it will last for years—practically for a lifetime.

Priced at Half what You would Expect to Pay

From what you have been told about the Vacuette and the amazing work it does you may imagine—very naturally—that its price is high.

But—the simplicity of its mechanism means low manufacturing cost and the buyer gets the benefit of this saving.

That is why you pay only about half what you would logically expect to pay for a really efficient and practical vacuum sweeper. Not only does it give you clean rugs with practically no effort and no cost to operate, but it saves you money in the first cost.

And if you wish, you can arrange to pay on easy terms—a little every month.

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You do not have to be a mechanical expert to know that the Vacuette is the final triumph in devices of this kind. And you are guaranteed that the one you get will be perfect in every detail when it goes to you.

The makers guarantee that every Vacuette has been thoroughly inspected by experts at the factory and that if any part shows a defect due to fault of material or manufacture they will replace it free of cost to the user.

Proved Free—In Your Own Home

We have local representatives everywhere.

These representatives are employed for the purpose of giving every housewife a free demonstration right in the home without cost or any obligation whatever.

Simply write to us asking for the demonstration and we will arrange it for you. We want you to see the Vacuette at work—we want you to try it yourself—whether you buy or not.

You can't realize how wonderfully it takes up the dust and dirt and how it saves you from an aching back and tired muscles until you actually see it in operation. You will be amazed at the amount of wonderful work the Vacuette does in just a few minutes—with practically no effort on your part—and without a cent to pay for power.

The Demonstration is Free. Just Ask For It.

The Vacuette is Putting Men into a Paying Business

So widespread is the demand for the Vacuette that we have openings for a few more men in various sections of the country to work with our district managers, demonstrating the Vacuette in homes and taking orders for it. If you have a little ambition and "go-getter" qualities, this is your chance to place yourself where you can obtain every dollar to which your ability entitles you—for you can set your own pace in money making.

You are offered the opportunity to join the sales organization of one of America's soundest, most progressive manufacturers. As our representative, you offer a device which is needed in every home—not only where there is no electricity, but where there is.

You need not be an experienced salesman to succeed with the Vacuette. We will give you the necessary training which will enable you to show the housewife that with this device she actually takes the work out of sweeping and always has her rugs and carpets wonderfully clean—and this without any cost for operation

You don't need to be a salesman. The Vacuette actually sells itself. Every housewife will tell you that it is just what she has been looking for. You also have back of you all the power of our great national and local advertising campaigns and constant co-operation from the company. This is the opportunity which offers all that the active, ambitious man can ask for—not only in splendid earnings as a salesman—but with the opportunity to become a district manager.

Write Today [illegible]

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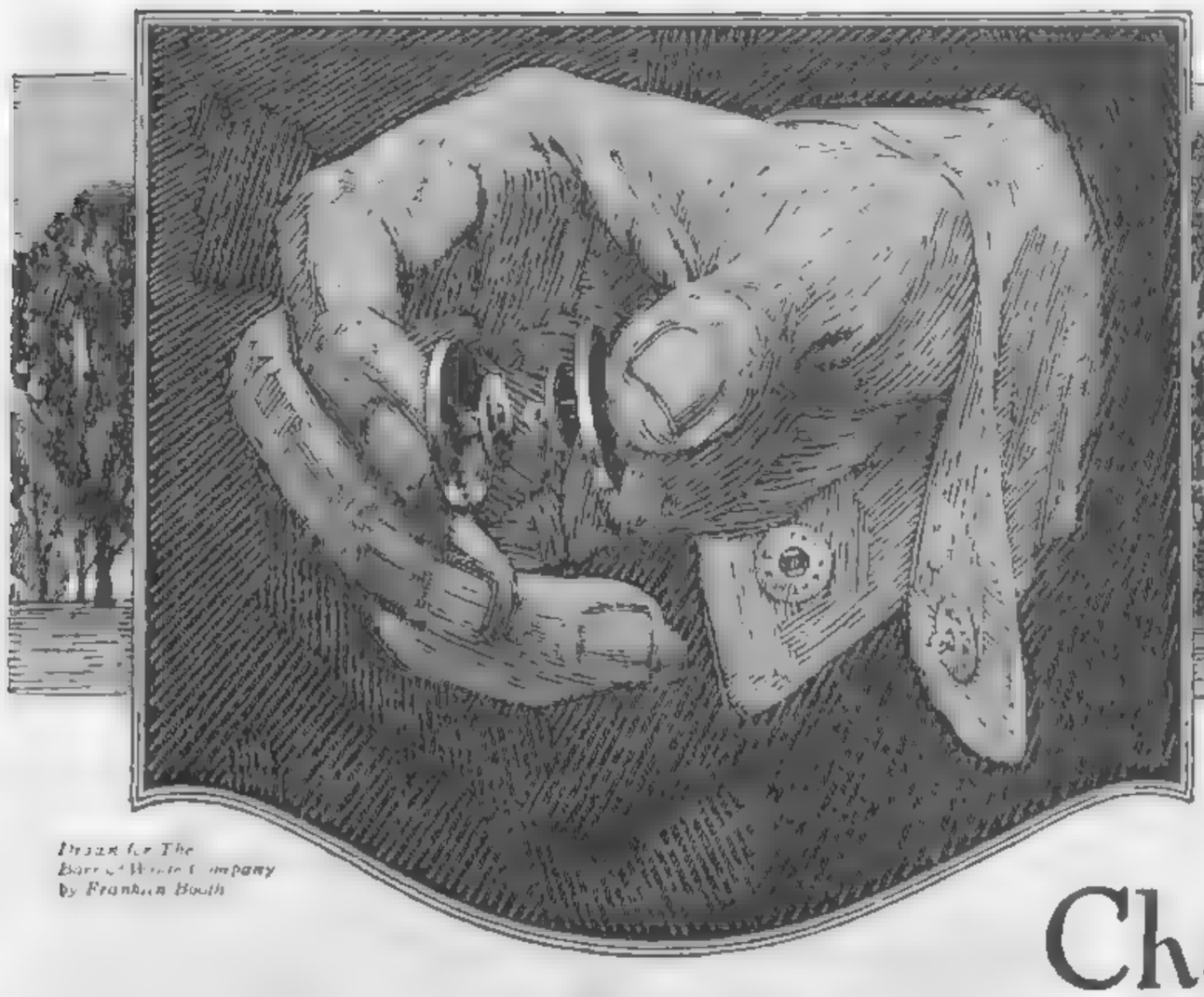

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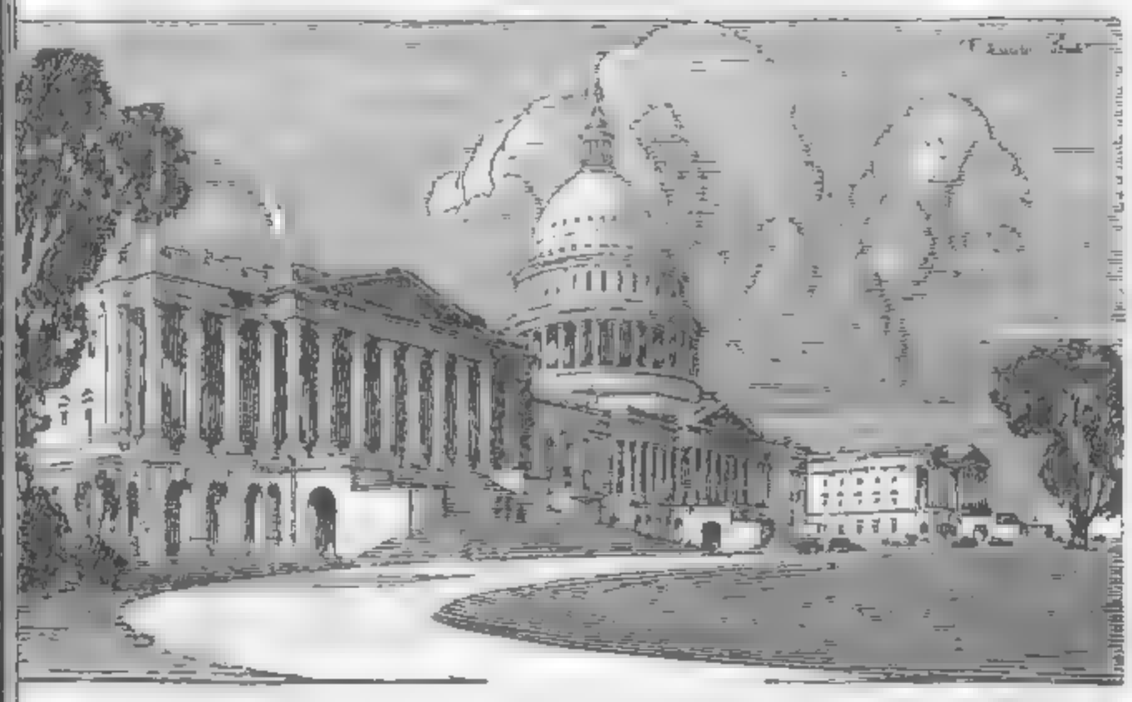

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—not by legislation or new laws, but by the revelation of a new cause for comfort.

—a cuff button built for soft cuffs; proving their stability, improving their utility.

—a belt buckle that replaces "slipping" by "gripping"—that stays put and *can't* slip.

Kum-a-part products, both; they click open, and snap shut. Kuff Button and Belt Buckle hold fast—yet a flip of the finger opens either.

And to the utility of the idea, skilled designers have given style personality and jewelry distinction. Value has become Vogue.

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The Kuff Button — *from 50c up to $25.00 the pair*

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Write for the Kum-a-part Book "T" of Correct Dress.

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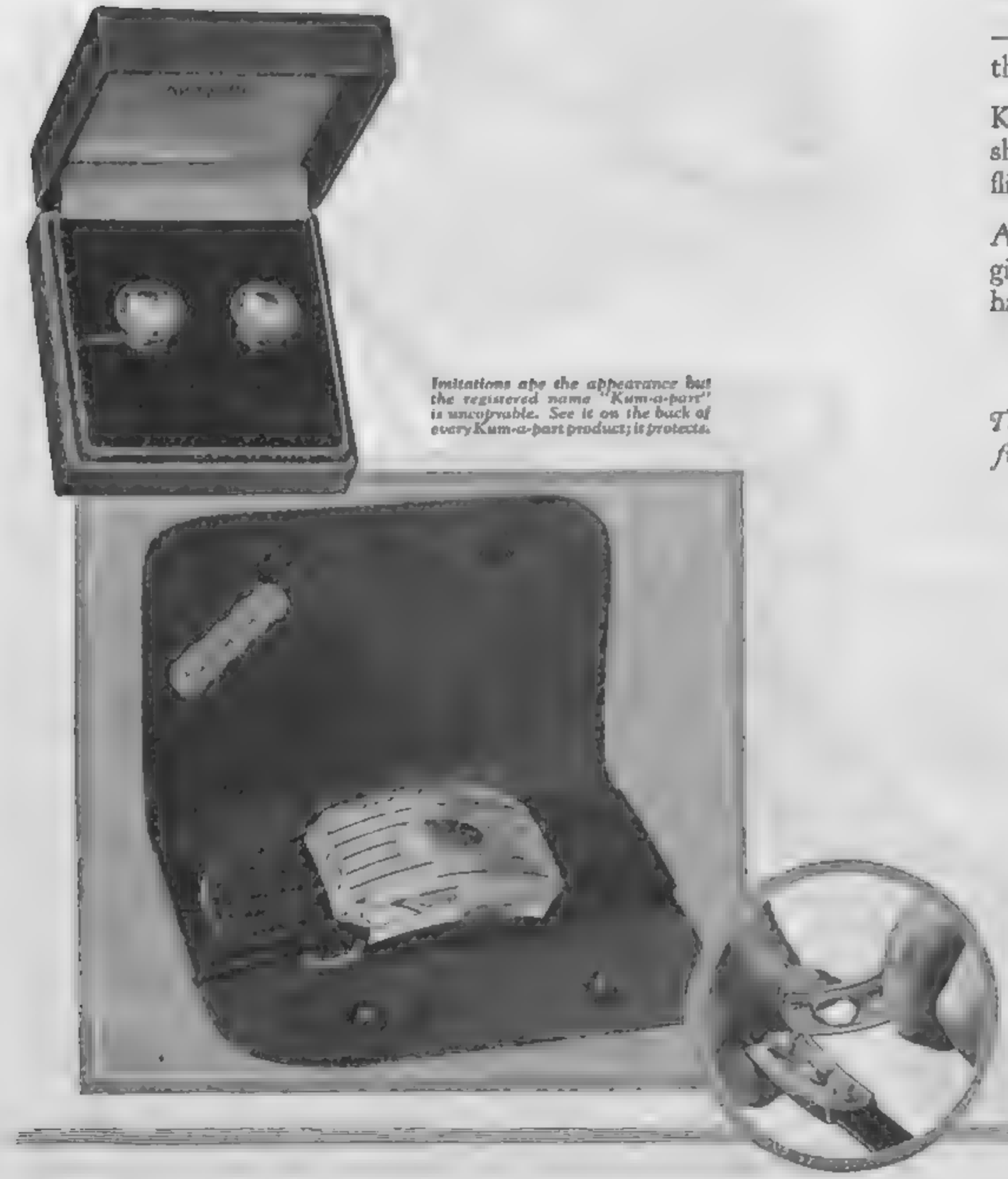

Imitations ape the appearance but the registered name "Kum-a-part" is unprovable. See it on the back of every Kum-a-part product; it protects.

KUM-A-PART PRODUCTS

*TRADE MARK REGISTERED

The Kuff Button
The Belt Buckle

(Continued from Page 110)

that what they said was true. The essential difference between Alice and her sister, aside from Alice's greater beauty, was that she had less poise. Margaret had the serenity which comes only to those who are conscious of fulfilling their destiny. One knew that she felt secure, established. Her husband, her children, her house, even the furniture in the house, seemed to collaborate to that end. It was as if the very chairs contributed their quota toward making her feel sure. Thinking of this, Parrish was struck by the fancy that the furniture in this house, although it had been selected to suit George, and although it was presumably his legal property, seemed to belong more to Margaret than Alice's own furniture to her. Why was it that an unmarried woman, however independent, never seemed so completely the proprietor of her home and possessions as a married woman?

Now he perceived clearly what hitherto he had but dimly sensed—that as a wife, secure in home and husband, Alice would have her proper background. In marriage she would bloom.

Suddenly it came to him what her background should be.

Blenkinswood! For her wedding present! Blenkinswood restored, with the old portraits, mahogany and silver back in their places. And a surprise! He would keep it secret from her until he should take her there.

The project put him in high spirits. He felt enterprising, confident. And when that evening after supper George and Margaret considerately went out to a movie, leaving him alone with Alice, he had a new sureness with her. To-night she must definitely promise to become his wife.

She did. She was quite reasonable about it. He was able to make her see that the week of his probationary period, being in reality an æon, was long enough.

And ah, the beauty of her yielding!

It was the essence of her nature to yield to those she loved. He must be on his guard always against that. He must spoil her—because to spoil her was impossible. He must teach her to be selfish—because it was a lesson she could never learn. With all the spoiling he could give and all the selfishness he could instill, she would ever be contriving to give him his own way.

When at some future time it would seem to him that he had done his utmost he must keep on searching out new contributions to her happiness, heaping them up before her in atonement for the past. Owing her a debt that he could never liquidate, he must pay and pay against it, so long as his life should last.

A trinity existed in her. She was mother—sweetheart—daughter to him. How he wished that he had known her when she was the age of little Alice!

With her cheek resting peacefully upon his shoulder he was for a long time motionless and silent. The lamplight, sifting through the outer softness of her hair, crowned her with a golden aureole, and this tender and pure luminousness about her head added to his awe.

Yet he was aware, in his feeling for her, of a duality. Bound up with his almost religious adoration for her as a beautiful spirit was a passion for her as a beautiful woman. The two emotions were intertwined like two vines of equal strength, so wrapped around each other, so inextricably entangled from trunk to tendril, as to form a leafy cable, on which white blooms and red grew one against the other. Instead of strangling, these vines upheld and made each other doubly strong. And Parrish knew that this duality, this blending of adoration and passion, was essential to a great and lasting love.

He craved to tell her of these things, but could only whisper over and over, "I love you! Oh, I love you so!"

And as he murmured to her he felt a terrible, sweet suffering because instead of rearing for her a palace of his thoughts he was able to build her only a structure of old worn words.

Now they were lovers again! Yet not again, for this was a balanced relationship such as had not before existed. This love was new. There was a fullness, a translucence, an unthinkable glory in it which imparted to his spirit a rapturous sense of form and color, arborescent, radiant. He was exalted. A pilgrim, footsore and weary, he had stumbled through the world and reached at last the holy place. With soul and body bathed he had entered the temple and knelt before the sacred shrine. In her love he was reborn.

It seemed to him that George and Margaret had hardly gone when they were back again, speaking of having seen the entire evening's show. The speed of it all dazed him. He found it hard to speak with them coherently as they paused on their way upstairs.

"And when we are married," he said as he sat down again by Alice, "there's one thing I want you to let me do. I want you to let me plan the wedding trip. I want you to start out with me without knowing where you're going. Will you trust me to plan something that will please you?"

Though she assented readily enough he was particular to make the understanding very definite.

"Then it's agreed? You will abide by my plans?"

"Of course."

"All right," he said triumphantly. "I'll tell you the first part of the plan now. We are to be married about the middle of May. That gives us nearly two months to get ready."

She smiled, saying, "Oh, I didn't agree that you should settle the time."

"But I've got to settle the time if I'm to settle the trip," he insisted. "I've got to make it seasonable, haven't I?"

Before he went back to New York that night he made her see the soundness of his argument. Again she was reasonable—so reasonable that he almost wished he had said April. But two months would give him none too much time in which to get Blenkinswood in order.

One evening a few weeks later, when Alice was in New York buying a trousseau and arranging to give up her apartment, she spoke to him of Blenkinswood.

"I've never been able to understand," she said, "why you don't take better care of it. That is one thing I am going to try to make you do."

It gave him great amusement to assume, in answering, the tone he had so often taken in the old days when he used to put her off.

"Oh, let's not bother about Blenkinswood now," he said as if the topic bored him.

And it was difficult for him not to laugh as he spoke, for they were in her apartment, and her words had interrupted his surreptitious scrutiny of her chintz curtains, which he intended to have duplicated for her room in the old house. Moreover, he knew that the transformation of Blenkinswood was now well under way. Not only had the shiftless farmer been dismissed, and a young couple, the husband a graduate of an agricultural school, been established in a cottage on the place, but a large force of carpenters, plumbers and painters were at work in the house, installing a heating plant and bathrooms, laying hardwood floors and restoring the ancient paneling. Outside, a landscape gardener with a gang of men was engaged in renewing the lawns, gardens and slave-built terraces sloping down to the river front; that very day Parrish had received from the gardener a report informing him that, despite neglect, the hedges and arbor of box, planted on the terraces by the Signer, could be reclaimed.

The boat landing at the foot of the garden was being rebuilt, for a hurried trip to Blenkinswood had reminded Parrish that Virginia was still backward as to roads, and he not only wished to avoid the rough eleven-mile drive from the railway but desired that Alice's first vision of her home should be from the river. He could imagine the expression of her face when, as their launch would come around the bend, she should first see the venerable mansion crowning the bluff, the sunlight glowing on its rosy bricks. Landing, they would mount the terrace steps, passing the giant azaleas, the wistaria, strolling under the arch of box, and so up and up until, ascending the last terrace, they reached the crest of the hill, where the house, with its two long wings extending like outstretched arms, would seem to welcome them.

There came a Sunday, the first day of May, two weeks before the date set for the wedding, when Parrish planned to pack the last of the smaller treasures to be shipped to Blenkinswood. Coming out to breakfast in his dressing gown he found the Sunday papers piled on the table in the dining room. After pouring his coffee he slipped a news section from the sheaf, and leaning it against the coffeepot before him

ARCHER

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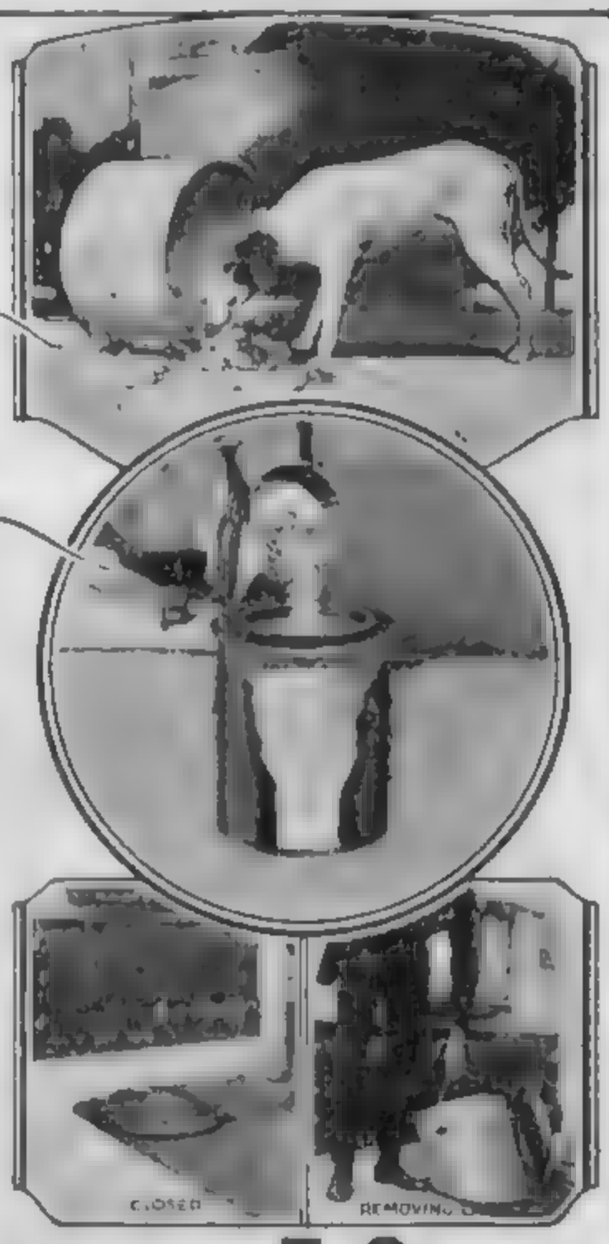

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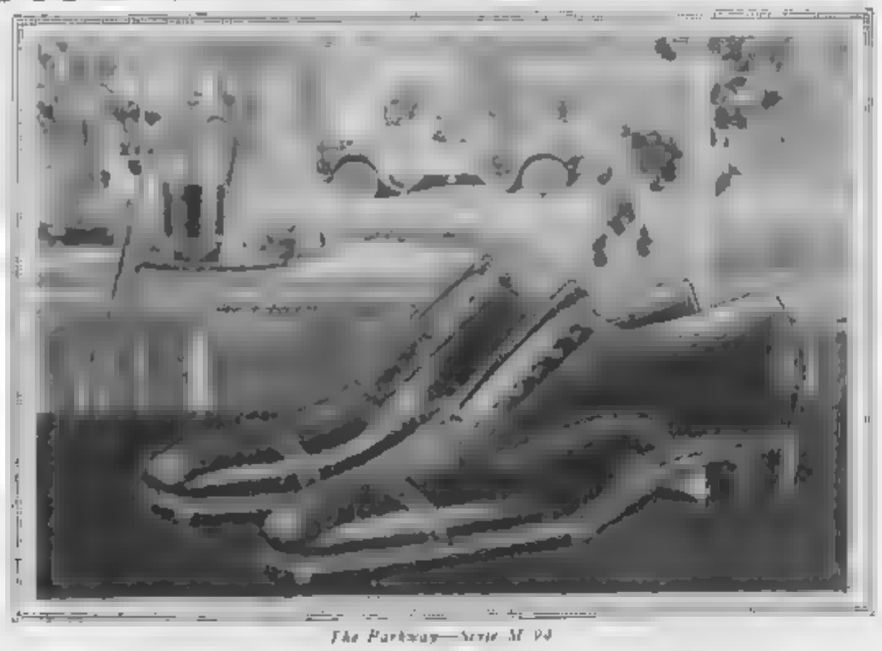

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found himself facing a picture of Rita and Delaney, beneath which, in large headlines, he read:

DIVA WEDS COMPOSER SHE MADE FAMOUS

RITA COVENTRY MARRIES PATRICK DELANEY, SEVERAL YEARS HER JUNIOR

SINGER'S ASSERTION SHE WOULD NEVER WED RECALLED

Stated at Time of Reported Engagement to Italian Noble, Domesticity Impossible for Artists and Marriage Certain to be Failure. "A Woman's Right to Change Her Mind," She Says

With an interest keen but quite impersonal he read the florid story. For him it had no more significance than if it had been the tale of some happening in a city he had visited long ago. Rita seemed strangely remote. A reporter had interviewed her and she had spoken with a brazenness which Parrish found repellent.

"Yes," she was quoted as saying, "it is true that when, several years ago, I refused the Duca del Valentino, I did so on the ground that an opera singer should not marry. But though a singer, I am also a woman, and a woman has a right to change her mind.

"Paddy"—here the reporter described her arch look at her young husband—"is enormously gifted and I intend to see that he gets the fullest opportunity for self-expression. He has never been abroad, and you may imagine with what pleasure I anticipate acting as his guide in my beloved France, for which we sail May twentieth.

"Some of my friends tell me I am a fool to marry, and especially to marry a man so much younger. That may be true. I can only say that now we are blissfully happy. What if later we tire of each other? Shall we not have had our hour of joy? After a motor trip through France we shall settle quietly for the summer at Deauville, where I have taken a villa. I intend to show him how domestic I can be. I shall cook for him, sew on his buttons and mend his socks, like any good wife."

Sitting there alone Parrish burst out laughing. He could fancy Rita cooking for Delaney—once—carefully costumed for the part. And the simple life at Deauville, that Mecca of jaded Parisians, with its casino and its one-piece bathing suits! Poor Delaney, how out of the picture he would be!

He was so boyish, so ingenuous. There was something really fine about him too. Would that fineness be burned out? He felt genuinely sorry for Delaney.

Breakfast over he took the Sunday papers to the living room. The floor and walls were bare and packing boxes stood where the furniture had been. Some of the things were going to Blenkinswood, some to the larger apartment he had taken.

He would not have time to read the papers. He used them to wrap up the silver, Ito helping him.

Then he turned to the bookcase, where were the portfolios containing the old documents and the engravings of the house. The papers must be neatly arranged for shipment. Opening the first portfolio he made himself look at the engraving showing Blenkinswood with its new wing—added in 1791. In the center of the picture was the ruinous imprint of a sharp little French heel. Once he had thought the damage irreparable, but now he remembered a man down on Fourth Avenue, very skillful, who could repair such things. He would send him the engraving and the torn letter of the Signer. When they had been mended the damage would be almost imperceptible.

XXXIII

"AND you honestly have no idea where this boat is going to take us?" he asked Alice.

"Not the least in the world," said she. "I don't even know the boat's name."

"Would you like to know it?" he asked, delighted at her ignorance.

"No, I don't care."

"Do you think you're going to Florida—or Panama—or South America—or Bermuda—or Europe? Where do you think you're going?"

"I don't know at all." She laughed. "Wouldn't it be absurd if someone came and asked me where I was going—and I couldn't tell them!"

"Tell them," he said, pouring over her an adoring look, "to ask your husband!"

"I know who he is, anyway!" she said, and after a quick look about reached out and pressed his hand.

"And," he said proudly, "you know what your name is, don't you, Mrs. Parrish?"

She nodded.

"Perhaps that's why I'm not interested in the name of the boat."

A steward carrying a long cardboard box knocked at their cabin door near by. Parrish crossed the deck, took the box, and entering the cabin, opened it. It contained Ophelia roses—her favorites—with petals shading from cream to a delicate pink. He took them out, assembled them and placed them in her arms.

She buried her face in the blooms, and as she raised it there came a little flush of pleasure in her cheeks; it was as if the color of the roses had been transferred to them.

Little things always pleased her so!

She rang for a stewardess, who brought a vase; but the stewardess was not allowed to arrange the flowers; Alice must do that herself, although the vessel was now backing out into the stream, and Parrish, in the doorway, was urging her to join him on deck.

But before the steamer was fairly headed down the river she was out there with him, watching the cross currents of shipping and gazing at the massed, competing towers of lower Manhattan, etherealized in a haze of smoke, and bathed in the soft light of a late afternoon sun, which shone upon them like a rose-colored calcium in the theater.

As they gathered way, passing down the harbor, the fresh salt smell became more vigorous and the breeze more boisterous. But though the breeze was lively, snapping the sheltering canvas at the fore part of the deck, there was a mildness in it. It was a breeze of spring—not the false spring of a few months since, but the season of resurrection and rebirth.

When the vessel entered the Narrows they ascended to the deserted boat deck, and standing by the towering stack watched the black smoke whirl back across the water. It was twilight. In the sky behind them orange streaks still showed, while with the gray of the distant shores was blended a subtle note of mauve. To the north and to the south the evening sky was clear, but the horizon to the east was black and menacing.

A great liner which must have started some time after they did had followed down the bay and all but overtaken them. As they emerged from the Narrows she was entering behind them; through the Lower Bay and the Swash Channel she pursued them closely; and no sooner had their bows made contact with the open ocean beyond Sandy Hook, giving the other sea room, than she came up and passed them arrogantly, close inboard, her sleek black body dotted with long rows of porthole lights. The stream of sable smoke hurled by her four red stacks, soot banded at the top, was like a stream of curses poured at the humble coastwise vessel which had retarded her, and the picture of impatience was heightened by the nervous, syncopated flashing of a signal light above the bridge. She was telegraphing with it, talking furiously. Furiously, too, her four propellers lashed the waves behind.

Parrish recognized that proud sea challenger. He had crossed on her. Moreover he knew from his morning paper that she was sailing to-day. And he knew more than that, for the list of prominent passengers that he had read was headed by the name of Rita Coventry.

"What a beauty!" exclaimed Alice, gazing across the water at the other vessel.

He assented, mentioning the liner's name.

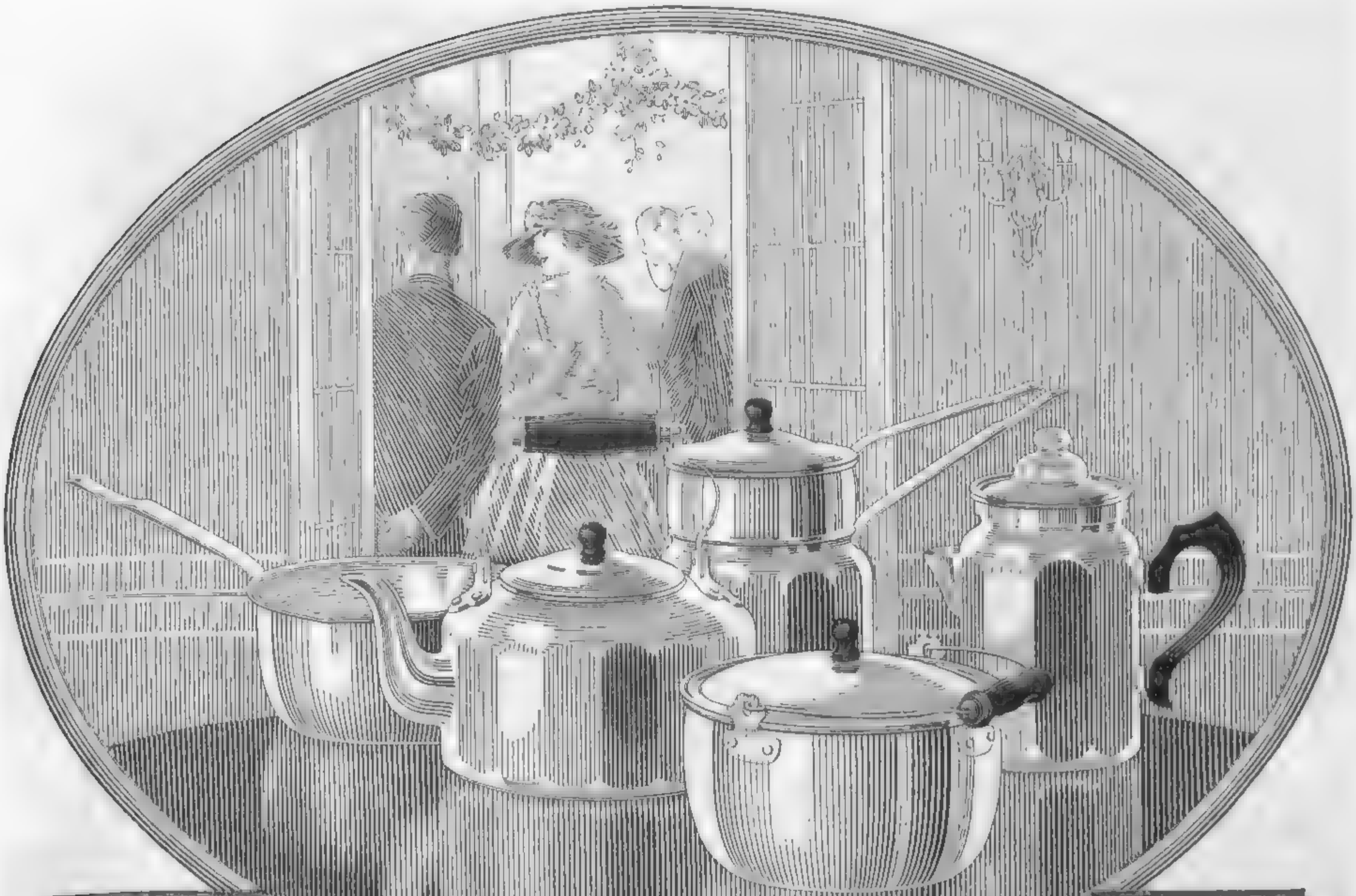
"But we aren't going the same way they are," she commented, observing that their own course had been swinging toward the south. And she added, "I'm glad. I don't think that sky out there looks any too pleasant."

He glanced at the dark line of horizon to the eastward. Then with a feeling of complete finality he turned his back upon the other ship, and facing the bows of their own vessel, now straightened on a southern course, envisaged the calm sea and the peaceful heavens.

"Well, dear," he said, "we needn't worry about what's out there, where they are going." And he added, "We couldn't ask a sweeter sky than is ahead of us."

Then, as the wash from the fleeing liner reached them, causing the deck to lurch a little, he encircled Alice with his arm, steadying her.

(THE END)



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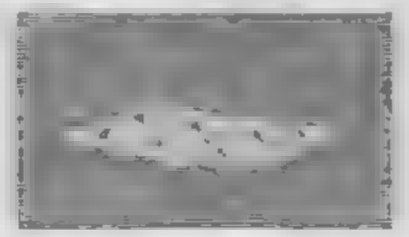

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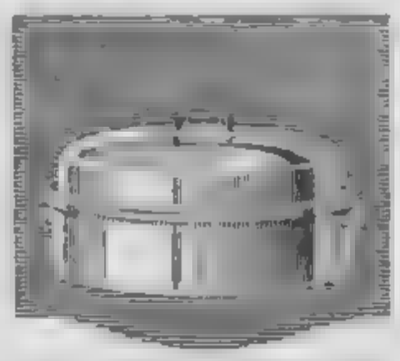

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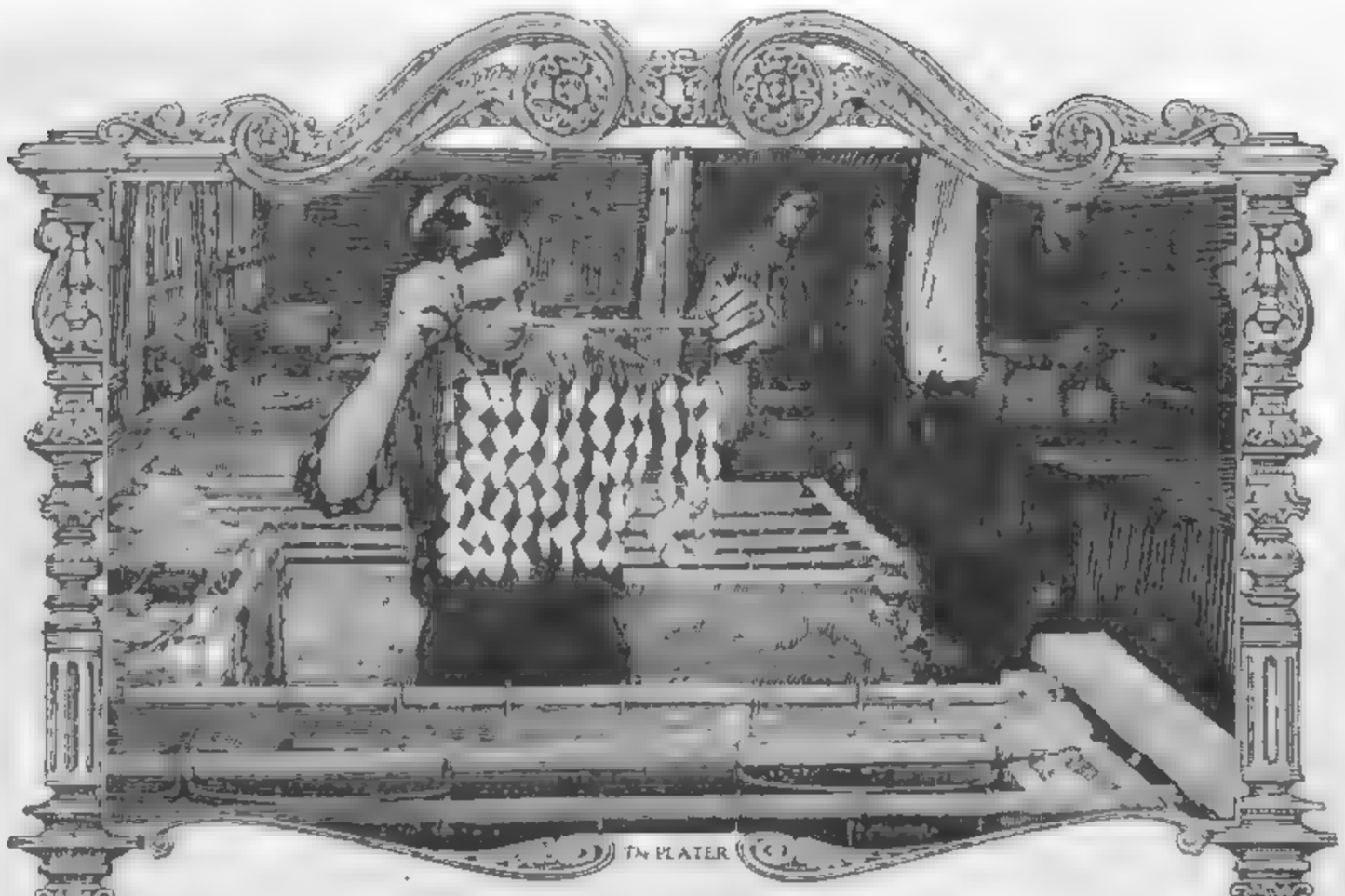

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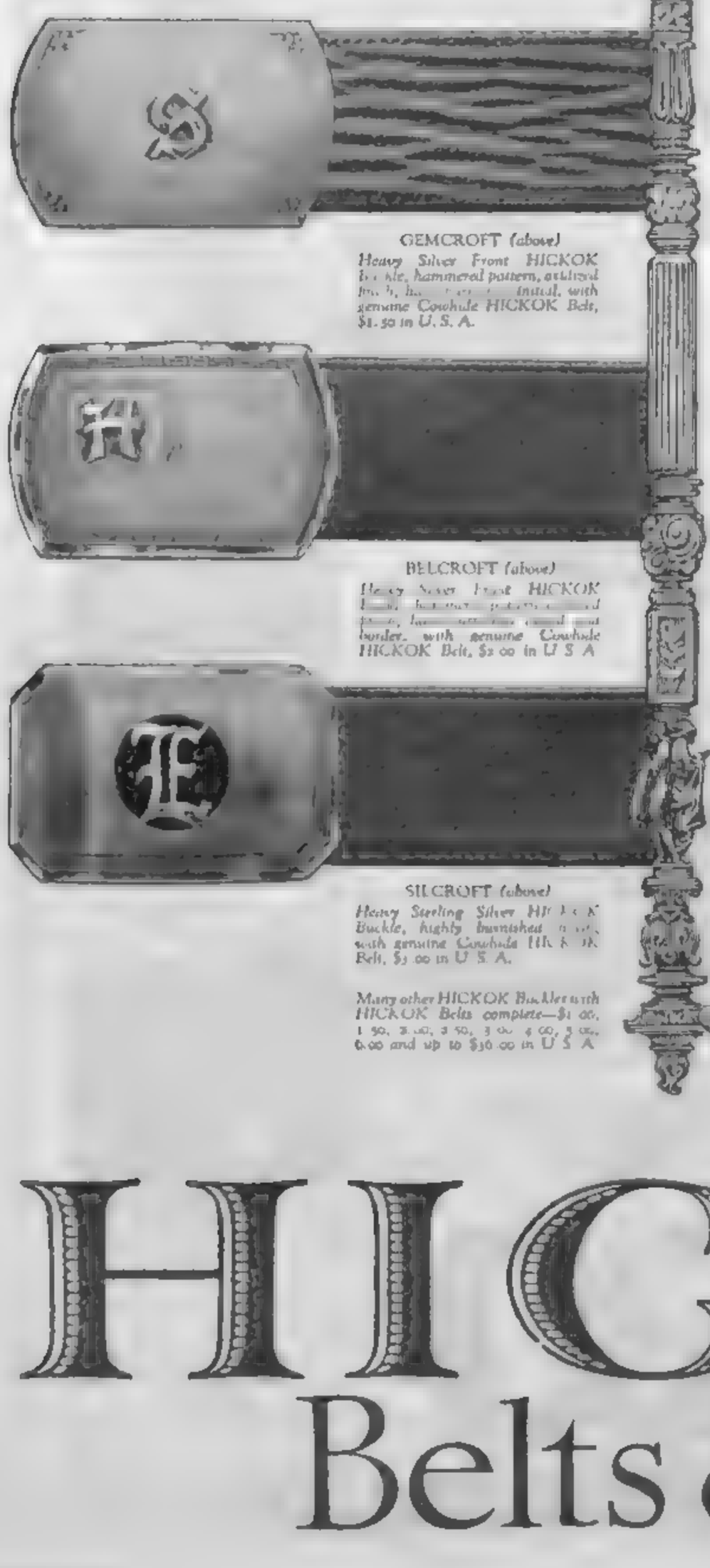

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A SONG IN THE NIGHT

(Continued from Page 13)

flat-faced babies on their backs and burdens on their heads, the men loping along under loads that would try the strength of a mule. Dumb! Stupid! The life crushed out of them! Building nothing, knowing nothing of their fathers who set monuments to bearded kings.

Gus Hardy fell silent, and I looked with strangeness on the deserted dining room of the Park Hotel. With strangeness I saw that it was not yet ten o'clock. It seemed that hours might have passed.

"You're going back?"

I remember yet the vicious little hiss of his cigarette drowning in his coffee cup, the abrupt gesture of his lean brown hand.

"As fast as I can travel," he said. "Let's get out of here. I—oh, I don't know. I get restless, sitting still."

It's odd, now, to think that I might have given him a dollar or so and directed him to some lodging house. It's odd. I give you my word I had forgotten that he was a hobo, that the very shirt that lent him dignity was mine. I saw a man like Kipling's Findlayson, C. E., a heroic figure from the outposts of civilization—his blue eyes moody, oppressed by the small-town elegance of the Park Hotel. And ——

Can you see this? Once on a Saturday afternoon, playing up to the eighteenth green at the club, there was a sunset that made me forget the game. A flat purple cloud towering up and up, its ragged edges all afire, the sky vast and pale and stained with savage color; the dark woods and the house in that eerie light were lonely somber things; it took you like a wild and magnificent foreboding. And Martha came down from the veranda to wave to us, one sweet note of white in that sinister gorgeous picture. I remember how I hurried my long shot to the green, hurrying to be with her, to share it with her; and we lost the hole, and my partner was very sarcastic about it, and Martha didn't care for the sunset, after all; said it made her shiver.

You know? A little bird swinging on a twig in the sunshine, a moment in a book where a man has written better than he knows, a great actress weeping—there is little you can say about it, but you must know that there is someone who sees. Here I had this Gus Hardy, full of strange talk—this blue-eyed, brown-faced painter of visions.

I looked at my watch. With an engaging air of aimlessness I said, "What say we take a little spin?"

And as I drove I forgot to point out the prosperity of our business section, our handsome residences, our well-kept lawns. The feeling of strangeness persisted; oddly I felt as if I were returning from far journeys to a quaint familiar place; returning, after loneliness and labor, to the soft welcome of a woman's eyes and hands. Have I said that it was June? Out along Madison Avenue the elms were green. The lighted windows looked very homelike through the trees; now and then someone sang out to me, neighbor fashion, from a veranda; the odor of honeysuckle trailed across our faces, and the sound of Rita Nelson's piano drifted out to us as we passed.

I forgot to tell Gus Hardy that the Nelsons were Milo's richest family. Oddly, in my official capacity as president of the Live Wire Club, I was thinking that we should make more of streets like this, and less of the smoke of our many factories. What is it, after all, that every man wants? A home.

I spoke of this to Gus Hardy, and he sighed.

"Yeah," he said, "that's so. But what you going to do when you get restless, and the sun goes down slow like it does up here, and you get homesick sitting on your own front porch?"

"Pretty tame, I guess," I admitted, "for fellows like you."

"It—oh, I don't know!" he said. "You feel like there ain't enough room outdoors, or enough stars in the sky. It's all so tight and settled, and the people all the same, and you don't fit. That's it; you don't fit. And you get to thinking; and something happens, some little thing ——" He gestured dimly. "Always some little thing. You wouldn't believe —— This time it was a woman singing."

A woman singing! On this romantic note we came to Martha McAllister's house; and I saw what I had hoped for, a light in the living room. I checked the car.

With a masterly imitation of sudden impulse I said, "Want to drop in here a minute?"

"Huh?" said Gus Hardy, staring; and after a moment, "Here?"

The McAllister house did me credit. It was not so large as to be formidable, but it was wide and comfortable looking, with a veranda that seemed to invite and welcome you. Gus Hardy made no objection; he said nothing at all.

Wherefore I shouted cheerily, "Hello! Anybody home?"

Martha's bright head bobbed up at the open window and her bright voice answered me. I think I forgot to notice whether Gus Hardy followed. She met me at the door, laughing, scolding me.

"This is a nice time of day! I thought you weren't coming. I didn't care if you never came," she said, and wrinkled her small nose in the most entrancing impudence. "Sitting here in my very newest, nicest dress. Like it?"

That was Martha—quick, dancing you lightly out of your own mood into hers. I wondered why I had thought it was a rather solemn moment—following her into laughter, feeling a little slow and heavy and masculine. I did indeed like her dress; it looked like the stuff of misty moonbeams, caressing her. What should I say about it?

I became aware of Gus Hardy's brown impassive face. I said, "Martha, let me present ——"

Her clear eyes widened and her dainty brows went up. She had thought, of course, that I came alone; instantly I knew that I ought to have come alone. All at once I knew how a married man feels who cheerily produces an unexpected guest at dinner. It came to me that the business of being a lover was not so simple as selling real estate; I should have to put my mind to it.

Have I said that Martha was lovely? Dainty, the fine and fragrant product of tender care. And Gus Hardy, hobo! Instantly I knew that she could never understand the caliph feeling; that for her he must be not less than he seemed, with his grave brown face and the dignity of his borrowed clothes. Presto! Vanished the vagabond; appeared the distinguished naturalist and explorer.

"—— my old friend Hardy—Hardy Logan, you know, the great Hardy Logan you've heard me talk so much about. Just back from his expedition up the Amazon, bug hunting, you know. I didn't tell you, did I, old man, that Miss McAllister came in on the same train with you? Or maybe you saw each other," I said hysterically, thinking of Martha in her Pullman and Gus Hardy crouching in a swirl of cinders on the blind-baggage platform. "That's how I happened to beat the station. Lucky, eh?"

Then I had to stop for breath—ready to break out again if Gus Hardy should fail me. Without a flicker his grave eyes accepted the nomination; he bowed, a stiff, foreign sort of bow; he looked at me and grinned, a slow easy grin.

"Lucky," he said, "is the very word I was trying to think of!"

"The Hardy Logan? How nice! I'm dreadfully thrilled!" Not even Vassar could ever give Martha a vocabulary.

I remember I laughed a good deal. I made mental note to try grinning slow that way myself, after the golf season was advanced and I was properly sunburned.

Following Martha into the room I whispered in his ear, "Great! Keep it up. I'll explain later."

He murmured, "You don't hunt bugs up the Amazon, old-timer. They hunt you."

And I laughed again: "You've been there? Fine!"

I mean, I felt as if I had deftly mastered a delicate situation. Before Mrs. McAllister my vagabond clicked his heels and bowed again; even Andy, the demon brother, was so impressed that he forgot to be funny about the unusual splendor of our attire. In Milo, you understand, evening clothes are distinctly the mark of an occasion.

Well, I can see it now; distinctly that was one!

Mrs. McAllister was placidly sewing or embroidering or something; I said, "Andy, Mr. Logan knows all about Indians. Indians that cut men's hearts out!" and let nature take its course, which left me free to enjoy a little attention from Martha.

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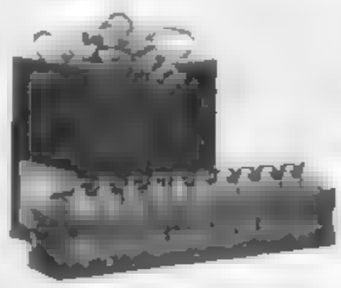

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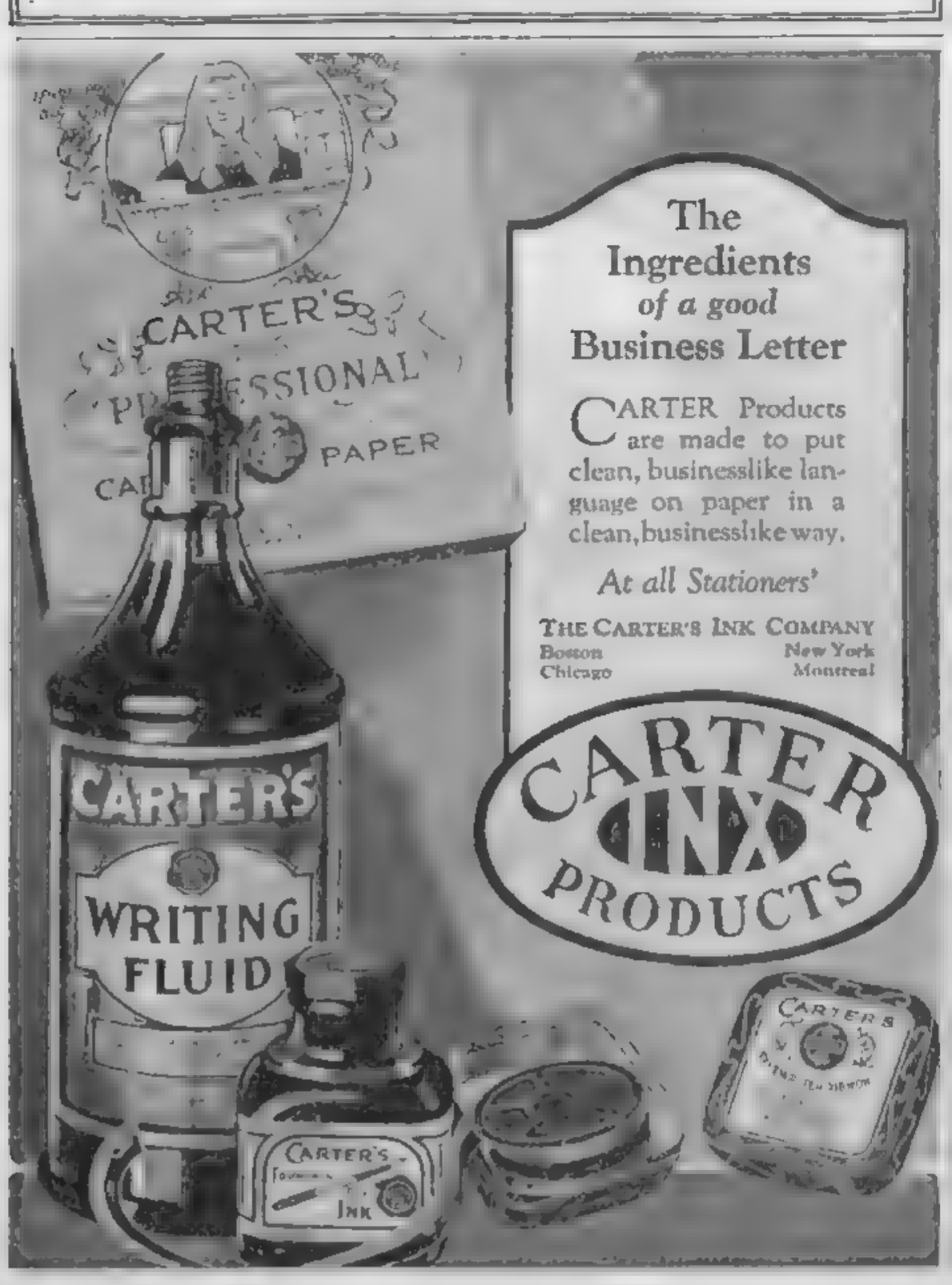


"It seems years and years since Easter," I murmured tenderly.

"Does it?" said Martha.

"Ah, don't be angry! I couldn't help it. Hadn't seen old Hardy for years and years ——"

"The same years?" said Martha.

"—— and anyway, I thought you'd be tired after your trip ——"

"—— so you brought him along to make sure you wouldn't be bored?"

And you'd have thought, to look at her, that we were having a sprightly and amusing bit of persiflage. She even smiled. Once, long ago, I had stupidly cut a dance with her, and she had smiled like that. Sweetly. Oh, much too sweetly. Why can't women be frank and straightforward—like a man?

But she was very gracious to Gus Hardy. "Do you know," she said, "I never met an entomologist before?"

"A who?" said Gus Hardy. "Oh," he said, and looked at me and grinned. "No, ma'am, Buck's got that wrong. I'm an engineer."

"Who's Buck?" piped up Andy.

"Why, Buck," said Gus Hardy, and jerked his head at me.

I draped one arm over the back of my chair and tried to look like Buck. "Yeah," I said carelessly, "I doubt if Gus ever knew my given name. Always called me Buck."

"Gus who?" inquired the insatiable Andy.

"Hardy. I mean, Mr. Logan. Gus, we used to call him, Gloomy Gus, you know. By Jove," I said brightly, "it's like seeing a man returned from the dead! Here I thought old Gus was way up the Amazon somewhere, chasing bugs ——"

"No," said Gus firmly, "you got that wrong, Buck. I was going up there to work for a German company building a railroad. But in Rio I met a poor devil that had just come from there, all shot to pieces he was ——"

"Arrows or guns?" demanded the bloodthirsty Andy.

"Fever. And he gave me damned good advice."

"Here!" I protested. "Old man, remember you're in a civilized country now!" But nobody seemed to hear me.

"He told me about those Dutchmen. Offered good money, they did, and caught their suckers; but getting the money, or getting away after they got you, was something else again. Country no white man could live through, and they owned all the boats. They worked you till the fever picked your bones, and shipped you out feet first. No, thanks! Not any for Gus Hardy," he said; adding serenely, "Logan."

"Can I call you Gus?" begged Andy.

"You bet!" said Gus Hardy, and took that freckled imp by the neck and shook him as if he were a puppy.

And Andy liked it! He wriggled and kicked and rolled off the davenport and sat grinning up at Gus Hardy like a puppy adoring his master.

"Andrew," said Mrs. McAllister, "you mustn't annoy Mr. Hogan."

"Logan," I corrected.

"So that's why I didn't go far up the Amazon. I drifted over into Colombia and got a job with a mining company, and after that I hooked up with this outfit in Guatemala. That's how you lost track of me. Buck," he said critically, "you're living too soft. You're getting fat."

Now that wasn't tactful, was it? Or necessary. I was just thinking that he showed great presence of mind in shifting the scene of his adventures to familiar ground, but this was carrying realism too far.

Said Mrs. McAllister, "Oh, Mr. Hogan ——"

"Logan," I said, and then I had to breathe and let my front stick out again.

"—— do tell us about Central America! Every winter we look at folders, and last winter we almost went: Havana, and Puerto Barrios, and Puerto Limon, and the Canal," she said, making such heavy weather of the names that I, having heard Gus Hardy pronounce them, shuddered. "Tell me, are they as heavenly as they sound? Palms," she chanted, "and eternal summer, and maybe we'd run into a revolution."

Maybe that's where Andy got his bloodthirsty disposition. I, Howard Pressley, would have choked rather than laugh in Mrs. J. F. McAllister's face, but Gus Hardy openly grinned. She stopped talking and waited meekly for him to speak.

"No, ma'am. Not exactly heavenly. Havana's all right if you can stand high prices, but Barrios and Limon, they're hot and they're dirty and you'll see more beggars than revolutionists. Anyway, I hope so. A revolution ain't always as funny as it sounds."

"Oh, Mr. Hogan ——"

"Logan," I said.

"—— have you been in one?"

"No longer than it took me to get out," said Gus Hardy.

It was all wrong. I had brought him that he might show them visions; and there he sat, holding the center of the stage, his laconic phrases stripping every shred of glamour from the things that he had seen.

"No, ma'am," he said; "fever and dirt and homesickness ain't exactly my idea of heaven."

I tried to put him on the track. "Tell them about the ruins at Quiriguá," I prompted, "and the old empire of the Mayas."

I thought I spoke those exotic words with almost his own fluid curling crispness, conjuring up—before my own eyes, at least—the dank green shadows of banana groves with bronzed white men riding through them, a switch engine clanking somewhere, and somewhere the lazy thwack of a machete. The jungle, blind and malignant and invincible; and here, steeped in the hot stillness of centuries, the ruins of a lost and forgotten civilization. Those great stone pillars, carved with grotesque symbols, meaning—what? And the images of kings. Huge idols crouching in the stealthily springing undergrowth, half frog, half tiger, grinning. The jungle, waiting to swallow the things men do.

But Gus Hardy, gazing moodily about the room, did not seem to hear.

I protested again, "Surely there's more to the tropics than fever and dirt and homesickness!" And his eyes came with somber irony back to mine.

"Yes," he said, "there's work. And when work's done you can get drunk, or play poker with a gang of homesick hardshells. Romantic, ain't it?"

"The way you tell it," I said with biting sarcasm. "But the atmosphere, the background, man! The sense of immense antiquity, of space and color, of—of ——"

Mrs. McAllister said gently, addressing Gus Hardy, "Howard has the romantic mind."

Imagine that! The romantic mind—me! You'd have thought it was I who had spoken rhapsodically of palms and revolutions and eternal summer!

I said with dignity, "Well, I guess Hardy doesn't find it quite so bald as he makes it sound. He's been away a couple of months and he can't wait to get back. On his way back now—as fast as he can travel."

"Truly?" said Martha, looking at Gus Hardy.

He shrugged his shoulders. "'They all come back,'" he said. "That's what we say down there: 'They all come back.'"

"You like it?"

"I hate it," said Gus Hardy. "That is, I know I hate it. Homesick, every man jack of 'em, having pipe dreams about getting enough money to come home and live in the States. 'God's country,'" he murmured with a faint, one-sided, deprecatory grin.

There was something disarming and appealing about the fellow. I had to remind myself that not three hours ago I had seen him thrown off a train.

"Quite a few of us manage to live here and make our money as we go along," I said coldly.

"Oh, sure! That's only the way we string ourselves. We know well enough we don't fit. We don't even try to keep money when we get it. Look at me—making good money, off and on, ever since I was eighteen; and ——"

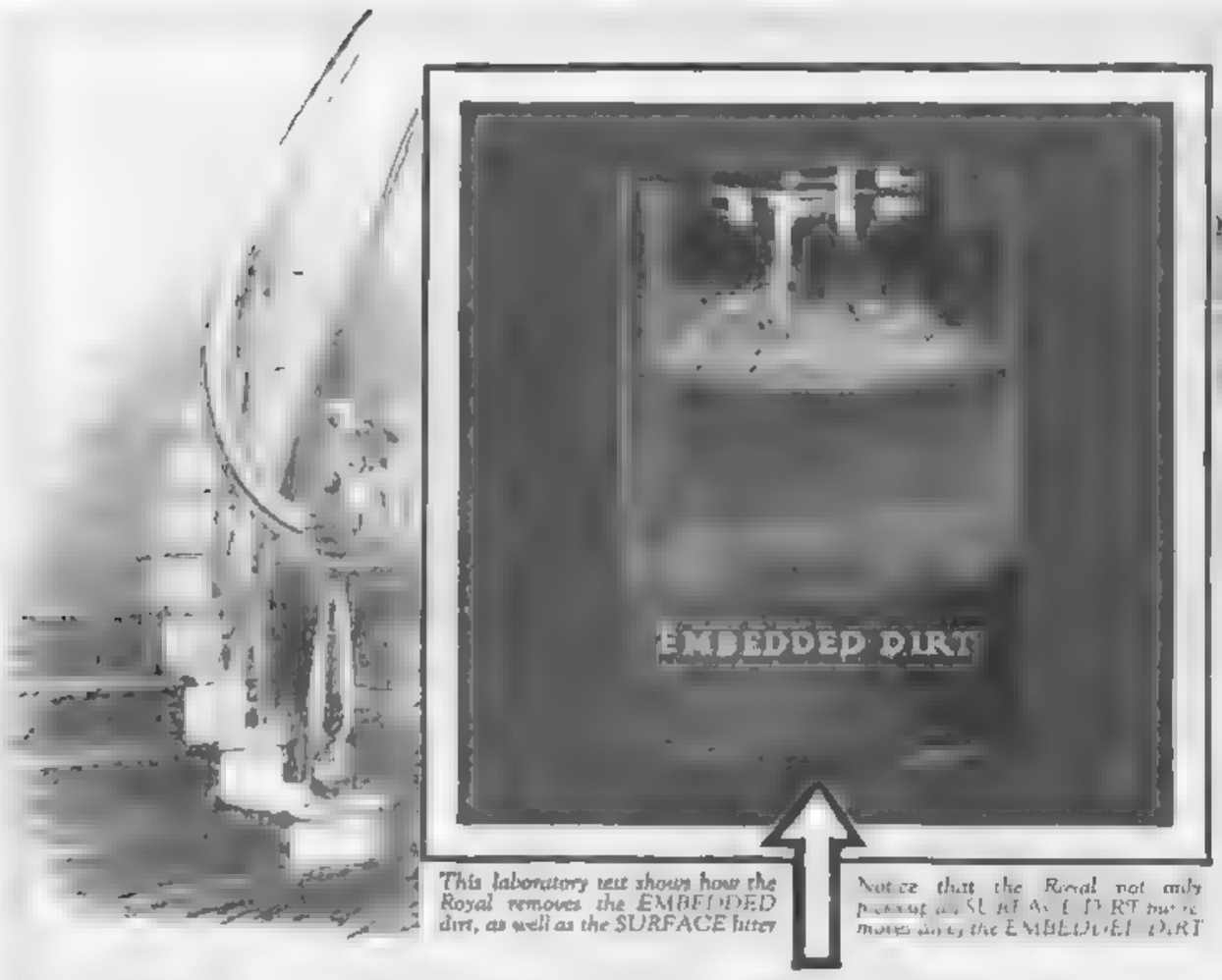
He was inviting them to consider the case of Gus Hardy, hobo; not content with wrecking the character I had given him—what with unblushing profanity and references to the dissolute pastimes of his kind—now he had forgotten who he was supposed to be. I leaped in.

"By the way, old man ——"

"—— and what do I do with it? Play poker with it. Buy liquor with it. Spend it like a kid the minute I hit civilization. Why, I only meant to stop a few days in New York ——"

It was Andy who derailed the train of revelation, demanding: "Gus, will you teach me to play poker? Will you, Gus?

(Continued on Page 121)



This laboratory test shows how the Royal removes the EMBEDDED dirt, as well as the SURFACE litter

Notice that the Royal not only removes the SURFACE DIRT but removes also the EMBEDDED DIRT

This dirt harms your rugs most

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To get out all of this dirt a cleaner *must*, we believe, do three things. It must produce a *powerful* suction. This suction must be *uniform* all along the nozzle. And the nozzle must be *adjusted* "directly" to the rug surface.

The Royal does these three things. Its suction is not only powerful but actually *increases slightly in use*. Scientific and patented design creates a *uniform* suction along the entire 14-inch nozzle length. And with the *patented* Royal adjustment screw, the *powerful, uniform* suction is applied "directly" to the rug surface.

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Mrs. John M. Peebles, 355 Newport Ave., Wollaston, Mass., had a 9 x 12 Axminster rug. It had been cleaned the day previous to the Royal Man's call.

But in exactly 6 minutes, the Royal extracted from this "clean" Axminster 7¾ ounces of dirt. And practically all of it was *embedded* dirt that Royal's powerful suction, scientifically applied, removed after ordinary cleaning methods had failed.

So *thorough* is the Royal's powerful suction—yet so gentle that it positively cannot harm the finest rug or sheerest drape. The Royal is gentle because it cleans by *air alone*. You can use it safely every day.

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Don't be content with getting only the surface dirt! The most dirt and the really harmful dirt is *in* the fabric, not *on* the surface.

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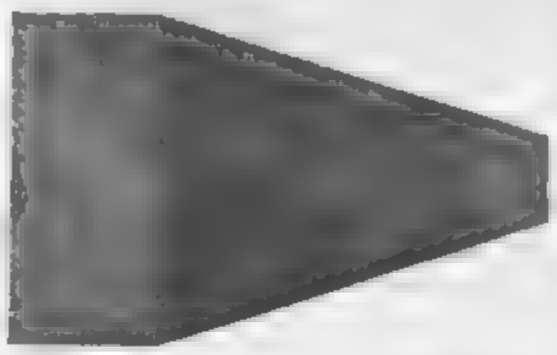
One of the storage sheds for Douglas Fir at the Weyerhaeuser plant at Baltimore.

A few of the large timbers in the timber yard at the Weyerhaeuser plant at Baltimore.



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(Continued from Page 118)

I know the names of all the cards. I could learn easy. I ——"

"Andrew!" exclaimed his mother.

"Git out!" laughed Gus Hardy, and rumpled Andy's hair. "A young squirt like you talkin' about poker! When you're twenty-one I'll teach you."

"You goin' to live here?" cried Andy eagerly.

"Well," said Gus Hardy, "how old are you now? Eleven? I'll be back in about ten years. You remind me, will you?"

"Andrew, bedtime!"

She was properly firm. Andy went out, dragging his feet, kicking a rug before him. In the hall he turned.

"Gus," he appealed, "now that's a promise!"

"It's a promise," affirmed Gus Hardy, and laughed, and quaintly crossed himself and kissed his thumb and blew the kiss heavenward; and suddenly was grave again, that moody, far-away look dropping like a shadow on his brown face.

"Buck," he said, "reckon we better drift?"

I give you my word that it seemed natural for him to call me Buck, natural for him to be here, like a wanderer returned, in Martha McAllister's house. Yes, my imaginary long-lost chum was too lifelike by half.

"Perhaps we'd better," I agreed, rising with alacrity.

Mrs. McAllister and Martha spoke in the same breath and were still talking when I got through. "But, my dear man, you've only just come!" and "Don't be silly! We've heard Hardy Logan, and Hardy Logan, and Hardy Logan for ages, and now we've got him you're not going to take him away so soon!"

I tried to hoist Gus Hardy with my eyes, but the scoundrel had taken up Martha's guitar and sat absently fingering the strings.

"It's late," I protested. "We only dropped in for a minute."

"You made a great impression on Andrew," said Mrs. McAllister, "Mr. Hogan."

"Logan," I corrected feebly.

"He's a fine kid," said Gus Hardy.

What could I do? I sat down again. "I see you still play the guitar, Gus," I said.

"I always thought," he said, "some day I'd have a kid like that. A regular young Grungo, freckled and pug-nosed and popping out all over with questions."

"Play something, Gus," I urged.

"And a house like this, on a street like this."

"Why not?" said Martha, too courteous.

He would have told her why not; I saw it in his eye and in the thoughtful tightening of one corner of his mouth.

With hectic heartiness I broke in, "Sell you one any time, old man. Got several on my list. But how long could you stand being tied to a house?"

He was lifting his hand from the strings and setting it down again, so that they whispered dolorously from chord to chord under his palm.

"Yeah," he said, nodding, "that's so."

"It gets in your blood—the tropics," I explained. "Gus was just saying awhile ago that he could never stay put any more. Gets restless. Gets homesick sitting on his own front porch. Too dull, too tight and settled for him—after a country where you do as you please and nobody cares. Eh, old man?"

"Nobody," said Gus Hardy, that faint ironic grin tightening one corner of his mouth.

"Not enough room outdoors, nor enough stars in the sky. And the sun goes down too slow; and something happens, some little thing. Tell them about the woman singing," I said, remembering. "Beautiful, of course?"

"No," said Gus Hardy. "She was fat and greasy, but she could sing. They all can, those folks."

Absently he touched a light bass note, and then a deeper one; snapped a finger down on a fret, slurring it, and plucked the treble strings in an odd provocative rhythm.

Looking at Mrs. McAllister he said gravely, "This is a circus for me. I'll remember it, many's the time."

"We hope you will," said our hostess, "Mr. Hogan."

"Logan," I said mechanically. "Play something, Gus!"

"The woman sang," prompted Martha.

"I don't know if I can explain it," said Gus Hardy. "She was the cook in a Mexican restaurant, way out Broadway, you know. I got to hanging around there after my money gave out, because it was cheap. No, that ain't the truth. I was hungry for Spanish—everybody talking English all the time, and always in a hurry. Hungry for something that reminded me of the hot country."

"You said you hated it," said Martha.

"No, ma'am. I said I knew I hated it. But you can't always remember what you know," he said, and was silent, his eyes appealing to her for understanding. You'd have thought I was hardly among those present.

"You were telling us about the song of the cook," I said.

"Well, I had a big time for a while. Lots of friends while I was spending, but after that I—got lonesome. Walking around trying to find a place that felt like outdoors, and I saw this Mexican joint. Got to hanging around there, spinning yarns with the owner—from Durango he was, and homesick too. A fat guy named Murgia. And this woman used to sing

"One song she liked I've heard it many a time out in the hills At night, the stars burning four times as close as they do here, and the mountains big and dark, and off yonder the native women singing. Like this."

He hummed, his brown fingers touching that staccato measure with the blurred bass. He hummed; and you felt the loneliness, and heard, far off, the native women singing.

"Made me remember," he said, looking at Martha. "The old gang's out there now, plugging away, taming the country God forgot to finish. Mountains as far as you can see, the sun hot and the air thin and cold." He stopped, groping for words; with irony he grinned and gave over the effort and set down the guitar. "So I hit out," he said. "Reasonable, ain't it?"

"Sing it!" said Martha.

Still I didn't see what the fellow was doing. I only had an uncertain, childish wish to be disagreeable.

"Yes," I said, "sing it! It must be wonderful"

Simply, without reluctance or apology, he took up the guitar again. He sang almost under his breath—looking at Martha.

Odd, how that melody took hold of you. It was pitched in a plaintive unfinished key—a minor I believe they call it—and it sounded wistful and hopeless. Somehow it told us things Gus Hardy had no words to say. Age-old, ineffable sadness; mountains heaped under a great star-sprinkled sky, and a strange, wild, simple people that lived on, bewildered, after their ancient world was dead. I wanted to be near to Martha, to take her hand; but she was looking at Gus Hardy. Her lips were parted and her eyes absorbed, listening.

Then, then I knew what he had done. I had brought him here that he might show them visions; and he had shown them instead, shamelessly and without reserve, himself—brown and hard and wistful and appealing, a vagabond with the glamour of far countries on him. I knew how sleek and dull I looked beside him. I, Howard Pressley, dealt in my little city lots; his were the jungles and the mountains and wide plateaus in the sky. His voice deepened and softened and died away on that strange unfinished note.

"Very nice!" I said, and myself was shocked at the harshness of the sound.

"Sh!" said Martha, for his fingers were still plucking at the strings, running up a little golden interlude.

Yes, now I knew that sharp hot thing that twisted in me. It was rage. What right had she to look at him like that? And he sang to her. As if I were a stuffed figure, sitting there—as if he were alone with her in some star-shining stillness, he looked into her eyes and sang. It wasn't decent. Americans don't make love that way.

You saw a high-walled garden and a lover at his lady's window. A garden very far from Milo, Indiana; a lover who sang though he knew the night might well have eyes of death; sang as a bird sings, softly, but with a throb that was like tears in your throat. The red coal of rage melted within me. I wanted something, something great and sweet and wild and forever unattainable; and I had a crazy impulse to laugh—feeling the absurdity of great longings in that comfortable, well-furnished room.

I tell you, a fellow that can sing like that ought to be restrained by law. I was glad when he stopped. "Bravo!" I said.

You know the startled feeling you have when you speak aloud in an empty room?

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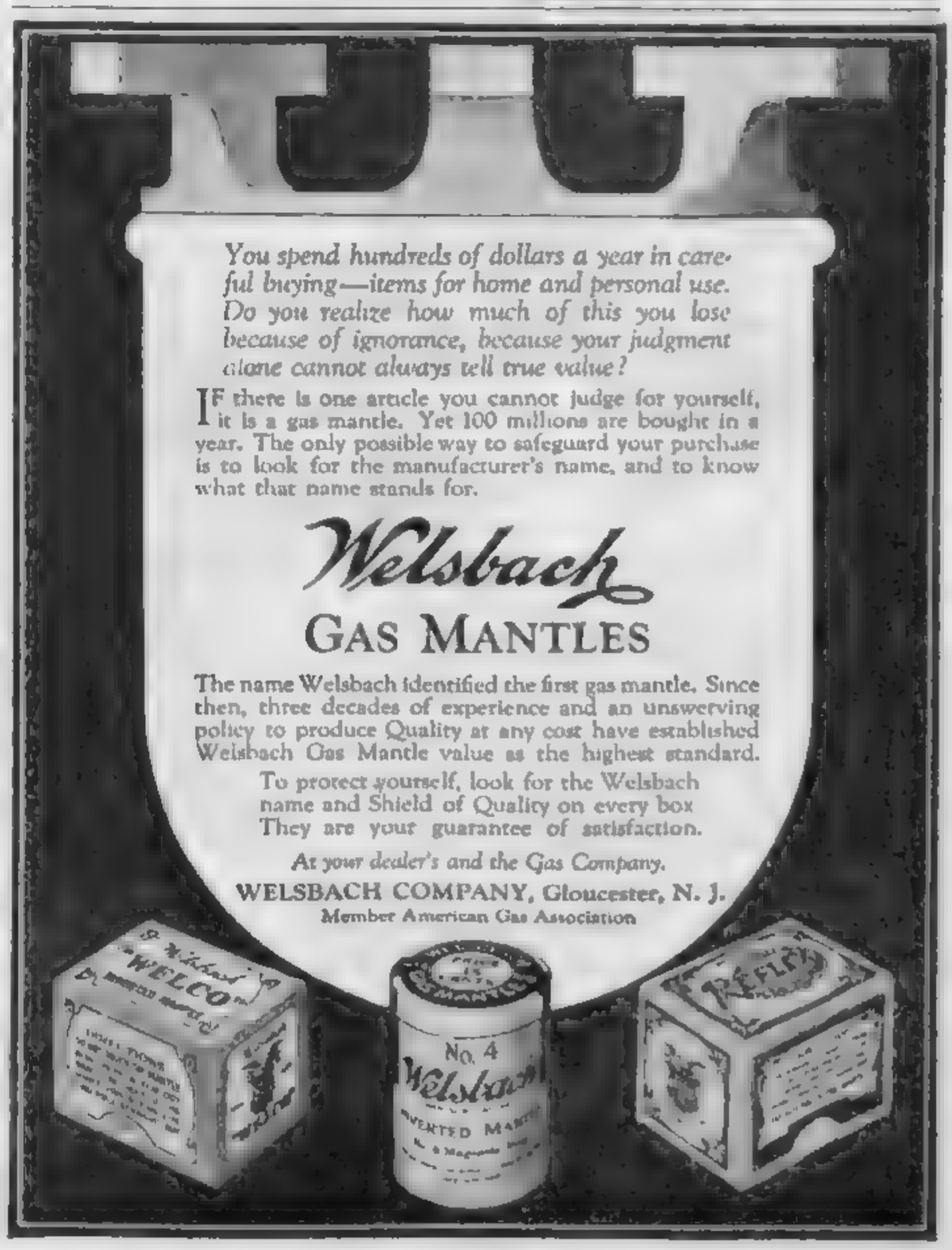
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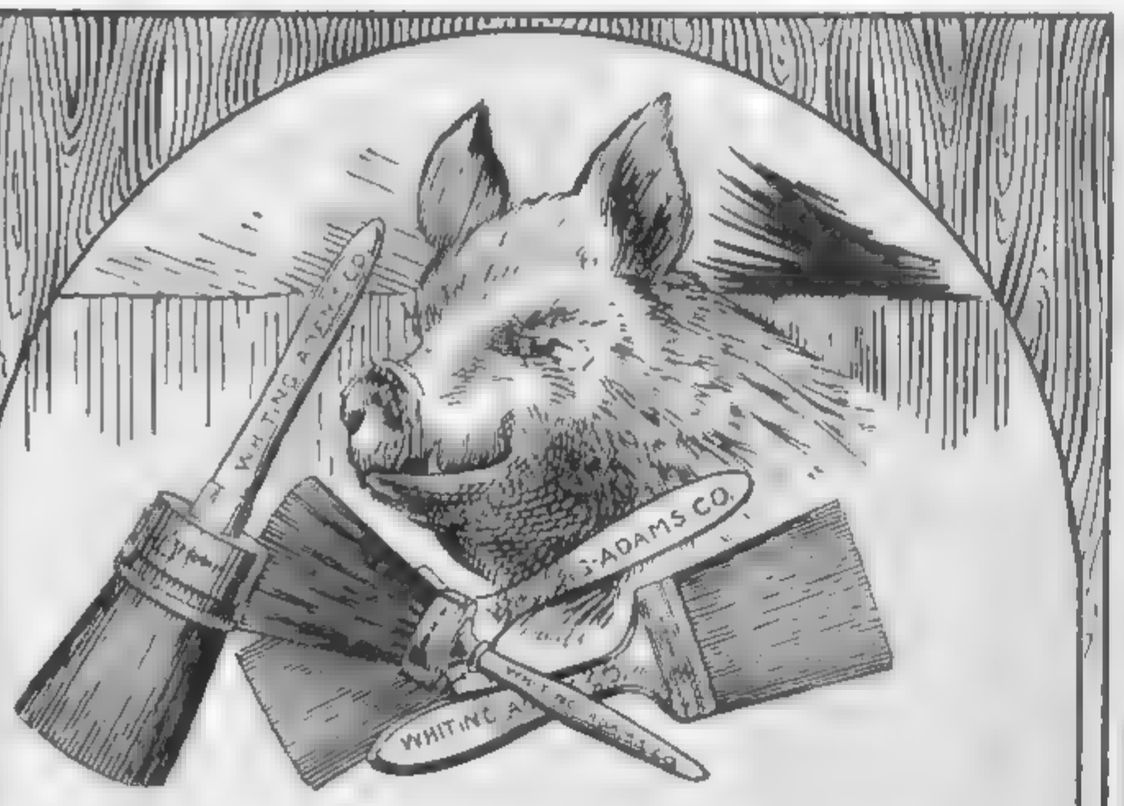

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It was like that. Martha looked at me, a queer, vague, misty look; Gus Hardy sat with his brown hands listless on the guitar; Mrs. McAllister sighed and took up her sewing or knitting or embroidery or whatever it was, and nobody said a word.

Briskly, trying to break that inertia, I looked at my watch and rose, saying, "By Jove! I'd no idea it was so late," though I knew perfectly well.

Gus Hardy got up and stood looking about him, for his hat, I supposed, forgetting that we had come bareheaded. I reminded him; he only shook his head, smiling that faint one-sided smile.

"You'll come often while you're here," Martha commanded him.

Gus Hardy looked at me.

"He insists he has to hit the trail tomorrow," I said.

Gus Hardy bowed, murmured "Good night, ma'am. Good night, Miss Martha. Much pleasure," and marched out.

"Ha, ha," I said lightly, to cover the crude abruptness of his exit, "quaint fellow, old Gus. This sort of thing's a little out of his line."

But the atmosphere absorbed that effort like a sponge, leaving me futile and fat and dull, my actual presence less vivid than the knowledge that Gus Hardy had been there. Under the hall lamp I saw Martha's eyes still full of the mist of dreams.

"Martha ——"

"Yes?" she whispered, gazing into the darkness that had swallowed him.

"I think I'd better tell you."

Her eyes cleared and cooled and came to me.

"He's just a hobo. A vagabond. I picked him up when they kicked him off the train. Out of the gutter," I said, savagely glad to have it out and smash the glamour that incased him. "He seemed an amusing sort of fellow, so I dressed him up and fed him. I don't know why I brought him here. That's all."

I stood, you might say, with my head bared to the lightning, but nothing struck.

"I don't know the man from Adam," I said, sinking my teeth in the words. I had little practice being savage in those days and there was intoxication in it. "He's told us what he is. A waster. A gambler. A ne'er-do-well. But he's seen things and done things and the world's a big place to him. Big," I said, and borrowed a gesture from Gus Hardy, "do you understand? Big!"

"I don't care," said Martha; "I think he's nice. You can tell it by his eyes. He looks at you just like a sweet little boy, lost and homesick and so grateful."

"Eyes!" I raged. "My goodness, woman, didn't you hear a word I said?"

"Oh, yes. Ed Willis told me you—picked him up."

Imagine that! Knowing all the time, and pretending to remember all about a nonexistent Hardy Logan. I don't know which enraged me more, the officiousness of Ed Willis or the duplicity of the woman.

"Oh!" I said; which hardly covered the case.

"It seemed a funny thing for you to do," she said with gentle, unflattering emphasis. "I thought at first he really was an old friend of yours. I couldn't imagine your doing it for a perfect stranger—and it didn't help to boom Milo a bit, did it?"

And while I struggled with that she spoke again, gazing into the darkness.

"Howard, imagine," she murmured, "living like that! Always alone and lonely, nothing to look forward to, nobody that cares. Homesick for a home that isn't anywhere, just drifting on and on—I never thought how it would be. It meant so much to him, being here in a nice American home. Did you see him, just looking and looking, storing up every little thing to remember?"

"He was looking for his hat," I muttered.

"Howard," she said, "must he really go away to-morrow? Can't you find something for him to do?"

Well, I mean, imagine that if you can.

The soft air of June came through the open door, a breath from wide starry spaces and the good smell of growing things, and showed me the feeble uselessness of rage. It had always been like this. It would always be like this. She was a woman; she was like a lovely child, content to live between four walls. I had brought her visions and she had seen only a lean brown face and wistful eyes. Lonely! I laughed, not mirthfully. Even now the odor of honeysuckle can make me somehow sad.

"Lonely," I said, "lonely! The worst loneliness of all is to bring you my thoughts and feelings and see them flatten out and wither into nothing. Time after time. I never seem to learn."

"But you get excited about such funny things," said Martha. "Howard, I've been thinking ——"

Gus Hardy spoke only once on the way back to the hotel, to ask if we had no speed laws in Milo; and I saw then that I was ripping along Madison Avenue at fifty miles an hour—I, president of the Live Wire Club, that stood for law and order if it stood for anything.

Again, while he was divesting himself of his borrowed splendor, he rose briefly from the depths of moody silence:

"Sorry I had to run out on your bug-hunter yarn. Thought I'd better play safe. Oh, I could have talked like a bug hunter for a little while, but sooner or later I'd be sure to slip."

"It doesn't matter," I told him listlessly. "It didn't get over anyway. I had to tell them who you were."

After a time I became aware that he was sitting with his shirt half off, staring at one spot on the rug.

"Well," I inquired, "got any plans, old man?"

"Buck," he demanded, "is that your girl?"

Emptying my pockets, I dropped into a drawer a neat but expensive ring. "No," I said.

Silence, and yet more silence. I lighted a cigarette and yawned. Gus Hardy looked up, and then I saw how his blue eyes were shining with the light of dreams.

"Buck," he said softly, "old-timer, I like this town."

Yes, it's a good little town, Milo. It is not Bagdad. No man is born a caliph, to thrust his hand untouched into the wheels of another's destiny. But it's a good little town. It grows. Already its dignity is beyond the use of slogans. You remember the electric sign at the station, that used to proclaim to the public that "Milo Offers More"? It just says "Milo" now.

I saw it the other day, and I had to laugh, remembering. I laughed again when I saw Gus Hardy. He's not so lean as he was, and his sunburn is lighter and runs clear up to his hair; he plays golf bareheaded, he tells me. It seemed odd to think that I myself used to take such chances with the sun.

I asked him if he remembered that song, and he said "What song?"

I hummed a few notes of it, and he remembered. While he was thumping the piano and trying to sing it Martha came into the room. She is still pretty, if you like that placid, young-matronly type; and she introduced me to a pug-nosed, freckled young Hardy who swarmed all over me and buried me under an avalanche of questions, calling me Uncle Buck, while Gus beamed complacently over his shoulder and said "h'm, h'm" for the words he had forgotten.

I got restless listening. Milo's a good little town, but too—you know—too tight and settled. The people are too much the same and there isn't enough room outdoors. There's an old Spaniard on the western slope of the Andes, now, who knows the use of quiet days. I met him while I was running down the title to a timber tract. A man's country, that. They think in leagues instead of city blocks, and neighbors are not so many but that every stranger is a friend. Come weary to any man's door and his house is yours.

A rare old fellow is this Fernandez del Valle; and he has a daughter, and she sings.

The stars come very close about that hacienda in the hills; in the courtyard are flowers and a fountain that lulls you with soft monotony, and the girl sings. Her eyes are age-old mystery and the melting flame of youth; and her voice touches you with longing, great and sweet and wild and forever unattainable. Fancy Gus Hardy trying to sing that song!

Wadsworth Cases

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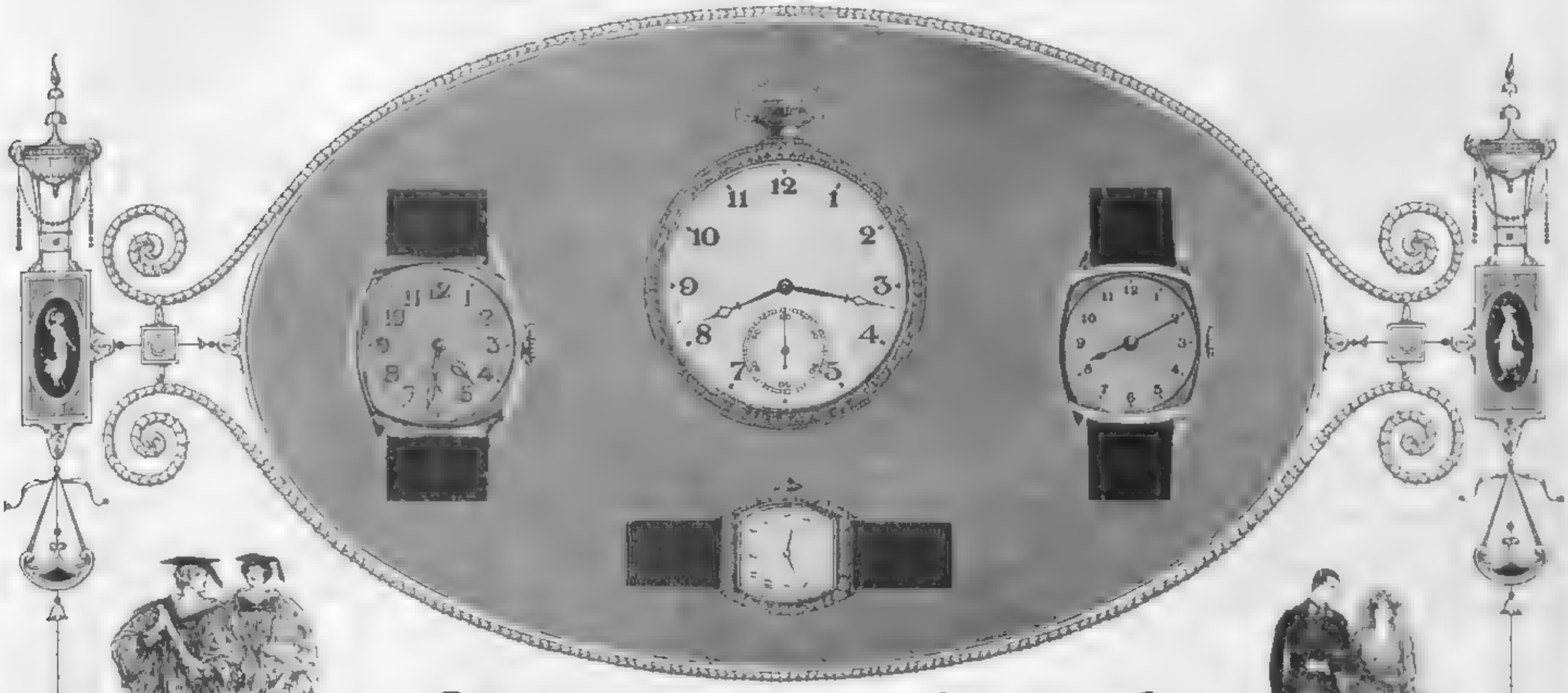

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A dependable movement in a WADSWORTH *case will stand as the enduring mark of your regard*

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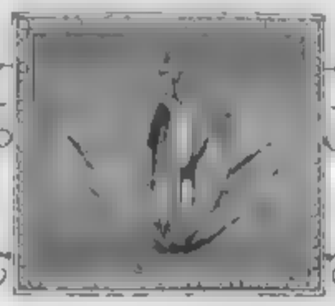

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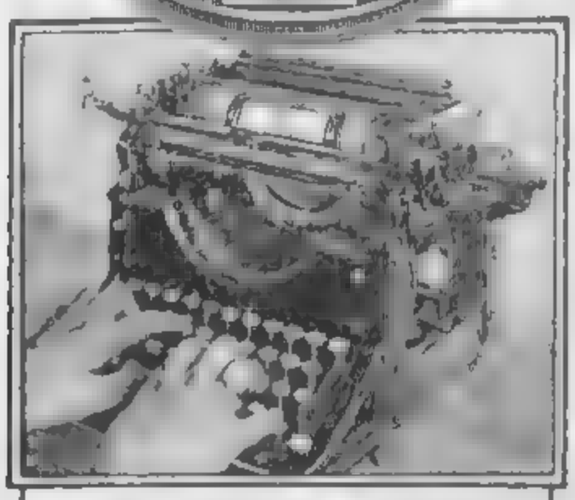

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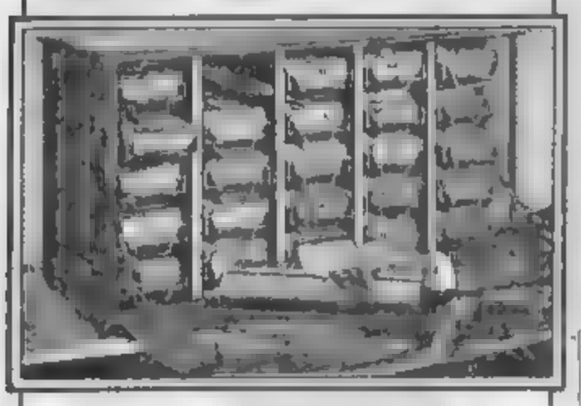

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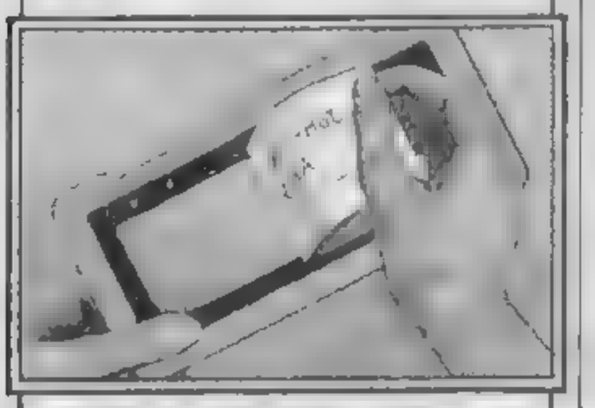

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THE ELLIOTT COMPANY

BUMPED

(Continued from Page 30)

"Could you do something more too?" she says.

"What would that be?" he asks, staring, surprised and kind of uneasy.

"Would you be willing to have my father stop with us after we were married?"

"I would," he says after a short hesitation, for he loved her well. "I would," he says, repeating it to bolster up his courage. "But why? What makes you ask it?"

"Then I'll bump him!" she says in a quick, sharp, kind of grateful voice. "Right away!"

"Bump him?" he says, confused. "How?"

"In the stomach," she says, flushing with a sudden anger and vexation.

"In the stomach?" he says, loud. For she was a soft, well-spoken girl, who never used any rough or untidy talk at any time; and that was one thing why he liked her.

"I mean it," she says to him when he stood staring. "I mean just that. I'll strike, myself!" she says, rosier and more flushed up than ever.

"What—your father?" he says, stepping back. "In the stomach?"

"In the stomach!" she says. "The one place where he never could stand striking. I'll do to him what he's been doing himself. I'll bump him—I'll bump him out of house and home the way he's done to so many others," she says.

She started crying with vexation. And he let her cry it out, patting and comforting her.

"You've no idea," she says then after a while, explaining her idea, "how it is living with him—everything so particular and special. It's all the English cooking he must have, unlike American entirely. The bacon, fat and soft and English," she says. "And all kinds of crumpets and muffins," she says, "such as you never see in this country. And if he don't get them he'd get down sick—partly sick and partly mad," she says. "But it all comes to the same thing in the end."

"Ah," he says.

"Yes," she says. "And you have no idea what a baby he is—what a fuss he makes about himself around the house. If he cuts himself shaving you'd think there was murder. And if he bumps his finger with a hammer the world must be drowned and deluged with arnica. And as for his stomach," she says, "you can have no suspicion even how delicate he's made it, just talking about it all the time, and how an Englishman must have sound, healthy, nourishing food always to keep his health."

"Oh," says Tommy.

"And I'm the only one that can cook all those different things he wants, and that he thinks he's got to have to keep on living."

"I see," he says.

"Good-by," she says, breaking away. "I'm going home right now to start on him. I'm going to start my muffins."

And she run along home.

"What's this?" says her father, taking up one in the morning and throwing it down like a ton weight on the table.

"And what's this?" he says, taking up a piece of bacon, fried to a crisp, while she stood, white first and then flushed all over, breathing hard, but saying nothing.

"It's your warning," she says, speaking finally. "Your notice."

"My warning?" he says, dropping his knife and fork at once, from where he had them standing up in each hand, English fashion. "My warning? Of what?"

"Of what you'll get to eat from now on," she says, "when somebody else cooks for you. When I leave you!"

"Leave me!" he says, swearing dreadful.

"Yes," she says, her voice coming stronger now, and a color like the last rose of summer upon her cheeks. "The first of this coming week."

"Leave me!" he says. "How can you—if I say not to?"

"I'm of age," she says, her eye meeting his and holding it for the first time in her life. "And more. So I'm leaving."

"Leaving," he says, turning away from her eye and what he saw there, and taking a different direction. "Leaving, you say. Then who'll take care of me? Who'll fix your old pop's bacon for him, and get his muffins good for him?" he says, getting kind of sentimental, like he always did when he got talking about himself to her.

"I can't tell you that," she says, hard. "I suppose you'll have to eat like all of the Americans do—out of the bakeries," she says, calm and self-controlled outside, though fluttering wild inside. "After I'm leaving."

"Leaving!" He started roaring worse than ever now. "Leaving! I forbid it! Leaving! What got that idea into your head all at once?"

"Bumping!" she says, and turned loose on him. "I'm all sick and tired out with bumping. I'll be bumped no more for you. I've been bumped here and I've been bumped there and I've been bumped all over. And I've had the hand of man and the tongue of woman out against me for this for the last time! I've plead with you and begged with you and wept with you—to no avail! So now I'm done. From now on," she says, "when you bump you bump alone!"

"And what'll you do?" he says.

"That'll be all right. That's fixed already," she says. "I've got my job all ready for me."

He didn't answer her. His mind was too full. And she went out into the kitchen.

"I never thought it would come to this," he says, snatching his coat and hat. "My own daughter!" he says, and put them on and banged out of the house.

But he couldn't forget it. It set heavy on him all day long—the excitement and the wrong breakfast and the luncheon she had put up for him—all American cooking—baker's bread and all that. And by night, with his anger and that new food he always had been set against, his stomach got terrible. And then he came in and tried to eat the roast beef - and that was worse. He never tasted stuff like it in all his life—all cooked up solid—no blood gravy to it—just brown grease.

He went to bed without a word to her all that evening. But if he looked to have her come around he soon seen he was mistaken. And along toward three o'clock in the morning he awoke with a terrible pain and grinding in the center of the stomach.

"I hope you're satisfied," he says when he'd yelled for her to come in. "You've killed me. You've taken your poor father's life with your bloody cooking," he says. "I'm gone—done for!"

"Nonsense!" she says. "Father. Nonsense. Buck up," she says, more and more surprised every minute at the way she found herself talking to him. "I'm just taking the best way out—and showing you how you'll get on after I'm leaving you."

And then she left him there, lying still and careful on his back, with the hot water bottle on him—and went away. And the next morning he had the same thing over again on the breakfast table—only worse—all American cooking now—baker's bread and all that. And he just shoved it all on the floor, and walked out without speaking. It was as bad that night—worse. Ham out of a delicatessen store now, that would kill a dog—and just German mustard. And in the middle of the night he had another hard attack.

"I'm gone," he says, "this time. You've done what you were arfter!" And he cursed then something awful.

And a minute after, he saw her coming in with her hat and coat on.

"What's this?" he says, straightening up out of a cramp.

"I'm going now," she says, "a little earlier than I expected. I can't stand this!" she says, alluding to his swearing.

"Go, that's right!" he says. "Go—and leave me dying!" But he hollered her back before she got to the door.

"Do something," he says. "Do something—quick! I never felt so near death's door. I'm stiffening fast," he says.

"Oh, nonsense, father!" she says, going on now, browbeating him as if she'd always done so. "Why are you men always such big babies—the minute you get a pain on you? You've got to learn to eat like other folks sometime."

But he only groaned and coughed. And at breakfast he was so bad he could just hold himself together. And the bacon was burned, and there was only that thin baker's bread; and the tea was just boiled copper cents; there was no taste of the vegetable to it. It was all poison to his

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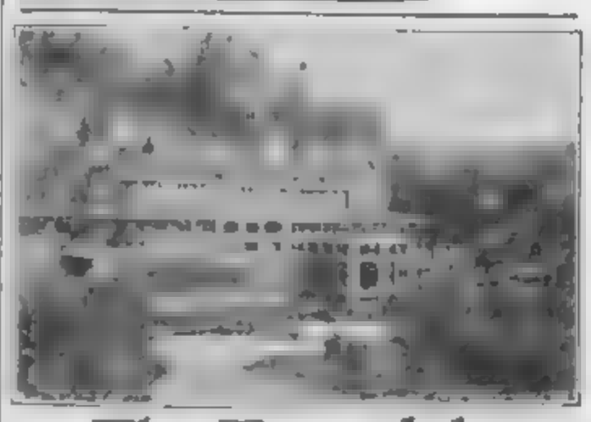

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stomach; he could feel it poisoning him as it went down and settled on the bottom—all waste, poison stuff with no nourishment to it.

He was so weak he couldn't but just hardly pull out the door; and by night, when he come back, he was gone; not in no pain any longer, but just listless—all gone!

"So you're leaving me," he says to her finally, speaking first that night. "You're leaving me—like this!"

And she said yes, she was—next week.

"Your old father!" he says. "Your poor old pop!"

And she said nothing.

"Did he ever deny you anything?" he says, leading on his talk to her. "Anything in your life? If you just asked him—asked him pretty for it?"

And she said nothing, waiting, though it was hard work—against all nature and the previous training of an English girl—for her to do so.

"Suppose," he says, "suppose I told you that I'd do just what you want me to? That I'd stop bumping them?"

"Forever?" she says, quick—and then held herself back.

"Yes, I will!" he come back, eager. "I will—if you say so—and you'll stay home with me!"

And she looked back at him with tears in her big blue eyes, hearing how pitiful he talked.

"I wish I could, pop," she says. "I only wish I could. But it's too late now."

"Too late! You wish you could!" he says, roaring, his strength all coming back to him again. "Why can't you?"

"I'm promised," she says. "That's the truth of it."

"Promised how?" he come back, roaring harder yet.

"To be married."

"To be married!" he yelled after her.

"This coming week."

"Married!" he says. "To who?"

And she told him, edging toward the door as she done so—to be on the safe side. And it was well she did, for he come after her. And she grabbed her hat and coat and come running out in the street, and him after her, stopping, standing, shouting deadly curses from the doorway.

Then she run out and stayed with a girl friend that night, and telephoned over to Tommy Nugent all the particulars when she got there. "I had him," she says, "kind of weakening. I thought I had him all our way once. But now I'm afraid I've lost him—when he found out it was you!"

And he went from the telephone and told it fast and anxious to his mother.

"Don't worry," she says, with the wisdom of woman beaming in her eyes. "Let him work on. He'll be getting his own breakfast in the morning. Let her telephone to-night and tell him where she is. That's all—so he can reach her."

And along that next night, when she had done so—not in the morning, but about the meal time in the evening—the girl went to the telephone—called up to talk to him.

"Come 'ome!" he says. "Come 'ome! For God's sake! All is forgiven. Come 'ome—and make me one more decent cup of English tea—or a muffin or a crumpet. I'm dying," he says, "right now to-night," he says, "for decent, strengthening English food—that won't all churn and turn to poison in my stomach."

"Will you promise?" she says, for she could tell by his voice how bad he was broken.

"Yes."

"Not to bump again—at all?"

"I promise," he says, like one repeating a lesson.

"And let me marry Tommy Nugent?" she says.

"I promise," he says. "You can marry who and all you please. But for God's sake come 'ome and make me one more decent cup of tea before I die. For I'm terrible ill," he says.

"I'm coming right over, pop," she says, and went over right away.

And when she had put on a square English meal for him and it was over, he sat down and began questioning her—and begging her.

"You ain't going now," he says, "and get married," he says, "and leave me out in the cold entirely? Your poor old British dad?" he says. "Out of 'ouse and 'ome and food! I'd pay my shot if I come with you," he says, talking piteous. "You can count on that."

"I know you would, dad," she says, smoothing down his hair—and waited, holding back.

"I'd pay it good," he says, and named a figure.

"That's just fine," she says to him. "That's lovely," she says. For she thought it was almost enough for them to live on. "And I know Tommy will be tickled to death to have you come. He told me so," she says, going on far and wide, now she was started. "He always liked and admired you greatly. Only he said he was afraid you might not like him."

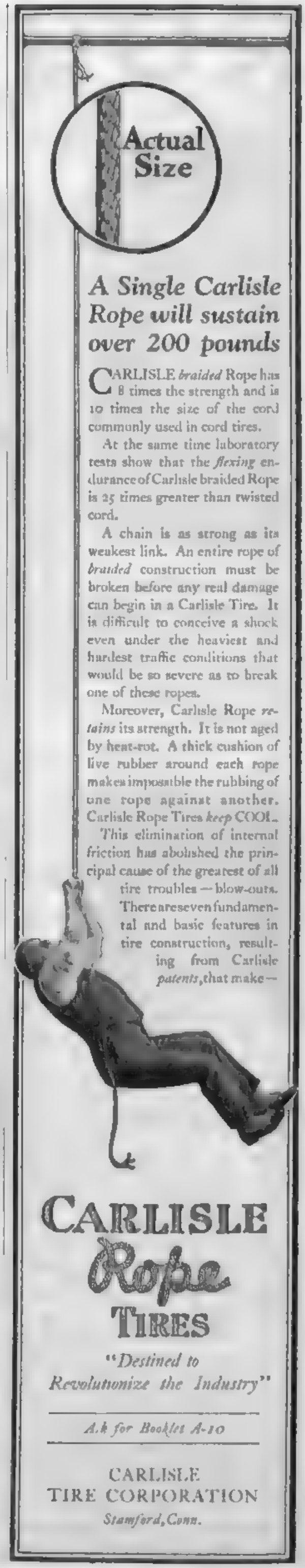
"He's wrong!" says the Englishman. "I always liked the lad," he says. "He looks like a young Englishman—in many ways. And I'll take him right up, and show him—how the English take hold of things. The bulldog breed," he says, feeling better already. "The bulldog breed. They'll be more of them no doubt—before so long," he says, squeezing her arm.

"Don't, father, please!" she says, blushing and drawing away from him.

And then she went and telephoned the news to Tommy Nugent, who was waiting; and he gave it to his mother. And they brought their old man—Nugent—around, working together with the local chairman of the union, who they brought in for the purpose.

"You started it," he says to Nugent, "with your cheap practical jokes. And now you've got to come in and help end it. As for you," he says to the boy, "go ahead and get your education done—and come right here and settle down—at once. For I can promise you now you'll be prospering from the start. I'll get you the local business of the railroad," he says. "The division superintendent will see to that. He told me to say so.

"And you know yourself what the folks around, up and down the line, will do when they find out what it was—and who it was—that stopped the bumping when all else had failed. They'll all come to you, when they know how it was finally done. For we tried reasoning," he says, "and we tried threatening, and we tried kindness," he says—"all, everything we could think of. And they were all no good. And in the end it was just what your mother said," says the local chairman, looking over at her now and winking. "'Twas love that done it—'twas love that stopped this war and bumping, when all else failed. As it always does and will," he says, "*in secula seculorum*—world without end, Amen!"



A Single Carlisle Rope will sustain over 200 pounds

CARLISLE *braided* Rope has 8 times the strength and is 10 times the size of the cord commonly used in cord tires.

At the same time laboratory tests show that the *flexing* endurance of Carlisle braided Rope is 25 times greater than twisted cord.

A chain is as strong as its weakest link. An entire rope of *braided* construction must be broken before any real damage can begin in a Carlisle Tire. It is difficult to conceive a shock even under the heaviest and hardest traffic conditions that would be so severe as to break one of these ropes.

Moreover, Carlisle Rope *retains* its strength. It is not aged by heat-rot. A thick cushion of live rubber around each rope makes impossible the rubbing of one rope against another. Carlisle Rope Tires *keep* COOL.

This elimination of internal friction has abolished the principal cause of the greatest of all tire troubles—blow-outs. There are seven fundamental and basic features in tire construction, resulting from Carlisle *patents*, that make—

CARLISLE Rope TIRES

"Destined to Revolutionize the Industry"

Ask for Booklet A-10

CARLISLE TIRE CORPORATION

Stamford, Conn.

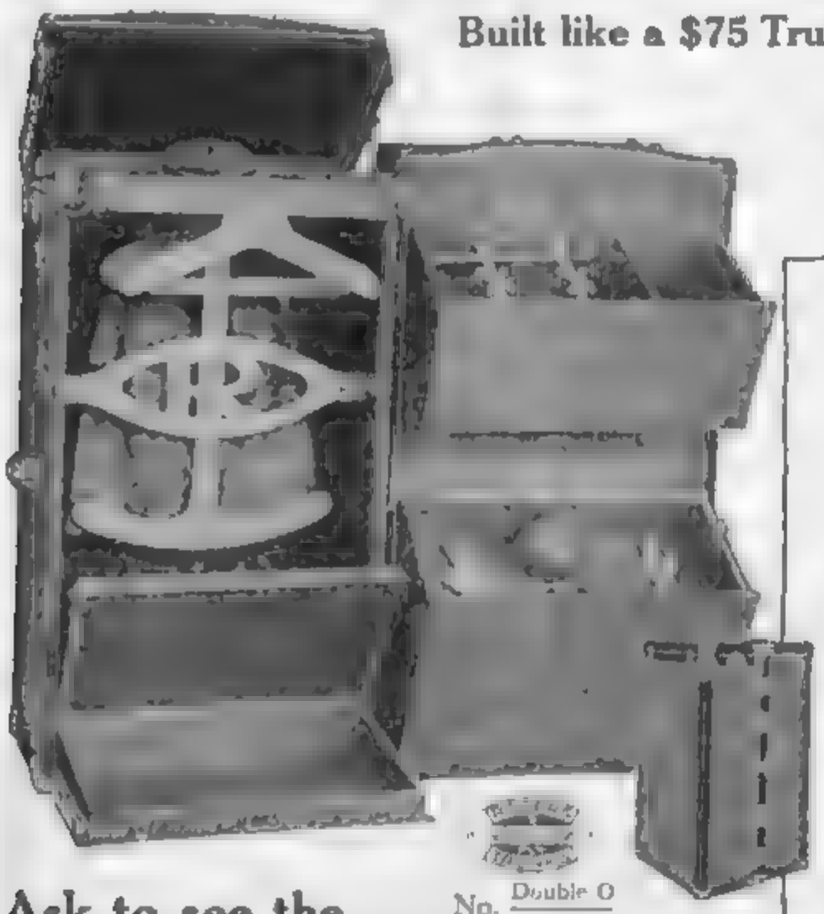
ROGERS

"Pacemaker $40." WARDROBE TRUNKS

Built like a $75 Trunk—but costs only

$40

[$45 West of the Mississippi]



Hat Boxes for Men and Women

Bulge-top

12 *Hangers—4 different styles*

Strong locks

Locking Device that really locks

All drawers of wood and lined with Cretonne throughout

Finished in two shades of Berkshire Brown

5-ply box

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Ask to see the "ROGERS Pacemaker"

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EFFICIENCY AND BILL

(Continued from Page 9

This made three apartments to collect the rents from and oversee generally, and Bill did it, because George stuck to the advertising business and gave Bill all he could make to put into furnishing. He wrote some very clever advertisements about the apartments, too, and put them in rather odd papers and magazines, you might think; but people seemed to see them. Their next apartment they furnished to suit people who were fond of books and liked a larger library than small apartments usually have. There wasn't any formal drawing-room, but there were bookshelves everywhere, and Bill took a lot of extra books that Rissa had put in storage in the old carriage house, and brought in more than two hundred from our old library that was stored in the cellar of St. Mark's Church at home, and had them all catalogued and put on the shelves. He brought in two or three of our old-fashioned pictures too—steel-engravings of the Forum and things by Michelangelo, and hung them between the books, and he had father's old walnut secretary with the pigeonholes that he used to play post office in brought in by a motor truck. It seemed awfully wasteful, though I had to admit that the two rooms, treated like one large one, looked amazingly comfortable in an old-fashioned way.

"But everyone is having Italian things now," Rissa told him, "or crazy orange-colored interiors, with parrots in the window and purple glass jars. If you must run such a risk, why not run as little risk as possible? Study what the decorators are doing, why don't you?"

"Aha!" Bill answered triumphantly. "That's just the point, sis! All decorators' apartments look alike. This is for the people who don't like parrots."

And they rented it inside of a month to an elderly gentleman from Philadelphia who was writing his grandfather's life. He signed a lease for three years one afternoon when I was there helping Bill arrange some books he had bought at a rummage sale.

After that they moved away uptown on the West Side and rented three apartments in succession to Columbia professors, and Rissa had to admit that Bill really was in business. Certainly he had never been so busy. He went out of town Sundays with George Hawkesworth and looked up secondhand furniture and books and pictures and china, and they did get the most extraordinary bargains; comfortable sorts of things, half worn, that really looked homelike, you see, and not like those sample rooms that professional decorators make. Bill said that only women liked those, and that he and George were advertising apartments that men would like to live in.

Sarles was much interested, and got him two apartments at once for doctors who were friends of his and wanted to move.

It was while he was down South buying up a lot of old furniture he had heard of in a little town in Georgia that the news of Mr. Plympton's company's failure and his death came out in the papers. Of course we shouldn't have noticed it much, except that we had come so near to being relatives-in-law of the Plymptons, and Mr. Plympton had practically promised to make Bill general manager some day. Although we never spoke of them nowadays, we naturally read about the failure, and we were rather unpleasantly surprised to find it was clearly intimated that Mr. Plympton, whom everybody considered so responsible and clever, was the principal cause of it.

Sarles tried to explain it to me, but I am not very good at business, and all I could really understand was that Mr. Plympton's board of directors were what is called dummies, and he attended to everything. In doing this he made some very unwise investments and dismissed a good many old employes who might have been helpful to the business, taking on in their places a lot of new men who didn't understand very well about things, so that what he was doing wasn't made clear till the failure actually happened, and then it was too late. It was while he was making these changes that Bill went into the company.

"And do you know, Florrie, it almost looks to me as if Bill had got wind of all this, somehow, and got out," Sarles told me.

"You mean he wasn't willing," said I.

"Just so. He wasn't willing," said Sarles. "Not that I know this, of course, but it looks that way to me. Don't you remember how reserved he was about it all? I said to him once that Marjory must be a thorough Blair, because she wasn't a bit like Mrs. Plympton, and certainly didn't seem to have much in common with her stepfather, and Bill stiffened up and said 'No, thank God!' I thought then he seemed rather unnecessarily bitter. But I'll bet you now he knew!"

"Why, Sarles," I said, "how could he? You know Bill is such a child about business! How could he guess what the real, experienced men out there didn't know?"

"I know," Sarles said. "That's what's so funny about it. For, of course, we all know that Bill's all up in the air."

I was always very fond of Marjory. She was the only one of all the girls Bill had been in love with that I had really liked. Of course she was impractical and irresponsible and flyaway, like Bill, and really wouldn't have been much of a wife in one way for a boy of Bill's temperament. But how could you blame her for that, poor child? She'd never had to lift a hand for herself, and Mr. Plympton and her mother spoiled her to death. Mr. Blair was a literary man—a sort of poet, Mrs. Plympton told us—and Marjory had inherited a great deal of his disposition, which was charming; but you couldn't count much on it, Mrs. Plympton said with a sigh, if you wanted to get anything done regularly. This was what made Mr. Plympton seem such a relief, she said.

Of course I wanted to see them, to see if there was anything we could do, and I persuaded Rissa to help me find them; but even with Sarles to advise us we couldn't seem to accomplish much. Mr. Plympton had died of pneumonia very suddenly, and Mrs. Plympton and Marjory had gone away, leaving no address, or if they had left one, there seemed to be no way of getting hold of it. We couldn't very well advertise or employ a detective, Sarles reminded us, and so there didn't seem to be anything more to do.

We judged that Bill wouldn't have seen anything about it, 'way off in the little country town he'd gone to, and Rissa persuaded me not to mention it to him.

"What good would it be?" she said. "He's just crazy and romantic enough to think that he ought to find Marjory and marry her now. As he didn't want to then, when he might have, he presumably doesn't want to now. He seems interested in this furnishing game just at present, and it keeps him busy and contented. Why not leave him alone while the fit lasts?"

Of course Rissa can always make me see anything her way. So I practically agreed that she was right, though I felt a little mean about it somehow. But it was here that Sarles surprised us. Men are very odd: they are always telling you not to interfere, and to let things alone and they'll work out, and numberless other sayings of that sort. And yet they will occasionally interfere in the strangest way themselves!

When Rissa mentioned to Sarles that we had decided not to tell Bill about the Plympton failure he was much surprised.

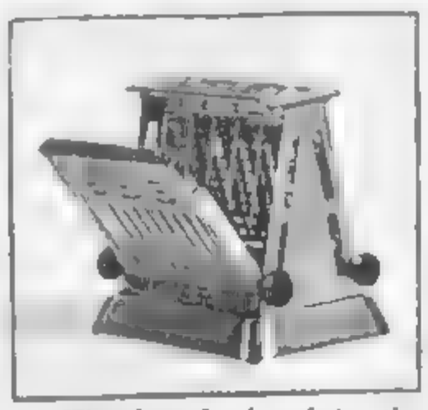
"Do you think that's quite the thing, Riss?" he said at once.

"I can't see why not," she said. "It's all over now, their affair, and why drag it all up again? I do hope you'll let me be the judge of this, Sarles. I've thought it all out very carefully, and I'm sure it's best."

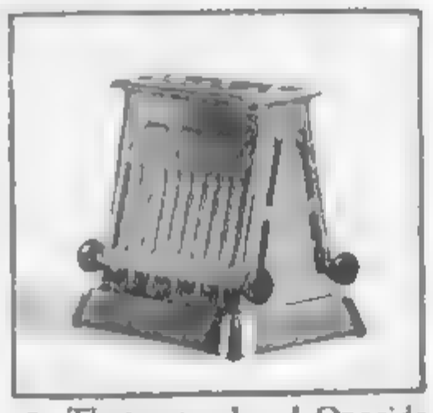
"I don't doubt it, my dear," said he, "but I shall use my own judgment."

And as soon as Bill got back he told him. Bill went straight out to Chicago and found out in a few hours what we hadn't been able to learn in several days. He hunted up an old bookkeeper who had been for years and years with Mr. Plympton, and this old man told him, after a little urging, that Marjory and her mother were living quietly by themselves, but he wasn't at liberty to say where. Everything had been sold, and the creditors were practically satisfied, he said. She had Mr. Blair's life insurance, which Mr. Plympton had never allowed her to use. They were poor, of course, but perfectly comfortable and independent, and had decided to make a complete break with all their old associations and begin again. Mrs. Plympton had been dreadfully shocked by the failure and the publicity and all, and Miss Marjory

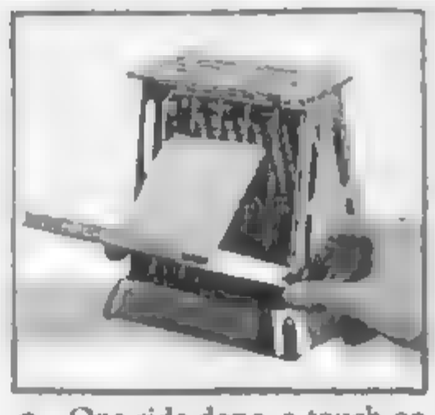
(Continued on Page 128)



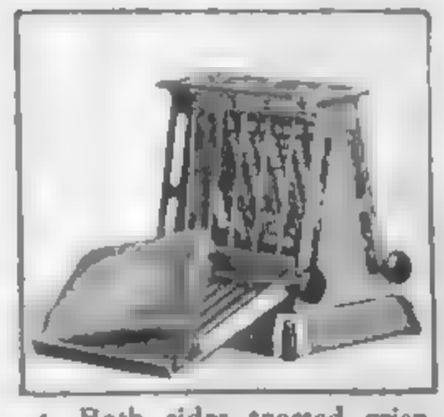
1 The bread placed in the toaster ready to start.



2 The toaster closed. One side of the bread is being toasted.



3 One side done, a touch on the knob turns the toast.



4 Both sides toasted crisp, delicious, done just right.

The Newest Turnover Toaster —a Hotpoint Servant

YOU probably know the woman who seems to pay more attention to her electric toaster than to the folks at the table.

Imagine her relief with the new *Hotpoint Turnover Toaster.*

The *heat,* as you would expect in a Hotpoint Servant, is just *right* —giving confidence of delicious toast without constant watching.

* * *

Now the Hotpoint Housekeeping Engineers have added a *practical* turnover feature to the *perfect toasting qualities* of the older Hotpoint Toaster.

Bread sliced thick or thin, as you prefer, is turned *every time* at a touch on the cool knobs. Making the Hotpoint Toaster even more practical than ever before.

Typical of Hotpoint Servants, the new Toaster is announced only after it has been perfected as a *real* improvement. Thoroughly satisfying those who think more of a tradition of service than of catching the market with "clever" electrical novelties.

Some Other

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Table Stove
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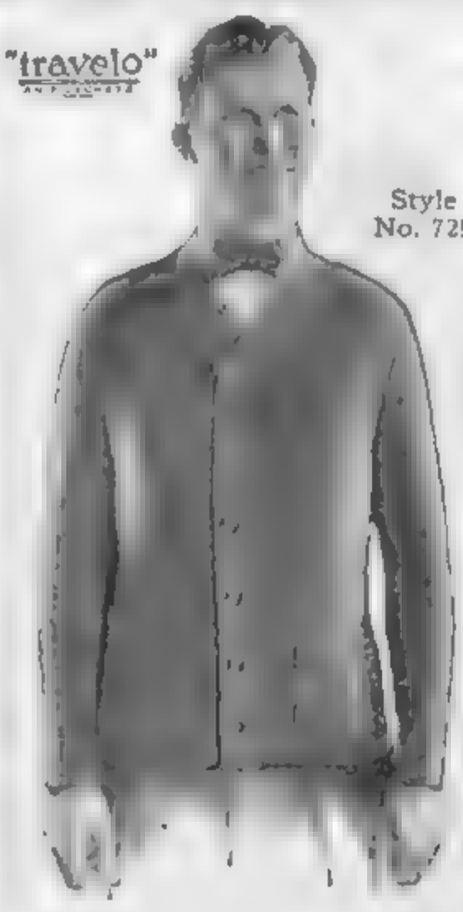
and the
Hotpoint-Hughes
Electric Ranges

Hotpoint

SERVANTS

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.

Boston New York Atlanta Chicago St. Louis Ontario, Cal. Salt Lake City



Every Purpose for
Everyman — Everywhere

You are your own best judge as to why you need a "travelo" knit jacket. But whether you want one for business, knockabout or sports wear, the usable, wearable, likable, durable "travelo" is a wonderful jacket to own. The model illustrated is but one of several which you will find at your dealer's, in a fine selection of handsome heathers. But please remember, only when a jacket bears the "travelo" label are you certain to obtain a garment made by the original "travelo" elastic knit process, which assures perfect fit and shape.

Over 5,000 Dealers sell "travelo" knit jackets; but please write us if you don't find them. And mention color preference, style and size.

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ORIENTAL Superstition?—Perhaps so—but at least an interesting relic of Asiatic Antiquity. Alleged by the Chinese to be almost uncanny in its power to bring to the wearer GOOD LUCK—Health, Happiness, Prosperity, and Long Life.

This odd looking ring excites great interest when observed on your finger. Go to *your local jewelry store at once* and ask to see this odd CHINESE GOOD LUCK RING and obtain a copy of its *history*.

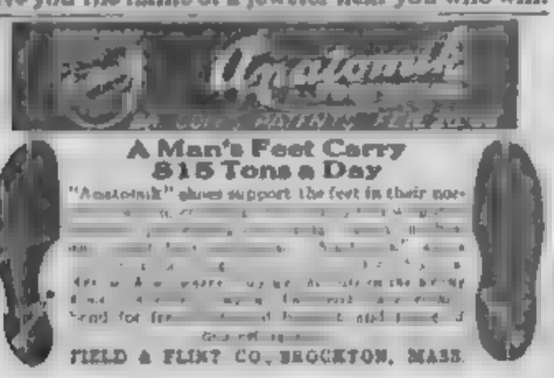
None genuine without the ☆ stamped inside the ring

Ladies Size, Solid Sterling Silver
One Dollar

At Your Local Jewelry Store

Ask Also to See It in Gold

If your jeweler will not supply you, write Desk 17 1331 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and we will give you the name of a jeweler near you who will.



(Continued from Page 126)

had just picked her up and carried her off. That was all.

"And there was nothing more for me to do," said Bill, "so I came back. I was much obliged to Sarles. And really, Flops, I was a little surprised at you. Not that you wouldn't have told me, of course, Rissa or no Rissa."

"I did feel rather queer about it, Bill," I admitted. "But Rissa was so afraid that you would get excited about it and insist on finding Marjory ——"

"Why should I insist on finding her?" he said. "She doesn't want to be found. I wish Rissa didn't think everything was a novel that she was writing."

Rissa laughed very good-naturedly when I told her about this.

"Thank goodness, he's growing up at last!" she said. "Perhaps he'll fall in love with one of his clients next—a sensible one—and actually settle down."

For that was what Bill insisted we must call them—clients.

He had bought more furniture in the South than he had expected to, and a good deal of it was bureaus and wardrobes and beds. It was this that gave him his next idea. He took an old-fashioned apartment next door to a good restaurant and made the library and dining room into bedrooms. Then he advertised it as a home for four men, who could get a housekeeper and either have their meals cooked at home and served in the drawing-room, as in lodgings, or have them sent in from the restaurant, or they could go and eat there, just as they pleased. Three men from George Hawksworth's office rented it immediately, with an outside friend, and this friend got them an order for another apartment just like it for four friends of his. They had no housekeeper and didn't dare engage one, so Bill asked me to do it for him, and I got them old Katy, who cooked for us when we lived with Aunt Ella.

That gave him an idea, and with his next apartment, which he furnished for an elderly couple who would like carpets and a double bed and a sort of little conservatory arrangement in the dining-room window, and a parrot cage, he offered to provide the service if the clients would agree to his rules. He and I made up the rules, which Rissa said were idiotic, but the maids and the elderly couple—who appeared the second day after the advertisement—both agreed to them, and Bill dropped in once a month to see if there were any complaints. There never were, and the old lady, who took a great fancy to Bill, always kept him to supper and had soft molasses cake and stewed pears and fried ham in milk sauce, which Bill adores.

We saw very little of him by this time, because he was terribly busy, of course, all day, with renting and collecting and furnishing, and at night he and George had to do the advertising and the accounts and the planning generally. But he used to drop in on us Sunday afternoons, and Sarles always stopped reading and asked him all sorts of questions and laughed and laughed, the way he used to laugh at Rissa. He said Bill was very much like her, and I began to see what he meant. You see, neither Rissa nor Bill ever minds a bit what anybody else thinks of them or their ideas. Other people may laugh, but they go right on.

One Sunday afternoon Bill was telling us about his last apartment. A queer old spinster, whose house he had seen when he was in the South, had just decided to give it up and go abroad. She had offered the furniture, which was simply wonderful, to Bill, and he and George had borrowed some money and bought it. They had advertised it in two expensive magazines as a complete Southern interior, with a photograph of the dining room and the old darky butler who went with it, and rented it immediately to a famous moving-picture actress. The price was very large, and we were congratulating Bill most warmly, for she had taken a long lease; but we all noticed that he didn't seem very enthusiastic himself. In fact, he was very grumpy about the actress, and called her the movie maniac and the film freak whenever he spoke of her.

"I don't believe the lady liked you, Bill," Rissa said at last, but he only sniffed.

"I hope not. I certainly didn't like her," he answered.

"What was the matter, old man?" Sarles asked.

"Oh, she was all right," Bill explained. "There wasn't anything the matter with her, I suppose. But she looked so darn silly among all those lovely things! She's a vamp, you know, professionally, and she's about the size and shape of a lamppost, with bright pink hair and all covered with green jade earrings and things. She's crazy about the place, and I must say she seems to appreciate the stuff. She raved about the lusters and the rosewood piano and the curtains especially. She's no fool. But to see her in front of poor old Miss Leffingwell's tea tray, slapping on that lip stick and feeding those sickening Pekingese pups, was simply ghastly. She ought to live in a poster, not that apartment."

Rissa began to laugh.

"Of course, Bill," she said, "you'll always be bothered very much in your business if this is the way you're going to take it. You can't always expect old gentlemen from Philadelphia who'll fit into the picture, you know. You ought to look them over very carefully when they answer your advertisements, and turn them down if they don't fit in with your plans. 'I'm sorry, madam, but you are too Early Victorian, really, for this Italian interior. I'm afraid you won't do!' That's what you'll come to!"

We all laughed, for Rissa imitates Bill almost as well as he imitates her. But Bill didn't laugh. He just stared dreamily at her and made little rings in the air with his finger, to follow her smoke rings.

"Not a bad idea, sis," he said, and soon after that he went home.

In less than a week he mailed me a new advertisement. It was a neat little pamphlet, with a picture of a stout, hook-nosed woman in a tiara and a short-skirted evening gown, cut very low, sitting in a prim colonial drawing-room, with a footman in knee breeches offering her a big bunch of orchids. Beneath the picture it said:

If you have a charming period home, why spoil the effect with your own appearance? Do you know what sort of background your type requires? Have you ever studied this? Your surroundings should express you—do yours? Messrs. Etheridge & Wisner have made a lifelong study of this and are prepared to consult with clients before taking the first important steps in home planning. Remember, it is not what you happen to like, but what actually suits you best that brings out your good points. Your dressmaker fits your clothes to you; who fits your apartment to you?

When I read this I thought that Bill was crazy, but Rissa felt differently about it.

"I shouldn't wonder if the lunatic pulled the thing off," she said, and nodded her head several times.

Well, he did pull it off!

A very rich woman from Texas—her heart was as big as her bank account, Bill told us—came to him about an Italian Renaissance duplex apartment she wanted on Park Avenue. She was very blond, with a great deal of color, and she weighed two hundred pounds, because she ate a great deal and never walked farther than across the room. She had two quite handsome daughters who had got themselves up to look like young French widows, Bill said.

He told us he was very high and mighty with her, and refused to do her unless she would be Early Victorian. So she agreed to this, and her portrait in a big flowered silk, on a rosewood sofa, with the girls leaning over it, in white, and some wax flowers, and a wool-worked hassock, was exhibited with wild success on Fifth Avenue. Bill persuaded the girls to embroider fire screens, and one married the artist who painted them, and the other has just announced her engagement to Sir Wilfred Crytchley, who is master of hounds somewhere in Surrey. Bill says it is all owing to him.

I was there myself when he persuaded the little pink lady with the pointy nose that she ought to have what she always called a "Louis" drawing-room, all pink and gold, with little statuettes of Venuses and things. She wanted Jacobean and a great deal of white plaster, but Bill persuaded her. And really she looked like a clever little marquise in it when it was done. The only trouble was, she wasn't clever at all; but Bill said that everybody had to expect to find some hopeless flaw in his method—and this was his!

They got so much remodeling to do that they decided to take in a young architect, who could help out in the office when he wasn't busy. But after a while he had less time, himself, and I used to go in to the office and help out afternoons. It was quite interesting to watch Bill handle the people. They would listen to him with the greatest respect—which always seemed funny to me—and even the ones who

SAVE YOUR BATTERY! Carry a "BREAK-NOT" BATTERY TESTER in your tool box—most accurate, reliable instrument to use; tells exact battery condition at a glance.

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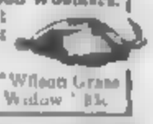
It is true that you can't make a good catch every time you go out, but never give up until you have tried Wilson Wobblers. They land the big ones. At your dealer's, or sent direct on receipt of price.

"Wilson Fluted Wobbler" 85c

Hastings Sporting Goods Co. Hastings, Mich.



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PATENTS. WRITE for free illustrated guide book and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature.
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Ever Hear of a Puzzle Peg Widow?

A lady signing herself a "Puzzle Peg Widow" wrote:

"The cellar's full of ashes,
The furnace fire is out,
[illegible]
My husband's not a drunkard
Who reels around a keg

Have you tried to solve it yet? Thousands have [illegible] fascinating solitaire game

Puzzle-Peg

[illegible] makes fun for all [illegible] but [illegible] offers 30 baffling problems every one of which keeps you busy for hours. Free booklet explains game shows 30 problems. Sold for only 50c wherever good games are sold. If you have trouble in getting your set send 50c and we will mail you a set postpaid.

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Superior Cars, Superior Service
The only way - Interesting - Economical

Maps and Guides free at Tourist Agents or mailed 2¢ for each city. Address

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argued with him and held out for what they wanted always gave way when he looked at them quietly and said:

"Of course, madam, you will do exactly as you choose. I, myself, couldn't see you in any but the interior I have sketched out for you, and I shouldn't feel justified in going on with it otherwise. But there are dozens of other men, no doubt, who will be delighted to oblige you."

Other men! Bill! It was too absurd.

But after they got that big apartment house on Madison Avenue it was quite clear that a secretary would be needed. George managed the books evenings, and had just about decided to give up his own job in a few months and take up the real-estate end of things, with the advertising. Mr. Fleete took on a great deal of buying and decorating, besides the remodeling, and Bill kept himself free for the clients, because he was the only one who could manage them. George Hawkesworth said frankly that he would sink into the floor with shame if he should even try it, and Mr. Fleete, though he agreed that he might be able to do it if necessary, warned Bill that he was more than likely to get giggling. Bill was quite severe with him.

"Giggling?" he asked him. "What do you mean, giggling? When a pug-nosed, bow-legged heavyweight with frizzy gray hair tells me she has always loved Ompeer things, because they're so sort of classic, don't you think I feel more like bursting into tears myself? Giggling!"

George wrote a careful advertisement for the secretary, which Rissa said would require a postgraduate angel with a past, if the requirements were to be met, and then they asked me to interview the applicants with them. It seemed to me they were very hard to suit.

Bill said that "pretty" was not the word exactly; she must be a distinct treat to the eye. George said that she must have studied modern filing systems thoroughly, but not be in the least hidebound about them, and stand ready to adapt herself to his, which was rather original. Mr. Fleete felt that in her odd moments she ought to be able to do a lot of shopping, and pretty darned intelligently too. Rissa said that all her moments in that office were quite likely to be odd, poor girl.

I began to think they'd never find one. At least, as Rissa said, not on this poor planet.

But one afternoon when I dropped in, Mr. Fleete was much elated.

"She's just gone, Miss Florrie, but she's to call in again to-morrow, and you must be here to see her. She's a peach. She saw my point about the filing directly; she loves shopping, and she's so good-looking that I've practically proposed to her and got it over. She's awfully interested in the idea, and by George, she's made for the business! I wish Bill could have been in here half an hour ago. His eyes would have popped out of his head. She landed a client for us."

"Why, how could she?" I asked.

"Just as I'd finished giving her the idea of the thing, and showed her our ads," he went on, "a tall, thin, cross-looking spinster marched in leading a Russian wolfhound as big as a small horse.

"'I've called about a letter from Mr. Wisner,' says she, 'and I've brought my dog, because I wish nothing in the apartment that is likely to annoy him or get in his way.'

"Well, I got the giggles, just as I told Bill I should. You see, all I could think of was to tell her that the furniture would have to be attached to the ceiling in that case, and of course I couldn't keep a straight face. And besides that, Miss Florrie, there isn't any style under heaven that would have suited that woman and that dog. She was the kind that wears tweeds and flat square shoes and awful oblong felt hats—you know—and thin! Thin as a chimney-pot extension!

"Well, I began to choke and cough and flap my hands in the air, and the beast of a dog began to growl at me and I was scared to death. And just as I thought the game was up, and she was beginning to gulp as if she'd swallowed a pint of vinegar, that angel of a girl steps out and smiles and says, 'Mr. Wisner isn't in, madam, but can't I get a rough idea of what you require, before he comes? What a magnificent dog! Of course anyone could see that you want a strong, simple effect, without any clutter—large pieces.'

"'That is just it,' says Old Vinegar, and before I'd finished blowing my nose the girl has her all settled in a kind of Gothic outfit, and actually shows her pictures out of a Boutet de Monvel book of crusaders. She ate it up. Mullioned windows and carved chests and coats of arms—gosh, she ought to have worn armor herself, Miss Florrie!

"'But I should hardly do in this beautiful picture,' says she, with a gleam of human intelligence, looking at her terrible brown spats. 'Poor Falco would be ashamed of me!'

"'But you could have a sort of tea gown like this,' says the peach, dragging out a pad and sketching a kind of medieval, nightgowny thing, 'in smoke-colored velvet, for instance!'

"'So I could,' says Old Vinegar, very coy, 'but I'm afraid my tailor ——'

"'I know a woman who does that sort of thing beautifully,' says Peaches. 'Shall I give you her address?'

"It was all over. Just like that. You wait till you see Peaches!"

And when she came into the office the next day, it was Marjory Blair!

"Why, Miss Florrie!" she cried, and ran over and gave me a hug.

She'd taken a business course and done very well in two positions already. She loved business, she said, though Mrs. Plympton simply couldn't understand it.

"And how did you happen to come in, Miss Florrie?" she asked.

"Why—why—because of—of Bill!" I stammered out.

"Bill?" she said, very surprised. "Is Bill —— Oh, is he the Etheridge?"

"Why, of course," I said; "he and George."

"But who is Mr. Wisner, then?"

You see, George's name would have told her. But he had never used it, in case his firm mightn't like it, and put his middle name, Wisner, in the advertisements. And of course she never knew Mr. Fleete. I was a little embarrassed, but the young people to-day don't seem to feel this sort of thing at all

"Why, isn't it funny!" she said. "What will Bill say?"

I took care to get hold of Bill and break it to him, but he was as calm about it as she had been.

"Well, well, well!" he said. "Good for her! So Marjory was Peaches! She's got her first commission from Etheridge & Wisner, Flops, that's one sure thing!"

I came in with him when he met her.

"Hello, Madge!" he said; and "Hello, Bill!" she answered, and they shook hands as friendly as possible.

We all went up to supper with her and her mother. They had a comfortable little flat uptown on the West Side, and Mrs. Plympton managed everything but the washing and enjoyed it immensely. We all thought she was much nicer than when she was rich. She had cooked a wonderful supper, and Bill insisted on being the butler, as he was when he first went to them, and kept us all screaming with laughter.

Marjory was just what they needed. She was born for the business, Bill said. She got her old dressmaker interested, and they worked out sketches together, and before long Madame Rose had "recommended by Etheridge & Wisner" on her cards. Bill gave Marjory the commission on every dress she got them, too.

She looked so nice in her little white collar and cuffs, with her smooth thick hair and her clear red cheeks. Even the clients liked her, because she made no pretense at any period herself, and really showed them off. She was supposed to work from nine till five, but she was quite as much interested as the boys, and often and often she'd sketch and plan and write till eight and nine o'clock.

Rissa wasn't so pleased at first, but after a while she told me that she'd decided that it was undoubtedly quite all right.

"The best cure for Bill, if he needs any more cure," she said, "will be to have her in the office like this. A romantic young idiot like Bill needs a little more illusion to keep him in love. When you pay a girl a salary to work a typewriter for you, you can hardly make a moon princess of her."

And I saw that, and felt a little sorry for it, I admit, for I had always liked Marjory, and I used to think them well suited, in the old days.

Mrs. Plympton would never come to call on us, which was silly in a way, but we got used to it and went to see her instead. We never spoke of Mr. Plympton, and Bill told me that she had gradually come to believe that his business troubles had preyed on his mind till he wasn't really responsible for

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Name

Present Position

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4 hours' work a week for this machine pays a dividend over hand-threading—and it's so simple a boy can operate it.
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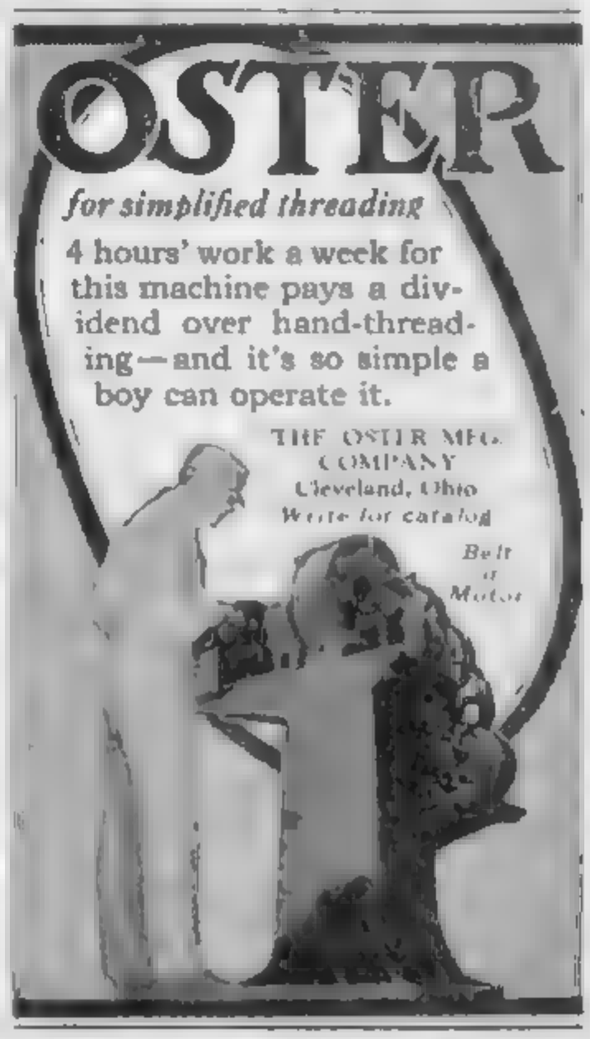

JUST the beauty and business-like appearance of a Milwaukee Pump commands patronage. Its never-failing accuracy and rapid delivery of perfectly filtered "gas" bring the customers back. Years of service have made Milwaukee Tank Works products a National Standard.

The guarantee covers a five year period. Our own rigid factory tests and the Underwriters' label give **double protection** to both user and customer.

Two models from our large line are pictured here. Type 361 "Rapidelivery" Speed Pump, the fastest known hand operated pumper, and Type 58 "Visible."

Country-Wide Sales and Service
Write nearest office

Underground Kant-Leek Tanks

Long Distance Measuring Pump

Lubricating Oil Outfit

Milwaukee Tank Works
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BRANCHES
Boston, Mass. New York Cleveland, Ohio Chicago Minneapolis, Minn. Kansas City, Mo. San Francisco, Cal.

his mistakes. She talked more now of Mr. Blair, Marjory's father, and often said that Marjory was like him! She was quite busy and contented, and even when Marjory insisted on getting a maid her mother superintended everything and went to market every day.

By the end of a year the boys had to move to a larger place, for they needed more room for all the sketches and samples. We had grown used to Bill's success by this time; everybody knew of Etheridge, Fleete & Wisner, and once a woman asked Rissa if she was the sister of the famous decorator!

Many of the other firms tried to imitate him, of course, but Bill had got the name, you see, and George Hawkesworth thought up such clever advertising schemes that they kept their lead, as Sarles put it. And then, as they all admitted, no one could handle clients like Bill.

George Hawkesworth never got used to it. He would get fits of choking and run out when Bill, after a long argument, would pull a curtain dramatically away from a long mirror and say with a kind of disgusted sigh, "Look, Mrs. Jones! Look at what you see there, and tell me honestly, can you see that profile in an Italian frame?"

They always gave way then.

The day before they left the old office they asked me in to tea, and when I got there I was surprised to see Mrs. Plympton, looking rather grand in black satin, and some lovely spring flowers scattered about. They were going out, first, they said, and wanted me to come with them and meet an old Chicago school friend of Marjory's. I should have thought the friend would have come to tea in the office, but as Mrs. Plympton seemed very excited and anxious to go, I followed on, of course. Bill and Marjory were joking and laughing, but George Hawkesworth hardly said a word.

"Is your friend in here, Marjory?" I asked as she and Bill ran up the steps of a little brown church tucked away in the middle of the block.

"Y-yes, Miss Florrie," said Marjory, and I thought she looked rather pale, for her.

"Don't stare at us so, Flops. We're only going to be married!" said Bill. "This is a wedding and you are the guests!"

"Why, Bill!" I said.

"You see, Flops," he told me, putting his arm around me and smiling as nobody but Bill can smile, "it seemed to be unlucky before, with all the fish knives and desk sets and all, and if you ask people they have to send you things. And Madge couldn't stand the clothes and everything. She really can't be spared from the office for fittings. But this part only takes about twenty minutes. It's really much the wisest way."

"But—but what will Rissa think?" I gasped.

"Rissa ran it the last time; it's my turn now," he said.

I never realized that you can be married perfectly well in a blue jersey dress with white collar and cuffs, but you can. Still, Marjory would have made a lovely bride!

The friend from Chicago, far from being shocked, said that this was the only way she would ever be married; so perhaps people are changing.

It was over so quickly. Bill says it is the bridesmaids and the ushers getting themselves arranged that makes weddings so long.

And then we came back to tea, and Mrs. Plympton had a wonderful cake, and salad and sandwiches. The salad was the one thing that made it seem like a wedding, George said.

"Now, Bill, I know you're married, because I've slopped mayonnaise all over my clothes!" he said. And Bill laughed till he cried.

They were going off to Virginia for a few days, and George and Mr. Fleete were to attend to the moving.

"I shall think of you picking orange blossoms," the Chicago friend said, and Bill answered, "You'd better think of us stalking old furniture, Betty."

"Bill, you certainly are an efficient cuss!" George Hawkesworth said, looking at him admiringly, and then it was that the thought struck me for the first time.

Bill *was* efficient, and none of his family had ever guessed it!

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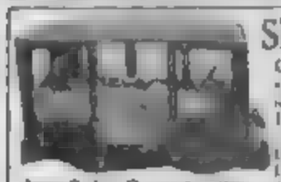
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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whichever you prefer

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